Oct. 14, 1967

THE NEW YORKER

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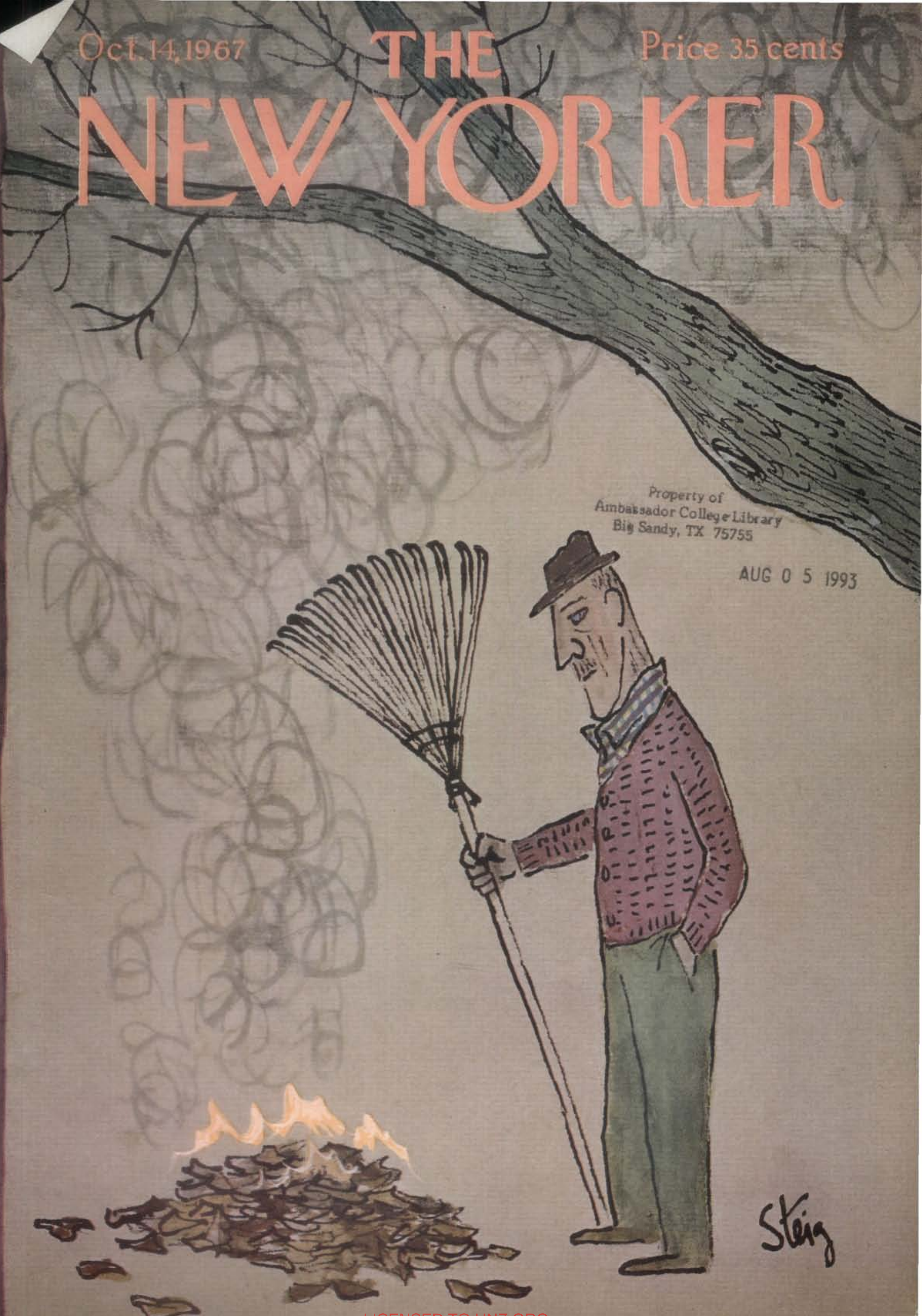

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Birthday Party—Harold Pinter's first full-length play, written a decade ago, is obscure but interesting enough if you are one of the author's disciples. The cast, Americans one and all, isn't too successful in portraying the various English types on view, and the direction, by Alan Schneider, is only intermittently satisfactory. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Black Comedy—A comical invention of Peter Shaffer, in which dark is turned into light by means too involved to go into. Mr. Shaffer claims he has been inspired by the classical Chinese theatre, but what he gives us here is old-fashioned, free-swinging vaudeville. The cast, under the direction of John Dexter, is admirable, which is more than can be said for a curtain-raiser called "White Lies." (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's Happening about a North London family who find themselves unexpectedly host to a scion of the house and his wife, both lately come from America. Mr. Pinter is not without wit, but he doesn't seem to put his characters to any significant dramatic purpose. However, the cast is laudable, and Peter Hall, the director, deserves salutations. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 14.)

The Unknown Soldier and His Wife—Peter Ustinov's attempt at a satire on war through the ages fritters away whatever force it might have had into facetiousness. There are, however, quite a few entertaining spots, and the performances are generally good. That of Brian Bedford, as a recurring general, is especially good. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

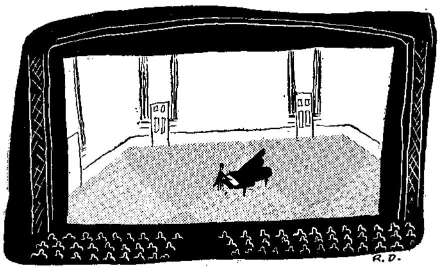
You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—Alan Schneider's direction and the performances of Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Kathleen Dabney make something worthwhile of this quartet of plays by Robert Anderson, in which our old friend sex prevails. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**cactus flower:** Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson, among others, in a comedy by Abe Burrows that describes the blossoming of a cold and efficient secretary employed by an amorous dentist. Starting Monday, Oct. 16, Lloyd Bridges will replace Mr. Nelson. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **don't drink *the water:*** Woody Allen's farce about a Jewish family from Newark in trouble behind the Iron Curtain. Lou Jacobi and Peggy Cass are in it. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

After the Rain—A London import by John Bowen, in which Alec McCowen appears. Directed by Vivian Matalon. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Johnny No-Trump—A comedy by Mary Mercier, with Pat Hingle, Sada Thompson, and James Broderick in a cast under the direction of Joseph Hardy. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

MUSICALS

Hallelujah, Baby!—An account of the adventures of a Negro lass and her lad as they try to make something of themselves in a hostile environment. The book, by Arthur Laurents, isn't very substantial, but the music, by Jule Styne, and the lyrics, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, are lively. Leslie Uggams is fine in the leading role, and is aptly aided by Allen Case, Billy Dee Williams, and Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri as a jolly trollop in Piraeus is a fine figure of a woman in this variation on the film called "Never on Sunday," but the musical is a rather weak vehicle despite some sprightly tunes and a spate of virile dancing. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**the apple tree:** A triptych based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. With Barbara Harris, Alan Alda, and Larry Blyden. Carmen Alvarez substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **cabaret:** How things were just before the Nazi take-over in Germany. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **fiddler on the roof:** Joseph Stein's adaptation of some of Sholom Aleichem's stories, with Herschel Bernardi. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **hello, dolly!:** Betty Grable now has the role of P'an Fei. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **i do! i do!:** Mary Martin and Robert Preston as a couple reënacting fifty years of happy married life. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 18, Carol Lawrence and Gordon MacRae will play the matinée performances. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays, except Oct. 14, at 2:30.)... **mame:** This version of the Patrick Dennis novel about an exuberant aunt and her orphaned nephew has a cast headed by Angela Lansbury. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

By George—Max Adrian as Bernard Shaw in a three-week engagement of his one-man London show devised by Michael Voysey. Opens Thursday, Oct. 12, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 4. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 4:30.)

Daphne in Cottage D—Sandy Dennis and William Daniels are the entire cast of Stephen Levi's play. The director is Martin Fried. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 15. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead—A London import by Tom Stoppard, in which Brian Murray, John Wood, and Paul Hecht appear. Directed by Derek Goldby. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 14. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 16. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

There's a Girl in My Soup—A comedy by Terence Frisby, imported from London, with Gig Young, Barbara Ferris, Jon Pertwee, and Rita Gam. Robert Chetwyn is the director. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 16-17. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Jewish State Theatre of Poland—In its first appearance here, this company headed by Ida Kaminska will present Jacob Gordin's **mirele efros**, in Yiddish, in an eight-week engagement that starts Thursday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 10. Simultaneous-translation ear-sets may be rented at each performance. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Drama Company—Dorothy Stickney and Leon Ames in a revival of Lindsay and Crouse's **life with father.** The first of two plays in this year's American Playwrights Series. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday,

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIII, No. 34, October 14, 1967. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1967 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of the New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Oct. 17-18, at 8:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 19, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **la bohème.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 7:30 (opening), and Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:30: **patience.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 4 and 8:30 (previews): ***h.m.s. pinafore.*** . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3 and 7:30 (previews): **the mikado.** . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 (opening), and Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: **iolanthe.** . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 7:30 (opening), and Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30: **the gondoliers.** . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 4 and 8:30: **patience.** (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Arms and the Man—A revival of Shaw's comedy. The performance just about gets by, but the play, now over seventy years old, is as fresh as paint. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Beyond Desire—Franchot Tone, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Richard Sterne in a play adapted by Constance Loux from Pierre La Mure's book about Felix Mendelssohn. Directed by Jean Dalrymple. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Diddle, diddle, dumpling, my son John. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Father Uxbridge Wants to Marry—A play by Frank Gagliano. Season subscribers (twenty dollars) only. Membership performances start Thursday, Oct. 12. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; on Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 7. Closes Saturday, Nov. 11.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fragments—A pair of depressing comedies, by Murray Schisgal, about people who have cut themselves off from life and are left adrift. There are some bright moments, though, and the acting is way above the neighborhood par. With Gene Hackman, James Coco, and Tresa Hughes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—David Atkinson is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Niggerlovers—A sneering piece of synthetic Brecht by George Tabori, but with good performances by Stacy Keach and James Spruill. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Now Is the Time for All Good Men—A musical by a new team—Gretchen Cryer (words) and Nancy Ford (music)—about a teacher who has been court-martialled in Vietnam and who gets into trouble when he preaches the doctrine of civil disobedience in and out of school. The setting is a small town in Indiana. The tunes are appealing, the company is attractive and spirited, and the numbers work well, but the words—full of message and heavily ironic—get very obtrusive. David Cryer is extremely good as the young teacher. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Scuba Duba—Jerry Orbach and Brenda Smiley in Bruce Jay Friedman's comedy. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Stephen D.—The glorious words of James Joyce are delivered with moving intensity by Stephen Joyce in the role of the Artist as a Young Man, and satisfactorily, or more than that, by other actors in other roles. The play, an adaptation by Hugh Leonard, and the production are both somewhat short on wit and fire, but they are often effective. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Lado, Yugoslav National Dance and Folk Ensemble—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 15.)

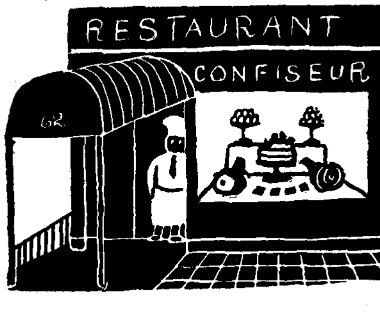
Lucero Tena—Spanish dancer, with her troupe, plus an orchestra, appearing here for the first time, in a one-week engagement. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 18-20, at 9; Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30 and 9; and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 2:30 and 7.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Pas de Deux," "Dance for Three People," "Devanagari," and "Schubertiaden." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Boston Ballet Company—In its first appearance here. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 20-21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 18.)



Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated big top, with Igor Kio the illusionist, a juggler on horseback, stilt jumpers and acrobats, bike-riding bears, and dancing dogs, among other performers of feats of skill and daring. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2 and 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 11, 3, and 8:30; and final performances Sunday, Oct. 15, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—In the Royal Box, Julie London, arrayed like Solomon in all the glory of perfect orchestration, is more staccato than sentimental in her present-day ballads. She arrives during dinner and supper; the house band, in the skilled hands of Lee Evans, spends the whole evening there. The London recitals end on Saturday, Oct. 14, and the establishment reopens on Tuesday, Oct. 17, to bring on Ella Fitzgerald, Nature's noblewoman, and her arias.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—Lest everyone stick to his muttons too long, a minute dance band (Dolph Trayman's) takes the stand at nine and hangs on until two. Muttons are served in silence on Sunday and Monday, though.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The Constitutional right of peaceful assembly is vigorously defended in the mild-mannered restaurant, wherein Ernie Warren's intent little band puts forth dance tunes from eight until one or maybe two, desisting only on Sundays and Mondays.

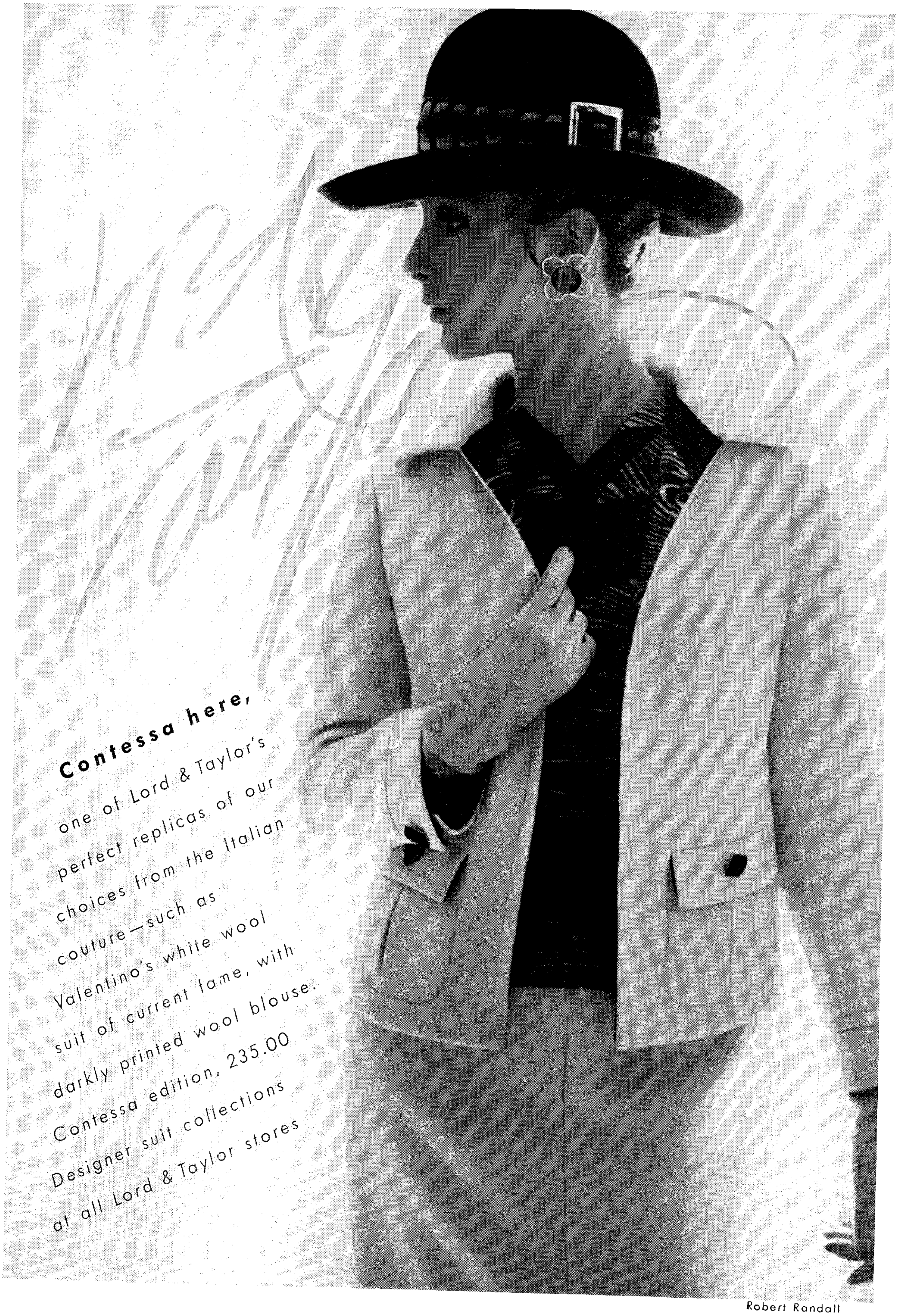
El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—For the benefit of curiosity-seekers who have to work late, the staff of the old museum piece has agreed to keep the place open until early in the morning. The staff includes Lester Lanin (in person, not in effigy) and George Anaya, each with a band in tow. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The curriculum of the well-brought-up Café Pierre specializes in the social sciences, such as dining and dancing, the latter of these to the sound of the musicians assembled by Ben Cutler, that Old Blue. They do it every night until well after the theatre. Industrious song and guitar fill in the intervals between sets.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Nancy Ames, who now affects an Allhallows' Eve makeup, nevertheless sings like a real live girl in bloom, even when she has to tangle with some overweening "special" material. Dinner and supper in the Persian Room are her hours; the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte purr on and on through the night. Miss Ames moves out on Saturday, Oct. 14, and on Monday, Oct. 16, at ten, Tony Sandler (a prepossessing European about town) begins singing and chaffing with his straight man. Thereafter, he shows up at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin do *petits-fours* music in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty, and Viennese music from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin, which has a romantic story to tell (tales of Hoffmann and tales of the Vienna Woods), is in the Palm Court between eight and one. His accompaniment is piano and a dozen ladies in waiting laden with *Linzer Torte,* water ices, and spirits. He stays home Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—In a setting that would make an excellent Elysian Field, Jonah Jones and horn conspire to emit extremely earthy yet inspiriting sounds. He and his crew commence at nine, but Phil Wayne's threesome begins work as early as seven. The Jones boys depart on Saturday, Oct. 14. The next public event is the orchestra of Peter Duchin, whose term of office commences on Tuesday, Oct. 17.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Violets are blue, sugar is sweet, and so are the dithyrambs of Carmen Cavallaro's crew, which is now on the quarterdeck from eight until two, Sunday excepted. On Friday, Oct. 20, the Mills Brothers, with whom time has, appropriately, dealt kindly, will start augmenting the cast.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Marni Nixon, the voice-over of all those movie stars, is now visual as well as vocal, thanks to the Maisonette, where she sings at dinner and supper. The George Cort orchestra and Quintero's assortment of Latin lovers, which mount guard the whole evening, see to it that everyone gets the proper amount of exercise. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite is a quiet glade stirred only by the piano of Carey Gregory, who begins at dinnertime and sticks around until supper. He is absent Thursdays and Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The dinner and supper hours in the Empire Room are ceded to Eddie Fisher, the foremost all-electronic, all-computerized dealer in words and music. He skips Friday, Oct. 13, in favor of a Sunday showing (Oct. 15) at nine-thirty. So, too, does the Empire Room. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo is the principal dance master. . . . ¶ In the inner recess of Peacock Alley, the dance trio of Horace Diaz murmurs respectfully from eight or so until one or so weekdays, from five to ten Sundays, and stays home Mondays and Tuesdays. In the outer recess, there is piano for dabblers in cocktails and dinner every night but Saturday and Sunday.

Note—roseland dance city, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—A land grant issued on behalf of archeologists who wish to preserve the older forms of folk dance—the two-step, the fox trot, et al. Business before pleasure is the order of the décor, but the bands and the floor are big, and the air is cool. The dining is minimal. Seven-thirty until about one, in general, though Sundays begin at three-thirty.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): There are times when the cast of customers makes it look like a Broadway theatre. Louis Golson Hawkins, the *padrone* and lead piano, is around a good part of the time; Wayne Sanders, with whom he serves up midnight tandem piano, is the other keyboard man. Closed Sundays. . . . **chucks' composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Innocence abroad, so young is the cast of customers, who all have something junior to do with the graphic arts. The audible arts are handled by the threesome of the pensive Chuck Wayne. No music Sundays. . . . **la chansonnette,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, a soubrette in the classic manner, delivers her Naughty Marietta ballads and fireside talks from her perch atop a baby grand. She makes her entrances at nine-thirty during the week, at nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. A supply of subdued dance music is issued from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays. . . . **chardas,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Western counterpart of nighttime Budapest, which, naturally, is punctuated with outbursts of Hungarian soul music—violin, zimbalon, and all the rest. Béla Babai's group does the dance music, Tibor Rakossy leads the choral work. Closed Mondays. . . . **waverly lounge,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner who, after twelve years at one piano, has unassailable squatter's rights in the Western Hemisphere, begins playing at nine-thirty in the burbling neighborhood pub of the Hotel Earle. The dining is vestigial here. No music Mondays. . . . **jamaica arms,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West Indies vacationers who like to return to the scene of their prime can be observed in this island port, listening to the song and guitar that have become part of the West Indian urban way of life. The music occurs Thursdays through Saturdays from eight to two, and in shorter stints the rest of the week, including Sundays (from seven to twelve). The décor, which is entertainment in its own right, is there all the time. . . . **tamburlaine,** 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): The landscaping is Early Tibet; early to rise (healthy, wealthy, and wise) is the triad of Billy Rubenstein, which reports Mondays at eight-thirty; other times, a threesome, of lesser note and notes, performs—sometimes with hammers and tongs. Allan Haig's Arcadian piano improves the dinner hour, six to eight; his week's work is Monday through Friday. Closed Sundays. . . . **kippys,** 240 W. 52nd St. (581-4773): If it must be a Broadway steak house after the theatre, this one has an upstairs inglenook wherein George Taylor, who has been around, addresses a baby grand from nine until two every night but Sunday. . . . **new york hilton,** Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Roman Pub, an opulent sort of pergola, goes in for modest dancing from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to one-thirty. The early set is omitted on Saturday, and all music is omitted on Sunday. The neat means to this end is a threesome paced by the nimble piano of Joan St. James. The menu is nearly invisible. . . . **asti,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Waiting on table is but an on-second-thought matter, for every employee considers himself to be the coming Lanza or, with better luck, Caruso. Closed Mondays.

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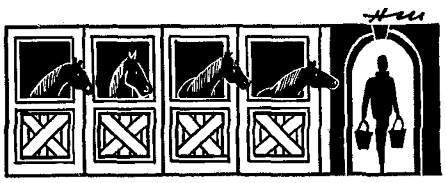
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

drake room, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter is providing the proper perspective on whatever composition runs the course of his keyboard, and every perspective pleases. He is on duty from six to nine-thirty and ten-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when the pianoforte is given over to Allan Haig. . . . **château henri iv,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Camelot on the Hudson, by a tongue-in-cheek master builder. The regent of this revival is Norbert Faconi, who began his career as court violinist in the reign of Old King Cole. No sound on Sundays. . . . **king henri iv,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The good King's second castle keep, likewise planned to amuse the eye as well as the palate. George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin provide the marching music. Silence on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **roma di notte,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): When in Rome, dine as the Romans do, and let the itinerant musicians take the place of discourse. These dulcet citizens are armed with vocal cords, mandolin, violin, and accordion. Curfew arrives at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **monsignore,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen, out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. A skillful job of weaving among them is done by Herman Honigsberg, fiddler emeritus, and his troupe of prowling musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **sign of the dove,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): One segment of early New York that has learned how to grow old gracefully. In the bar of this genuine antique, there is unassertive piano from six to one, except on Sundays. . . . **regency,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the lounge of the Regency Room, one of the statelier homes on Park Avenue, a piano joins in with the proceedings from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **sherry-netherland,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **polo bar,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Near the bar in the main-floor restaurant of the Hotel Westbury is the pastoral piano of Conrad Monjoy, who carries on from nine until one. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Amid the lavish landscaping of the Casino-on-the-Park can be descried the piano of Steven Weltner, whose fingerwork in itself is an excelling example of landscaping. He presides from six-thirty to one every night but Saturday and Sunday. . . . **salum sanctorum,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9494): It's anybody's guess about the ancestry of this upstairs suite of rooms, but it could be Baghdad on the Bosporus. In one of them, a piano discourses peacefully from six to one. Closed Sundays.



DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining unless indicated.)

arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): A visa is required for all passports, but American money is accepted at par. What it will buy is a view of individualists, rugged and quite otherwise, engaged in their nocturnal pastime of being alone with their thoughts and their dance steps. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them presumably human (the Third Bardo). Nine until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **shepheard's,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Whenever the disc jockey is hunting for a new needle in the haystack, a threesome from Brazil, led by Walter Wanderley, gets on first base and issues real noisy music. On Monday, Oct. 16, a newcomer, the Young-Holt Jazz Trio, will succeed the Wanderleys. The dining hereabouts is well above the discothèque mean. Closed Sundays. . . . **yellowfinger's,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Below the surface of unsuspecting Earth and behind a plain, unmarked envelope of a door exists Atlantis, filled with eternal youths and maidens, all in garb of the twenty-first century and executing the footsteps of the same era. Nine-thirty to three-thirty night after night. . . . **cheetah,** 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): A wildlife preserve dedicated to the proposition that what our young need is a forum big enough, with music loud enough, to enable them to indulge to the full their ideas about self-expression. No quarter is asked or given by the bands alongside the dance floor. They begin at eight (even at three on Sundays, when they are augmented by rhythm-and-blues chanters). No drinking privileges. . . . **wheels,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The scene is the Machine Age in a sort of tailspin, urged on by the whirring discs on the walls and the whirring discs on the turntables, but the *prime* mover is the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, which is both Bach with a beat and rock with a bleat. It stays home Monday, but everything else keeps whirling that night. . . . **electric circus,** upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080): Whom the Mods would destroy they first make mad. The sound and light and stunts they use to induce madness cannot do anything but amuse the rest of us onlookers and/or participants. Eight-thirty until three, or four, is the nightly rule; bring dancing shoes. Alcohol is off limits. . . . **l'interdit,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Dim recesses, a quite viable late-dinner menu, machine-knit music not quite as audible as is usual, and local ground rules against costumery that is extrovert. Nothing doing before nine, or on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The realm of the American ballad, whether yackety or yearning, is the absolute monarchy of the refulgent Peggy Lee, who gives it a golden rule. There is also a humorist (or so they say) and a set of blond and beginning ballerinas. Dancing for the guests, too. No nights off. . . . ¶ In the street-level lounge from ten o'clock on, loud sings this and that cuckoo, often with electronic components. . . . **latin quarter,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Many a Miss America, and a Miss France or two, all displaying their assembled talents (song, dance, and an occasional spoken word) and their neat new bathing suits. Amid all these temptations, Sid Caesar goes solemnly about his business, which is being one of the funniest men in the land. Mickey Deems is his helpmeet. Twice a night, and in perpetuity, is the house rule. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

plaza 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): In Julius Monk's

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new revue, "Four in Hand," the Age of Elegance meets the Age of Eloquence head on, and interesting indeed is the collision. For it, Mr. Monk has assembled tried-and-true wits—Mary Louise Wilson, Rex Robbins, Terry O'Mara, and Liz Sheridan. The orchestra is the double piano of Robert Colston and Otis Clements; the intermission music is the piano of Baldwin Bergersen; the hours are nine and eleven-thirty; the dark night is Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, the Iberian Peninsula's most notable standing, singing army, is leading from strength, and doing it with grace and glee. They're old enough now to go with girls, and three lithe ballerinas have been assigned them. Dinner and supper is their schedule, but the dancing by the customers can make the performance continuous. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the neighborly Flamenco Room, after ten, Emilio Prados's guitar and Domingo Alvarado's arias sigh as softly and sadly as the wind in the willows. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): In the last analysis (or maybe terminal analysis) is the state in which Joan Rivers, a talkative girl, conducts a most modern Hamlet soliloquy. She opens fire around ten, or nine-thirty on Saturday. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Dark Horses," a brand-new bits-and-pieces collection of persiflage, has its outings at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): Actors' work is never done, so one or another of them takes an after-the-theatre turn around an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Earlier on, there is both piano and other happenings, also impromptu. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): The room noise has been piped direct from Las Vegas, and most of the performers can be heard but fitfully (which is all for the best). The exception is Sylvia Syms, the perfect personification of the merriment-*cum*-menace manner of good old Bloody Mary. She sings every night of the week.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Stop-press news is what the trio of Mose Allison and the foursome of Gary Burton are specialists in. They publish six nights a week. Mondays are assigned to the uproarious detail owned and operated by Thad Jones and Mel Lewis. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The Top of the Gate offers, after the dinner hour, serenades by Johnny Lytle's trio, a heavy investor in the electronics industry. It stays home on Tuesdays. The lower floor's next occupants arrive on Oct. 13 for a Friday-Saturday stand—Herbie Mann's sextet and Gloria Lynne, an unrestrained soprano. Mondays, Symphony Sid gasses and a set of Latin hipsters play. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's piano, inside the oval bar, leaps with joy as it runs swiftly through the night, and his two aids keep with him, stride for stride. Fran Thompson, the solo pianist, reports at nine-fifteen, the Taylors a bit later. Dining. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): A landing place where the Robert E. Lee makes regular calls. A squadron usually composed of Max Kaminsky, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, and Marshall Brown is in the waiting room. Closed Sundays. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): In the midst of a new urban-youth redevelopment area sits this shack, full of music of the moment. It is currently being done by Wynton Kelly's quartet, in which Hank Mobley is involved. Every Monday, though, Sun Ra's mystic Oriental ragtimers take over. On Tuesday, Oct. 17, Jackie McLean's quartet will replace the Kellys. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB,** 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The centerpiece of the local quintet is Elvin Jones, who can cook up a fire storm with no more than a couple of drumsticks. Billy Greene is his pianist. Mondays, it is off duty. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Friday through Monday every week, seventeen men on a dead man's chest; i.e., the band led by Howard McGhee. . . . **THE FRAMMIS,** 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (EL 5-7160): A remembrance of things past, such as Sherry's bar from the old Met, such as jazz in moderation (this the handiwork of Joel Shul-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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man's duo). Nourishment and late hours; no music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Anyone who wants to know what the children do when they're off the streets should listen in. Beer mugs and sawdust, banjos and blampety-blamp—these are their throwbacks to their not yet existent past. Nine to three or four every night. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): The battle for the minds of the young is fierce, being compounded of washboard, tuba, banjo, and the like. It runs from nine until two or three during the week; Sundays, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band arrives at half past four in the afternoon. Ruth Crews, a contender for the heavyweight belting crown, is in action each Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday. . . . **RED GARTER,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): The entire *student body of the City of New York* engaged in hanging Peace and Quiet in effigy. A shotgun band erupts from time to time, and there are movies that date back to Chaplin and Sarah Siddons. Beer is the elixir; *nine until the end of time* is the schedule. Sundays, a five-to-nine matinée is added. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (GR 5-7804): The night begins around six, when Dr. Richard Ireland, to whom ESP seems as simple as ABC, communes with his audience cryptically and amusingly. Later on, the folk music (Lori Burton) and the hard rock (the Dickens) begin. The Jr. Wells Blues Band succeeds the Dickens on Wednesday, Oct. 18, and the Siegel Schwall Blues Band will be added as of Friday, Oct. 20. That's all for now. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): In this stately mansion, the six Talbot Brothers, who for so long were the total night life of Bermuda, do a mild-mannered and merry musicale from five to nine every Sunday. Dining.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RICHARD ANUSZKIEWICZ—Eye-tricking paintings and constructions by a well-known Op artist; through Oct. 28. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

BEN-HUR BAZ—Hyper-realistic drawings and paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Bright-colored paper collages of figures, some representing family scenes; through Nov. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS—Thirty-six early oils by the French primitive; through Nov. 11. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BUSH—Recent works by a Canadian color-field painter; through Thursday, Oct. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Paintings, drawings, stone rubbings, and reliefs; through Oct. 28. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings and drawings from a private collection; through Oct. 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

TOM DOYLE—Three large sculptures, mainly of fibre glass; through Nov. 2. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAYMOND DUCHAMP-VILLON (1876-1918)—Sculptures and drawings, featuring "The Horse," an abstract construction, by an elder brother of Marcel Duchamp; through Nov. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Abstract paintings created in response to jazz music; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

HERBERT FINK—Drawings by a widely known printmaker; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

ELIAS FRIEDENSOHN—Large painting-constructions, hinged together and movable; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

SUZI GABLIK—Collage-paintings of visionary landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR GETZ—*The New Yorker* covers and other paintings; through Oct. 30. (Wilburt, 194 Third Ave., at 18th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 7; Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PETER GOLFINOPOULOS—Abstract paintings; through Nov. 10. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

GRIS, KLEE, AND PICASSO—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

THEO HIOS—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a New School faculty member; through Oct. 31. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Wednesdays, 9 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 9 to 5.)

DONALD KAUFMAN—Geometrical abstractions in one color but with variations in tone; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Feigen, 24 E. 81st St.)

KAWASHIMA—*Geometric paintings; through* Saturday, Oct. 21. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROCKNE KREBS—The first show here of works in plastic and metal by a young Washington, D.C., sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALT KUHN—A showing of fifty-two paintings and a large group of etchings by an organizer of the Armory Show, known for his circus subjects, who died in 1949; through Nov. 7. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

DAVID LUND—Abstract landscapes in oil and pastel; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

MITZI MELNICOFF—Oil paintings of figures in patterned interiors; through Nov. 1. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

PHILIP PEARLSTEIN—Paintings of de-romanticized nudes, also portraits; through Nov. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

REINHOUD—Primitive, derived monsters in hollow metal by a Belgian sculptor; through Nov. 4. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

GÜNTER RIS—Machined metal constructions of curved volumes by a German sculptor; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

ELLEN SELDEN—First sculpture show by this painter, consisting of semi-abstract figurative bronzes; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Roko, 645 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT STADLER—Paintings emphasizing a few simple abstract color areas; through Oct. 27. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

LENORE TAWNEY—Constructions, collages, woven forms, and drawings, with a leaning toward mystical concepts, by a former student of Archipenko; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH TIBERINO—Representational paintings by an artist of the downtown school of political dissent; through Oct. 28. (100 Flowers Gallery, 122 Christopher St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 11.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Paintings in horizontal bands of softly toned color; through Oct. 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDERS ZORN—Thirty-nine etchings by the Swedish artist, who died in 1920; through Saturday, Oct. 14. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

SCULPTURES—At the **BYKERT,** 15 W. 57th St.: Works, featuring minimalists Donald Judd, Sol LeWitt, Bill Bollinger, and others; through Nov. 1. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.: Marble and bronze pieces by Manzù, Viani, Consagra, and Somaini; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS,** 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty oil paintings and five drawings and prints representing outstanding movements among "Precursors of Modernism" from 1860 to 1930; through Nov. 12. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: The forty-second anniversary exhibition, including new works by George L. K. Morris, Robert Osborn, Abraham Rattner, and Ben Shahn; through *Saturday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.)* . . . **LEWISON,** 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth-century portraits, including some of prominent New Yorkers, by, among others, William Jewett, Thomas Sully, Emanuel Leutze, William Sidney Mount, and J. Alden Weir; through Nov. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: "The New York Painter: A Century of Teaching—Morse to Hofmann," a benefit exhibition featuring works of New York artist-teachers and their students from the eighteen-thirties to the nineteen-thirties; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists, both unknown and familiar, chosen by well-known collectors, critics, and curators; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **SALPETER,** 42 E. 57th St.: Drawings and watercolors by Burliuk, Sol Wilson, Hartley, Kerkam, Walkowitz, Joseph Stella, and others; through Nov. 15. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER,** 41 E. 57th St.: A three-man show by Doris Leeper, Fay Zetlin, and Honorio Morales, abstract experimentalists in individual modes; through Oct. 28. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Early twentieth-century drawings by Davies, Sargent, Soyer, and Nadelman (to mention a few); through Saturday, Oct. 14.

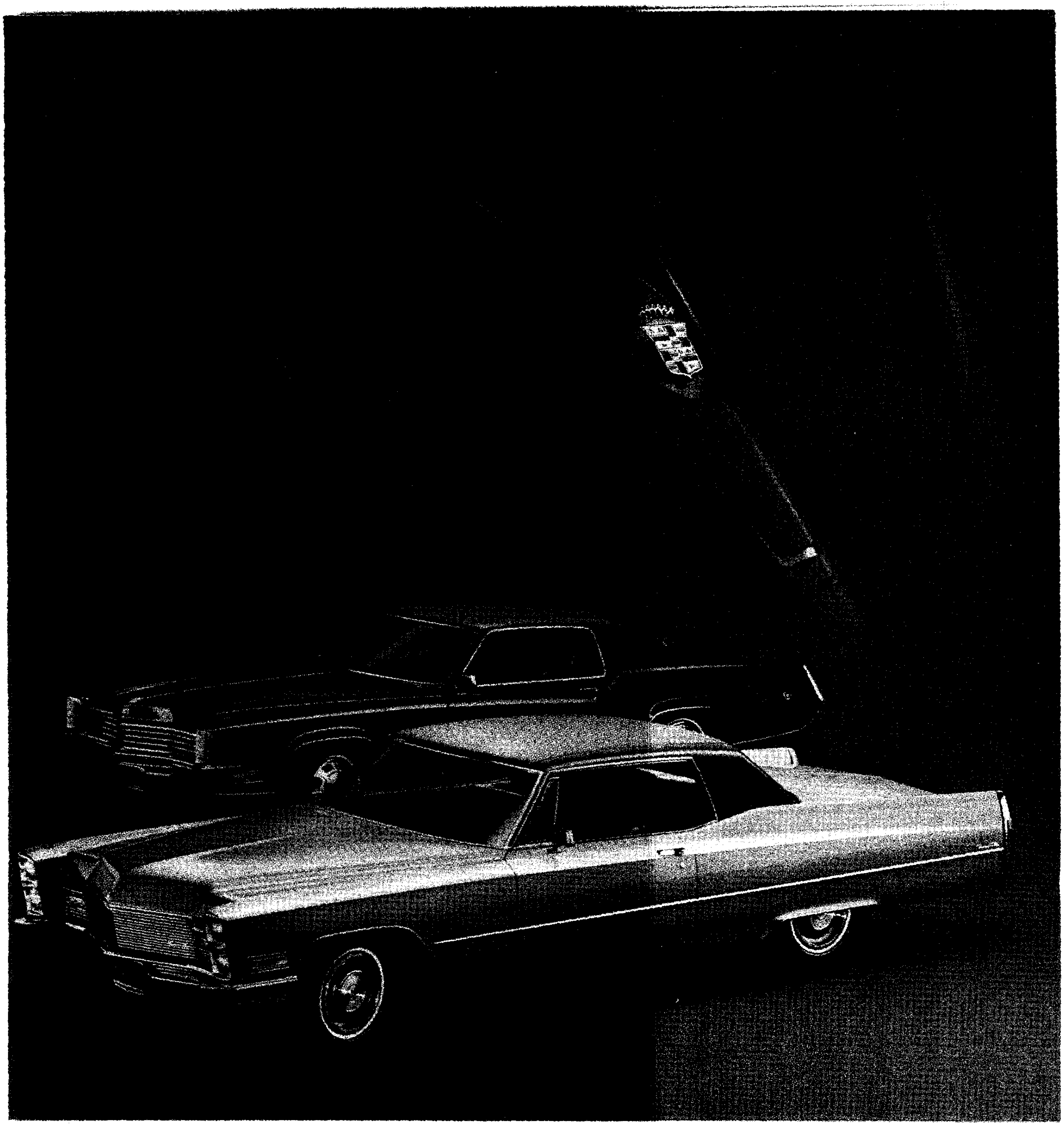
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Paintings from the sixteenth century on down to Edwin Dickinson and Fritz Glarner, celebrating the gallery's hundred-and-tenth anniversary; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY,** 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Tapestries by Yugoslavian artists and by six modern masters, including Arp, Klee, Miró, and Picasso; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **PARSONS,** 24 W. 57th St.: Four British painters of controlled patterns and surfaces; through Saturday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of sixty paintings and twenty-five sculptures from a private collection, covering modern art from van Gogh, Renoir, and Cézanne through Soutine, Matisse, and Picasso; through Nov. 4.

NOTE—Eighty-eight sculptures by Chaim Gross, Joseph Konzal, Ezio Martinelli, Dorothy Dehner, Doris Caesar, and others are being shown in Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St., through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Twenty-eight giant pieces of sculpture by such contemporaries as Chryssa, Calder, Liberman, Marisol, and Nevelson have been set up in various parks, plazas, and building setbacks, ranging from City Hall Park to the Low Library forecourt—all adding up to what must be New York's first city-wide outdoor sculpture exhibition. Through Oct. 31. For information about who is where, call RE 4-1000.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and historical prints from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Middendorf II; through Nov. 26. . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Musical instruments, medieval to eighteenth-century, including a tiny Venetian pochette, a German porcelain flute, and an Austrian hooked harp; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The first comprehensive survey of Picasso's sculpture presented in America, consisting of more than two hundred pieces in bronze, wood, terra-cotta, painted sheet metal, and ceramic, many from the artist's own collection; through Jan. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now—no special exhibition at the moment. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A showing of sixty-five works with New York as their theme by outstanding artists from the beginning of the century to today; through Nov. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of eighty-nine works, including oil and canvas collages, collage drawings, metal collages, and aluminum sculptures, by Conrad Marca-Relli; through Nov. 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and one American and European paintings, including works by Courbet, Whistler, Eakins, and Chase, assembled under the title of "Triumph of Realism;" through Nov. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5. An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"The World Beneath Our Feet . . . Minerals," a panoramic arrangement illustrating the variety of color, form, and composition of these elements; through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ For a change, why not look up two recent acquisitions—a pair of rare katydids, one Shocking pink, the other pale yellow, and both poor fliers? (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—The first exhibition in America of Japanese art of the Heian period (794-1185), comprising paintings, sculptures, calligraphy, metalwork, and ceramics; through Dec. 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper Union Museum, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—More than eighty examples of graphics by Mary Cassatt, the nineteenth-century American who specialized in scenes from family life, including all her color prints; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Portraits of figures in the arts—Braque, Lipchitz, Calder, de Kooning, Aldous Huxley, Stravinsky—by René Bouché, who died in 1963; through Nov. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition portraying the heroic resistance, to the death, of Jewish Zealots against the Romans at Masada in the first century A.D. The show consists of archaeological findings, photomurals, charts, and maps; through Feb. 18. (Sundays through Thursdays, 10 to 10; Fridays, 10 to 3. Closed Thursday and Friday, Oct. 19-20.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Items purchased for the Library by the late John P. Morgan after his father's death in 1913, and now on display, amount to a wealth of illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, Rembrandt etchings, and autograph manuscripts, letters, and documents; through Nov. 4. (Weekdays, except Thursday, Oct. 12, from 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—A colorful display of present-day tapestries and wall hangings from a number of countries, contrasted with miscellaneous historical needlework; through Nov. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Rub-

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bings of relief sculptures that record the gods, warriors, and mythical creatures of the Classic Maya period (200-900 A.D.), made by Merle Greene in the jungles of Guatemala and southern Mexico; through Nov. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 12: "Die Zauberflöte," with Judith Raskin, Roberta Peters, Patricia Welting, George Shirley, Jerome Hines, Theodor Uppman, and Donald Gramm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 13: "La Traviata," with Pilar Lorengar, Bruno Prevedi, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 14: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Fedora Barbieri, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 14: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Phyllis Curtin, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 15: "Roméo et Juliette," with Jeannette Pilou, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 17: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Pilar Lorengar, Mirella Freni, Teresa Berganza, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 18: "Falstaff," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Raskin, Mildred Miller, Fedora Barbieri, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 19: "La Traviata," with Jeannette Pilou, George Shirley, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 20: "Die Zauberflöte," with Pilar Lorengar, Roberta Peters, Patricia Welting, Luigi Alva, Jerome Hines, John Reardon, and Morley Meredith. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 21: "La Forza del Destino," with Leontyne Price, Nancy Williams, Bruno Prevedi, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 21: "Manon Lescaut," with Renata Tebaldi, Marcia Baldwin, Richard Tucker, William Walker, and Raymond Michalski. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 13, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Francesca Roberto, Carol Bayard, Placido Domingo, William Ledbetter, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 2:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Beverly Wolff, Norman Treigle, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Eileen Schauler, Marguerite Willauer, Anne Elgar, Georg Schnapka, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 1:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, LaVergne Monette, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Marti, Romano Roma, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 15, at 7:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Placido Domingo, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Francesca Roberto, Maralin Niska, Jerome LoMonaco, Richard Fredricks, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Lee Venora, Kay Creed, Jerome LoMonaco, Seymour Schwartzman, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Beverly Evans, Dominic Cossa, Enrico di Giuseppe, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, LaVergne Monette, Michele Molese, and David Clatworthy; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Marti, Romano Roma, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joan Summers, Frances Bible, Spiro Malas, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Jeannine Crader, Salvador Novoa, Romano Roma, David Smith, and Nico Castel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 13, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 14, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 16, at 7:30 (all with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano, and Walter Berry, baritone; Karl Böhm will conduct one work on Thursday); and a Copland-Mahler program on Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 20, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; Monday, Oct. 23, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Oct. 25, at 8:30 (no soloists).

Czech Philharmonic—Karel Ancerl conducting the second of two programs. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Nelli Shkolnikova, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting the opening performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30, and Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30, both with Rita Bouboulidi, piano. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; no soloists.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Raymond Buckingham, bass; the Gregg Smith Singers; the Ithaca College Concert Choir; and the boys of the Choir School of St. Thomas Church. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 22, at 3.)

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, which must be applied for in writing, call EN 9-2202.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the cellist Antonio Janigro as both conductor and soloist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Teatro alla Scala—Herbert von Karajan directing the orchestra and chorus of La Scala Opera of Milan in a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Leontyne Price, soprano; Fiorenza Cossotto, mezzo-soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; and Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Laurel Hurley—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

Ruben Varga—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 5:30.)

Livia Rev—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Salzburg String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Janice Harsanyi—Soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Bernard Kruysen—Baritone. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry—Mezzo-soprano and baritone, in an all-Wolf program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz/Folk/Pop/Rock—Sarah Vaughan and Arthur Prysock. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 3 and 8.) . . . ¶ Charles Aznavour, French singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 9:15, and Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3 and 8.) . . . ¶ Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Charles Mingus, the Archie Shepp quartet, and others. (Vil-

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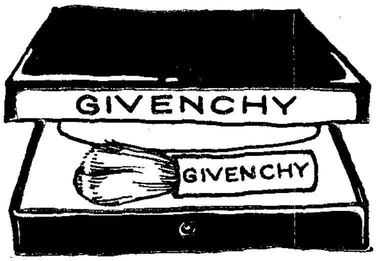

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lage Theatre. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3 and 8.) . . . ¶ Jefferson Airplane, rock 'n' roll. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8 and 10:30.) . . . ¶ Paul Butterfield's blues band. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.) . . ¶ Anita Sheer, folk singer. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Oct. 17: Knicks vs. San Francisco. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 21: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. (Games begin at 8:30.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 14: Brown vs. Yale, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Pennsylvania, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Washington (Mo.), at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Syracuse, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 21: Army vs. Rutgers, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Harvard, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Houston Oilers. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Canadiens. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 18, at 7:30.)

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg. Saturday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Oct. 21.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 21.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Manhattan Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 12; the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 14; the Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 16; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 18; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 21. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Final day Thursday, Oct. 12, at 1:30. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Saturday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Nov. 18. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 14.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 14, at 10.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, Oct. 18. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:32, and Saturday at 6:45.) . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8, from Thursday, Oct. 19, through Friday, Dec. 15.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By THE SUZUKI CHILDREN: A Japanese company of violinists presenting a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 3.) . . . AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 21, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the AMERICAN CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Toby Tyler." (Bert Wheeler Theatre, 250 W. 43rd St. Sundays; Thursday, Oct. 12; and Saturday, Oct. 14, all at 2:30. For tickets, call 787-4740.) . . . NANCY COLE PUPPETS: "The Purple Cow Caper." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 14, at 1:30.) . . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Princess and the Frog," Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Adventures of Pinocchio," Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 21, at 1:30. . . . ¶ "Adventures of Peter Pan." Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 21, at 3. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of

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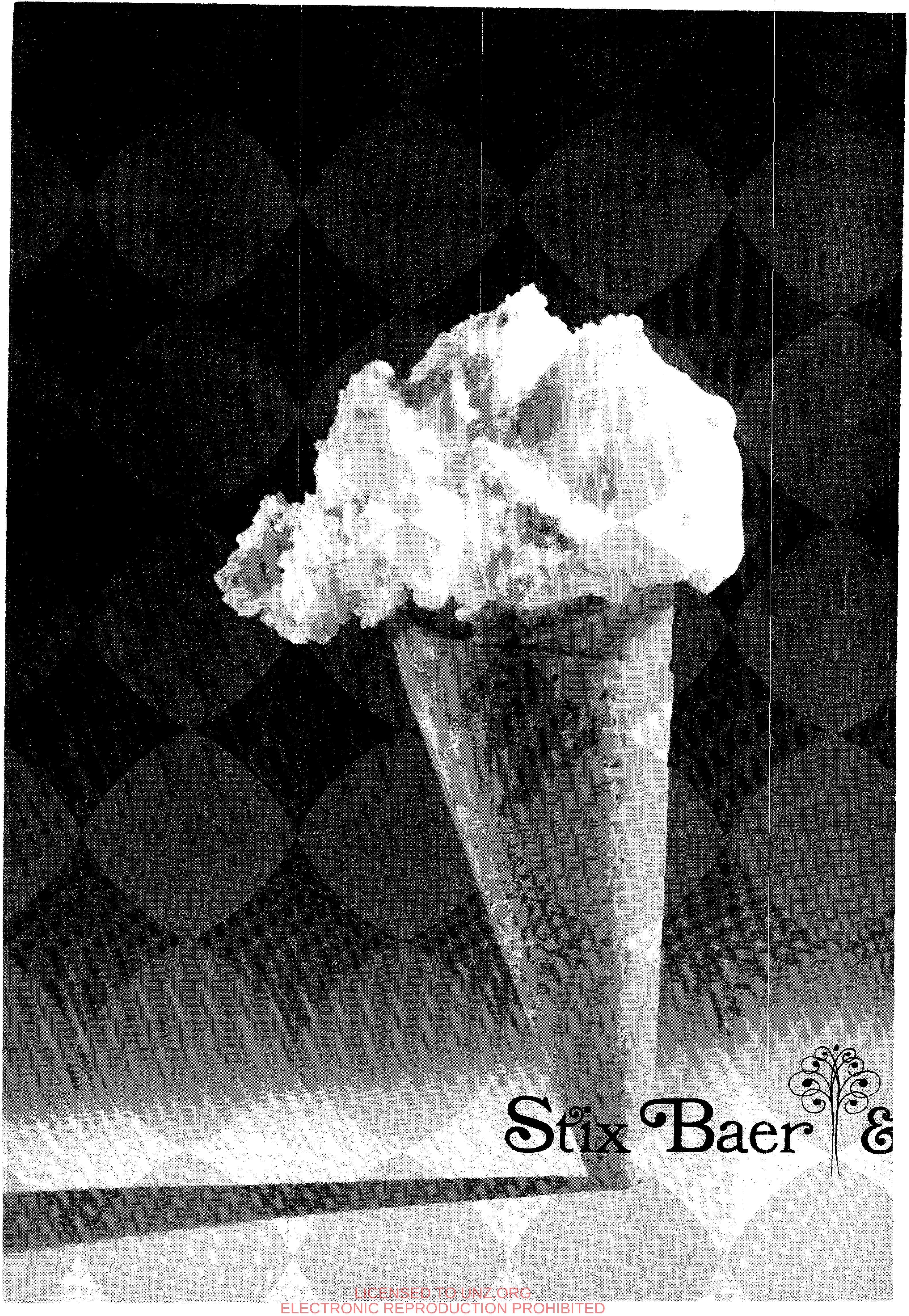
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "The City That Reaches the Skies." Starting Tuesday, Oct. 17, there will be a new show, "The Realm of the Planets." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—John Ashbery and Kenneth Koch reading from the works of the late Frank O'Hara. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Oct. 15, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Flower Show—A showing of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 18, from 12:30 to 4.)

Total Eclipse of the Moon—This will occur on Wednesday, Oct. 18, commencing at 4:25 A.M., with the fullest phase at 5:45 A.M.

Walking Tours—"Historic Lower East Side," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, Oct. 15, at 2:30. Meets at the corner of Second Ave. and 2nd St. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

New York Antiques Fair—The annual show of antiques, American and European, ranging from furniture to five-cent postcards. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 16-20, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 21 from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 12, at 1:45: English and Continental furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 12, at about 3: A benefit auction of two decorative paintings and four relief sculptures from the old Metropolitan Opera House. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 19, at 8: American paintings, drawings, sculptures, and folk art by such artists as Georgia O'Keeffe, Arthur G. Dove, and Wilhelm Schimmel; the property of Dr. and Mrs. Michael Watter. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 14.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—Through Oct. 17: Six programs of short Yugoslav films. . . . ¶ Oct. 18: "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), with Marlene Dietrich. (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Four programs in a series called "A Tribute to Rouben Mamoulian." Through Oct. 13: A program of excerpts from Mr. Mamoulian's films. . . . ¶ Oct. 14-15: "Queen Christina" (1933), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ Oct. 17: "Applause" (1929), with Helen Morgan. . . . ¶ Oct. 18: "City Streets" (1931), with Gary Cooper and Sylvia Sidney. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

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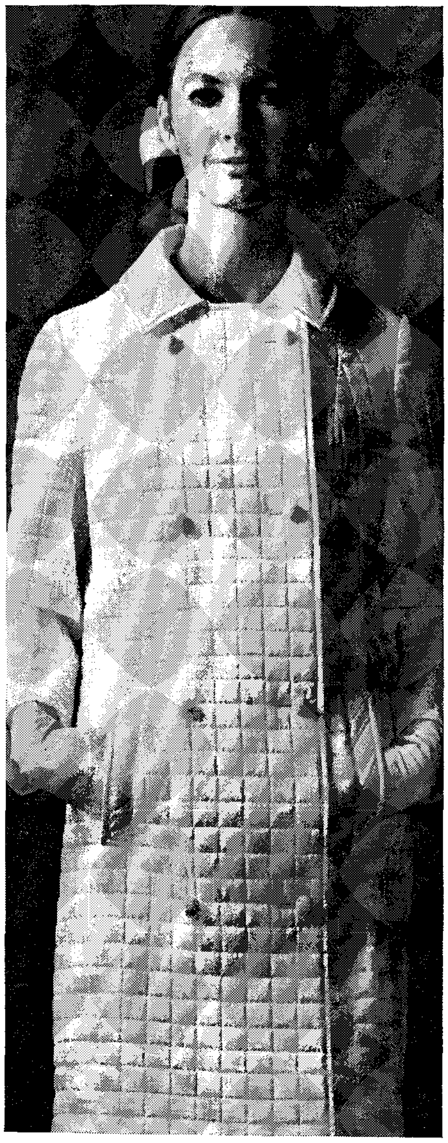

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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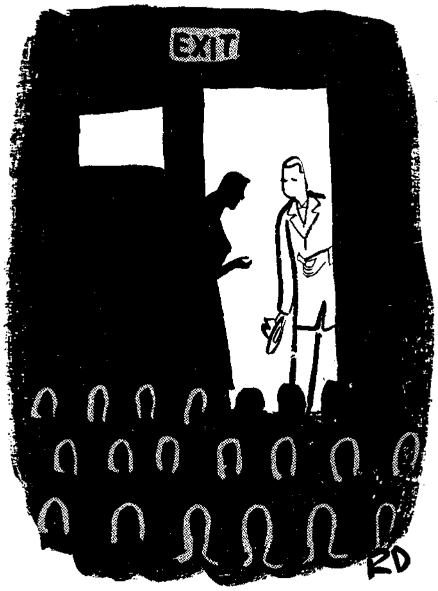

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				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED HERE

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 18.)

The Battle of Algiers—An exceptionally fine account, in documentary form, of how, in the dark days of the nineteen-fifties, the Algerians fought to secure their independence from France. Directed with great force and feeling by Gillo Pontecorvo. In French and Arabic. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Gigantic snippets of Genesis, directed by John Huston and with Mr. Huston playing Noah. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Bonnie and Clyde—In Arthur Penn's highly intelligent film, the parts of the Depression's mythic bandits are played by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. One of the themes of the movie is the urge in criminals and assassins to use violence as a way of recording themselves. The picture is perfectly cast and edited and it becomes touching about the dragonfly lives of two kids with no sense of reality. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

The Climax—Pietro Germi's appealing comedy about an Italian lover-husband-father who loves not wisely but too well. Ugo Tognazzi does much to make the hero touching as well as funny. In Italian. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through Oct. 14.)

Closely Watched Trains—A comedy about a young lad who takes a job in a godforsaken railway station as a way of shirking service during the last war. One of the fine Czech films shown this summer in the Lincoln Center festival. Directed by Jiri Menzel. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; starting Oct. 15.)

Don't Look Back—A wittily assembled account of Bob Dylan abroad among the English on a concert tour. Directed by Donn Pennebaker, who is one of the most alert and provocative young film-makers in New York. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255.)

The Exterminating Angel—Directed and co-written by Luis Buñuel, inadequately acted, but still overwhelmingly interesting and comic. About a grand dinner party at which the guests mysteriously can't quit, becoming more and more lecherous, superstitious, and furious. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Father—An affecting account, sad and funny, of a fatherless boy making his difficult, dreamy way toward manhood. Ably directed by István Szabó, who also wrote the screenplay. In Hungarian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Luv—Clive Donner's version of Murray Schisgal's comic yelp of outrage at a society so sated with pieties about love that it can't say the word straight any longer. Jack Lemmon, Peter Falk, and Elaine May, who makes the heroine transfixingly downright in her oddities. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 17.)

A Man and a Woman—Beautifully photographed account of love between a beautiful widow who works as a script girl and a handsome widower who drives racing cars for a living and a Mustang on his days off. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

A Man for All Seasons—A flawless rendering of Robert Bolt's eloquent play about Sir Thomas More. Mr. Bolt has written the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann has directed with tact and force a large cast that includes Paul Scofield as the tragic, noble Sir Thomas; Wendy Hiller as his wife; Robert Shaw as Henry VIII; and Leo McKern as the wily Cromwell. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

My Sister, My Love—A gifted Swedish director, Vilgot Sjöman, and a cast that includes Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle make this tale of family woe well worth seeing. In Swedish. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 17.)

Point Blank—The simple moral of this savage, wonderfully photographed melodrama is "Never try to steal ninety-three thousand dollars from Lee Marvin." (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Portrait of Jason—An interview with a Negro homosexual prostitute who has somehow managed to retain his sanity. Directed by Shirley Clarke. (50th Street Cinema, 236 W. 50th, 246-3260; through Oct. 18, tentative.)

Robbery—A satisfactory telling of the classic, real-life theft of a couple of million dollars from the Glasgow-London mail train. Starring Stanley Baker as head crook. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A mild satire on the Giddy Twenties, with Julie Andrews, Carol Channing, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Tiger Makes Out—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson have a high old time in Murray Schisgal's rowdy reworking of his Off-Broadway play. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

REVIVALS

Casque d'Or (1952)—Love and crime in apache Paris, circa 1900. With Simone Signoret and Serge Reggiani. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 13.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—A version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in nightgowns and at war. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 14-15.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 12.)

Fantastic Voyage (1966)—A sci-fi film about a long and dangerous voyage through the human body. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 13.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Oct. 12, at 2. Reserved seats only.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Hud (1963)—A tug-of-war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 18.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 14-17.)

King and Country (1966)—An account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War. Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 17.)

Leda (1961)—Directed by Claude Chabrol, with Madeleine Robinson and Jean-Paul Belmondo. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 16.)

Loves of a Blonde (1966)—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 12.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. Directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 13.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 17.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; Oct. 14-17.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1954)—A romp at a seaside resort, with Jacques Tati. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 13-16.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West gambolling around in a most unusual Western. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 14-15.)

My Uncle (1958)—Directed by and with Jacques Tati. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 13-16.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 18.)

The Shameless Old Lady (1966)—A comedy, directed by René Allio and starring Sylvie. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 18.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 17.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 18.)

Tom Jones (1963)—An embodiment of the Fielding novel. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 18.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ROBBERY.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Oct. 15: "In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.
Oct. 16-17: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 18, at 8:30: "Far from the Madding Crowd," Julie Christie. (Opening night will be a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call 524-1185.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
POINT BLANK.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Reflections in a Golden Eye," Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Bobo," Peter Sellers, Britt Ekland.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND, revival.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

Trans-Lux West, B'way at 49th. (CO 5-1355)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
Through Oct. 15: "The Flim-Flam Man," George C. Scott.
From Oct. 16: Theatre closed.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 17: **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival; and "The Trip," Peter Fonda, Susan Strasberg.
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
TOM JONES, revival; and **A HARD DAY'S NIGHT**, revival.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 17: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 18: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French), revival; and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 17: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 17: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and "Dear John" (in Swedish), revival, Jarl Kulle.
From Oct. 18: "Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney; and "Caprice," Doris Day, Richard Harris.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
BONNIE AND CLYDE.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
DON'T LOOK BACK.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 6-1411)
"Games," Simone Signoret.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Waterhole #3," James Coburn.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Day the Fish Came Out," Tom Courtenay, Sam Wanamaker.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Our Mother's House," Dirk Bogarde.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
POINT BLANK.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
THE TIGER MAKES OUT.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS (in French and Arabic).

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 17: To be announced.
From Oct. 18: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival; and **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Penthouse," Suzy Kendall, Terence Morgan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Reflections in a Golden Eye," Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Carmen, Baby," Uta Levka.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Fear" (in Greek).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AG 9-1144)
"In the Heat of the Night," Sidney Poitier, Rod Steiger.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (OR 4-3210)
"Dialogue" (in Hungarian).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 17: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish); and **KING AND COUNTRY**, revival.
From Oct. 18: **ACCIDENT**; and "Tobruk," Rock Hudson, George Peppard.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Birds, the Bees and the Italians" (in Italian), Virna Lisi.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 13: **CASQUE D'OR** (in French), revival.
Oct. 14-17: **IKIRU** and **THE MEN WHO TREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL** (both in Japanese and both revivals).
From Oct. 18: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
"Up the Down Staircase," Sandy Dennis.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO, revival.

50th Street Cinema, 236 W. 50th. (246-3260)
Through Oct. 18 (tentative): **PORTRAIT OF JASON.**

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through Oct. 14: **THE CLIMAX** (in Italian).
From Oct. 15: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS**, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Passages from Finnegans Wake," Martin J. Kelley.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
FATHER (in Hungarian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE EXTERMINATING ANGEL (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"The Sucker" (in French), Bourvil, Louis de Funes.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 13: **M** (in German), revival; and **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**, revival.
Oct. 14-15: **DUCK SOUP**, revival; and **MY LITTLE CHICKADEE**, revival.
Oct. 16: **LEDA** (in French), revival; and "Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
Oct. 17-18: "The Quiller Memorandum," revival, George Segal, Alec Guinness; and " 'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," revival, Ray Milland.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 17: **LUV**; and "Rage," Glenn Ford, Stella Stevens.
From Oct. 18: **HUD**, revival; and "Alfie," revival, Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 12: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, revival, a Czechoslovakian film; and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER**, revival.
Oct. 13-16: **MY UNCLE** (in French), revival; and **MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY**, revival.
From Oct. 17: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
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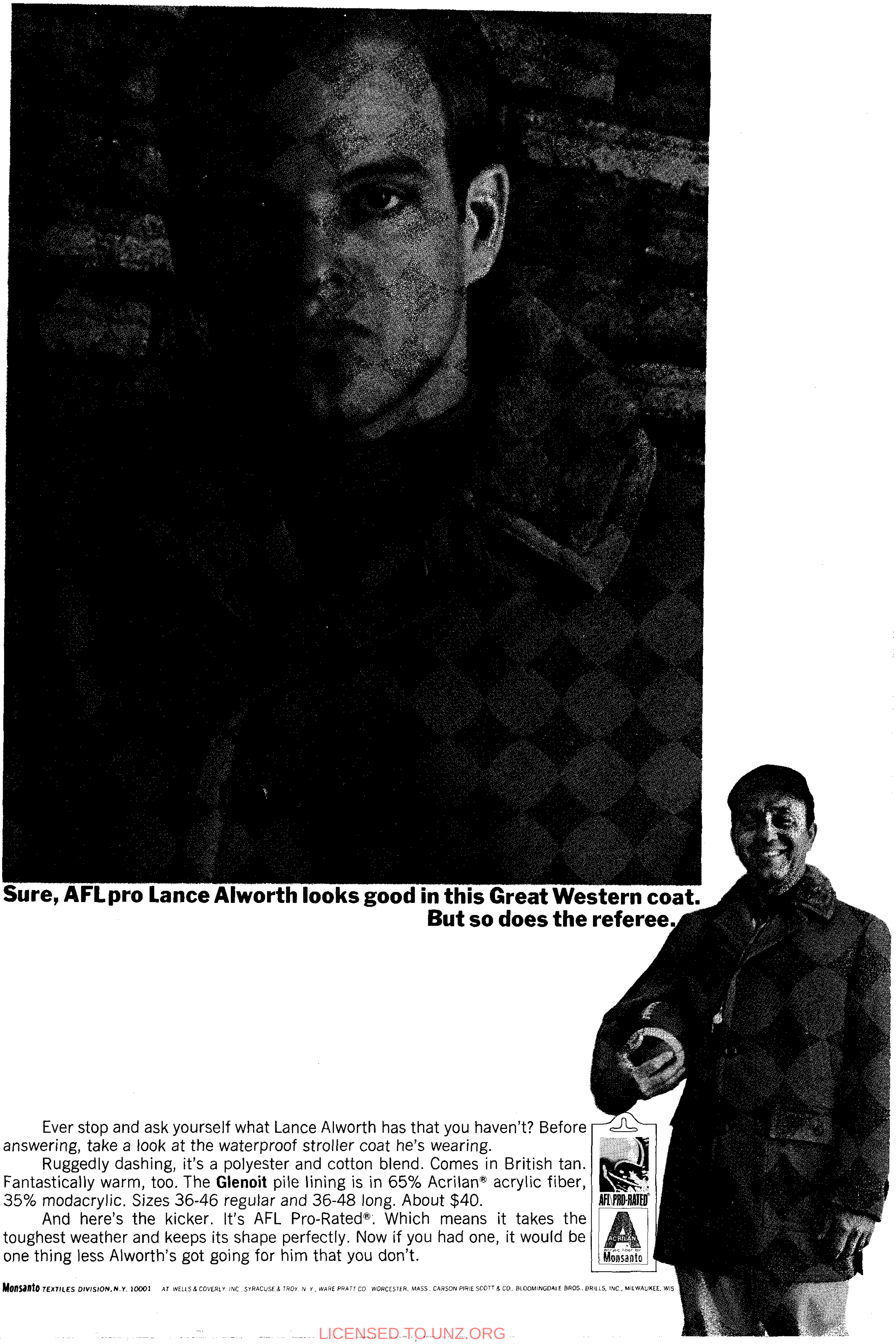

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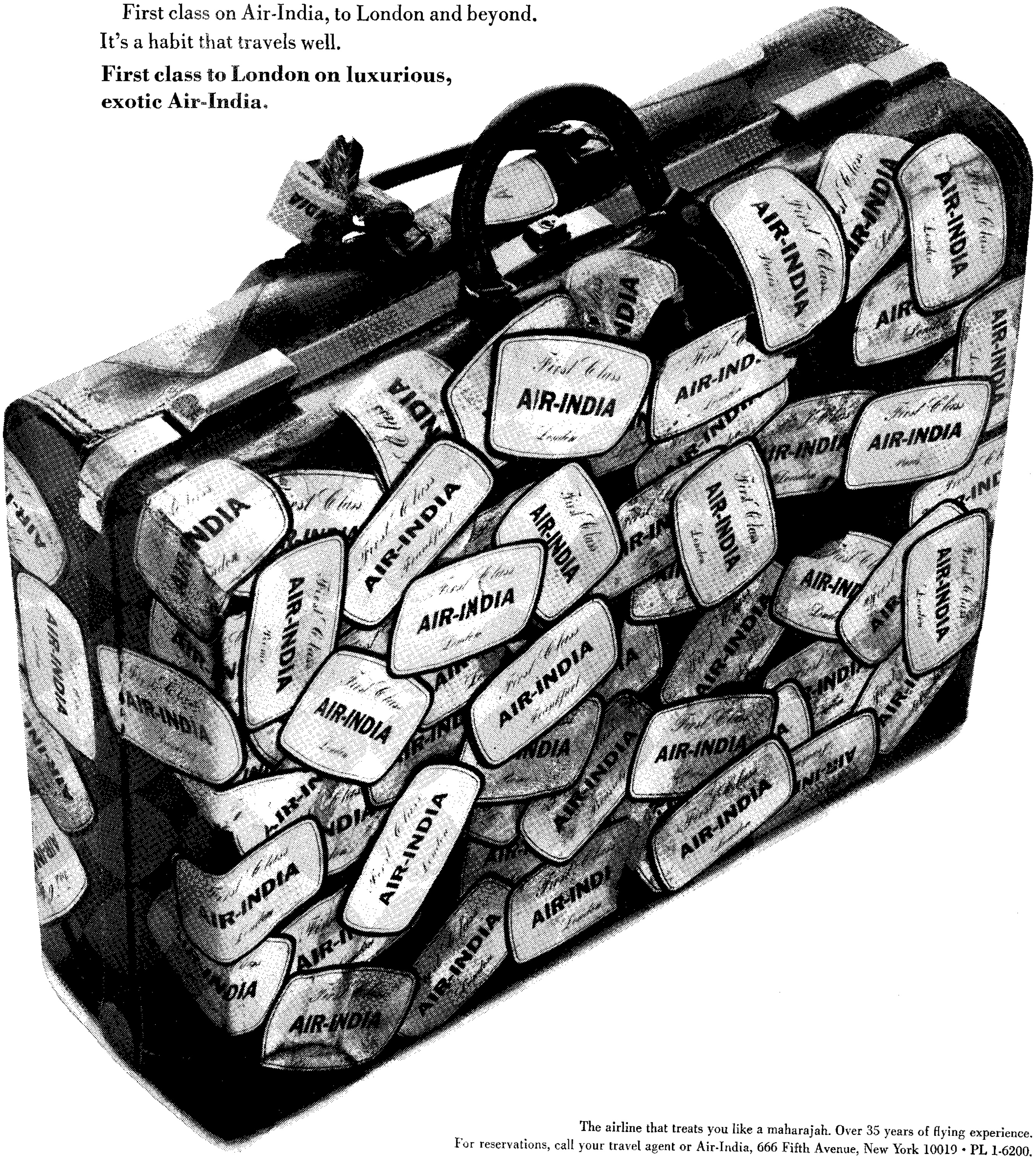

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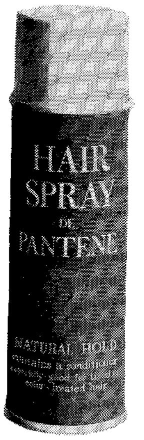

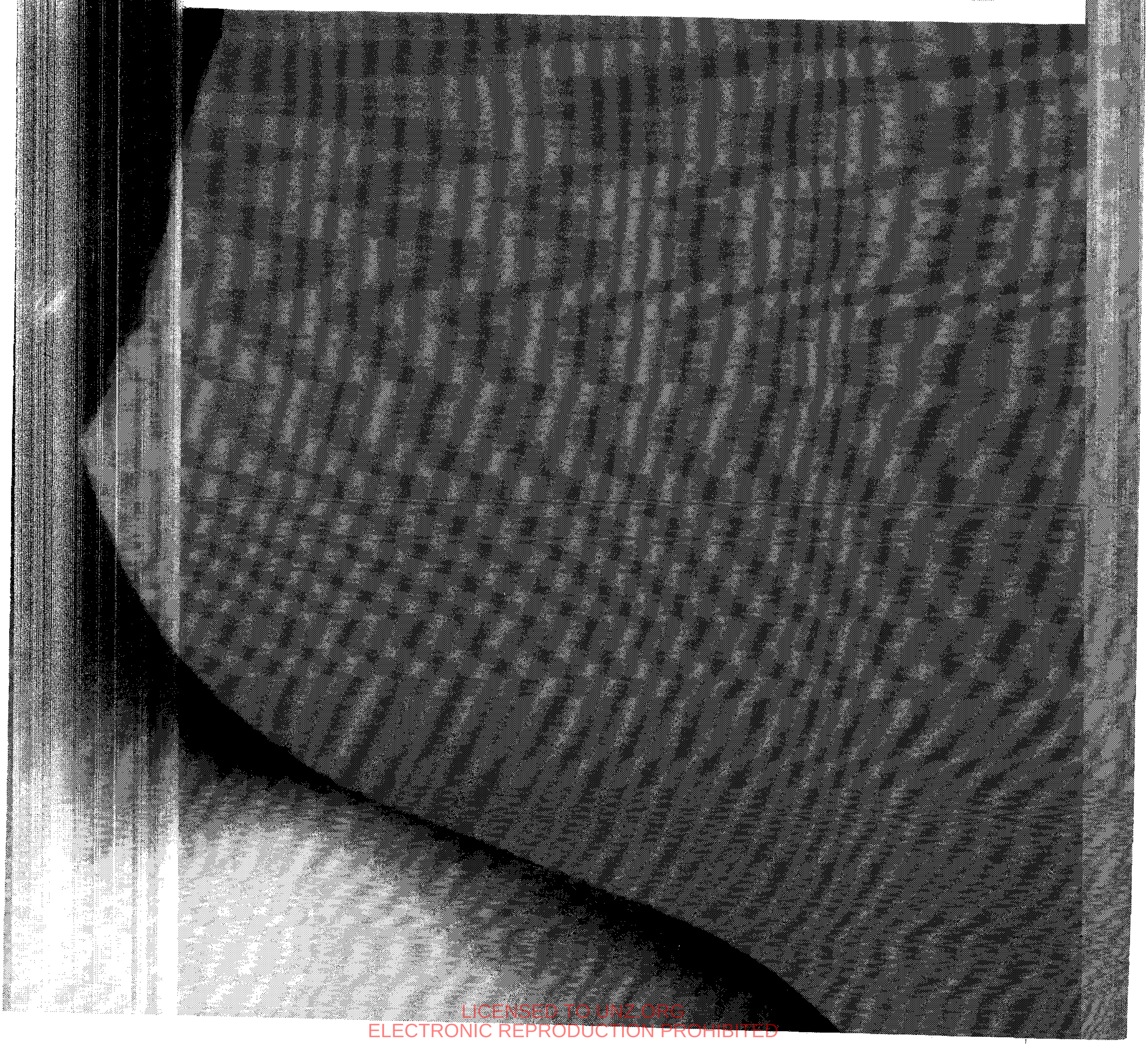

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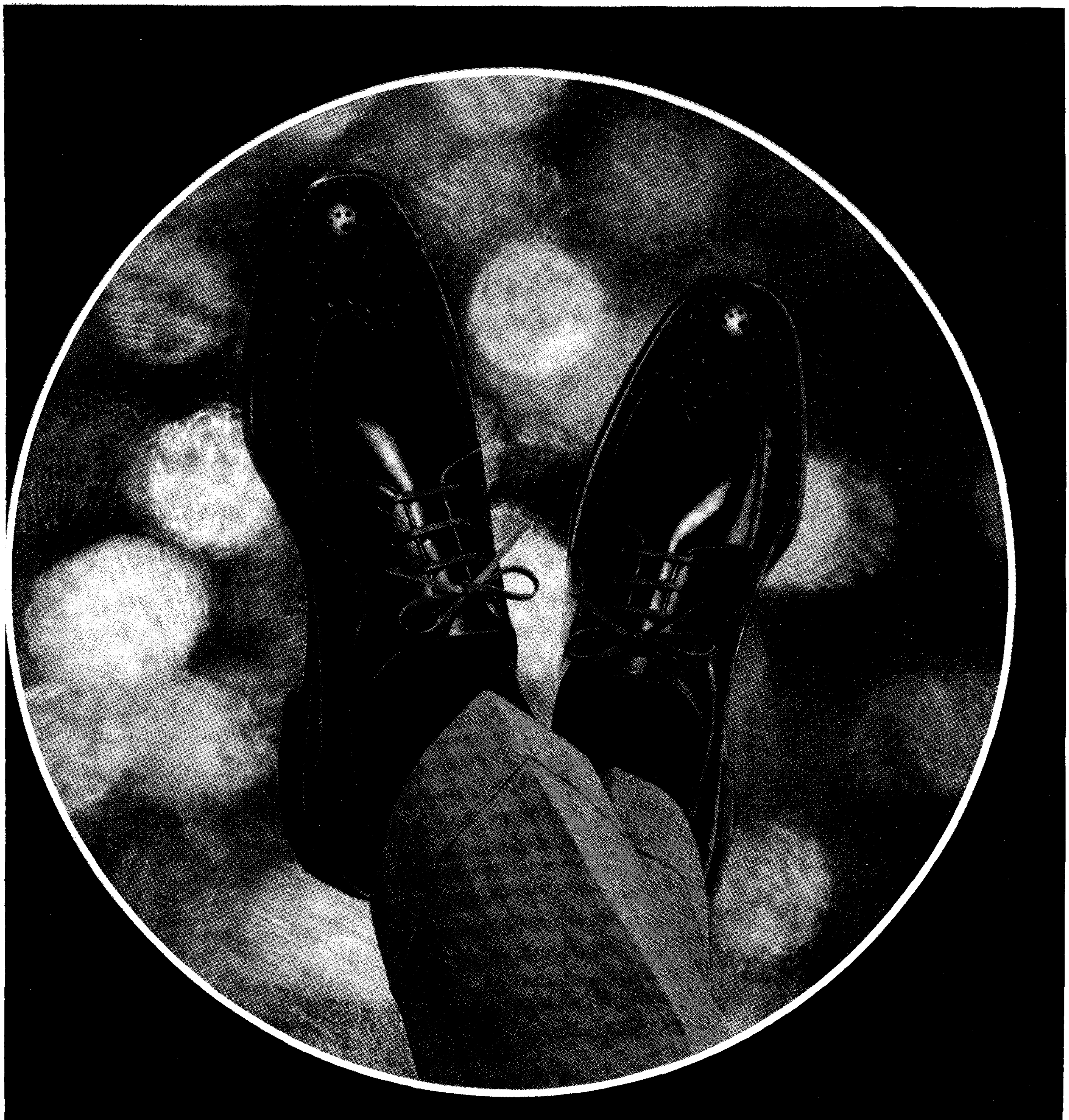

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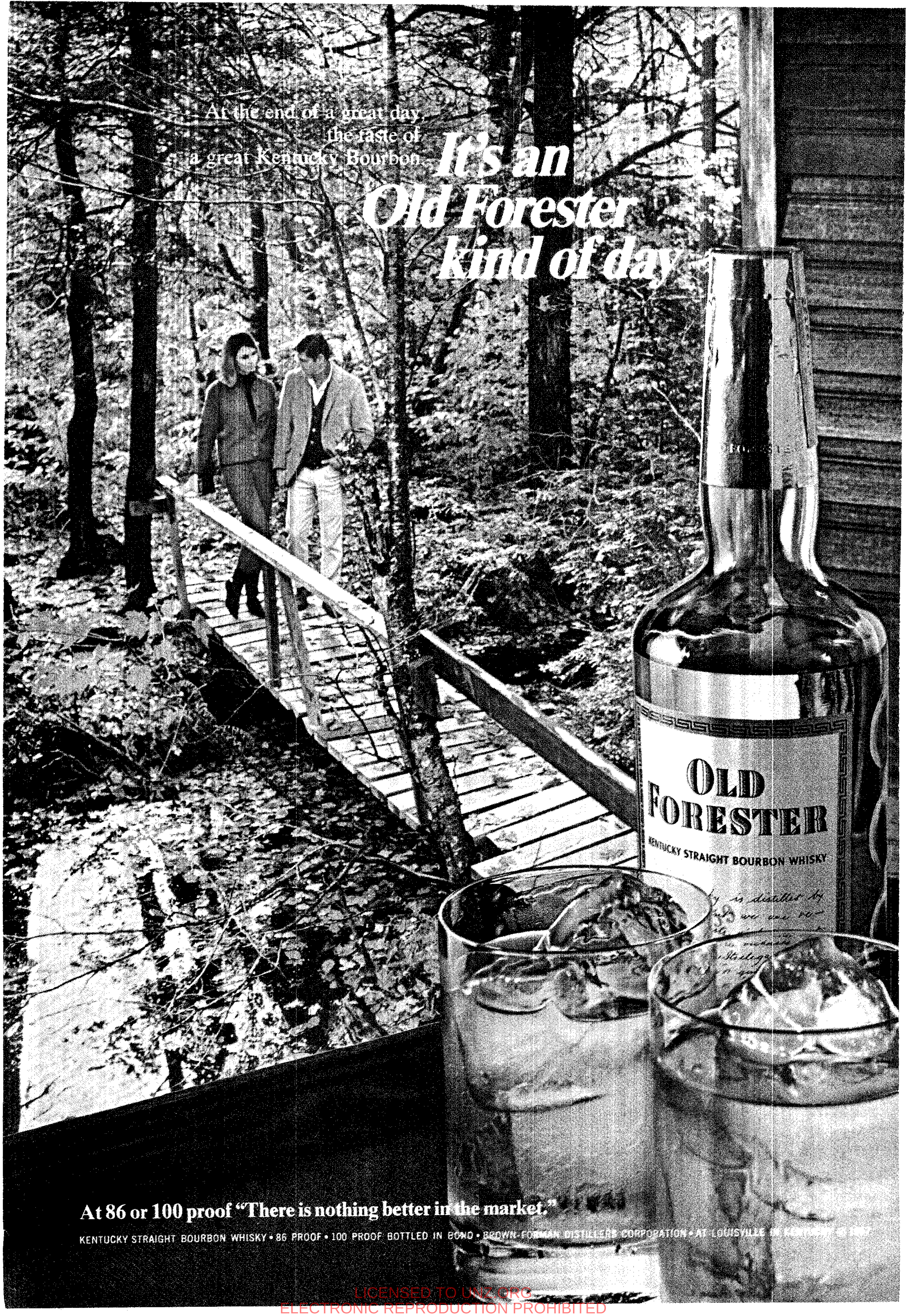
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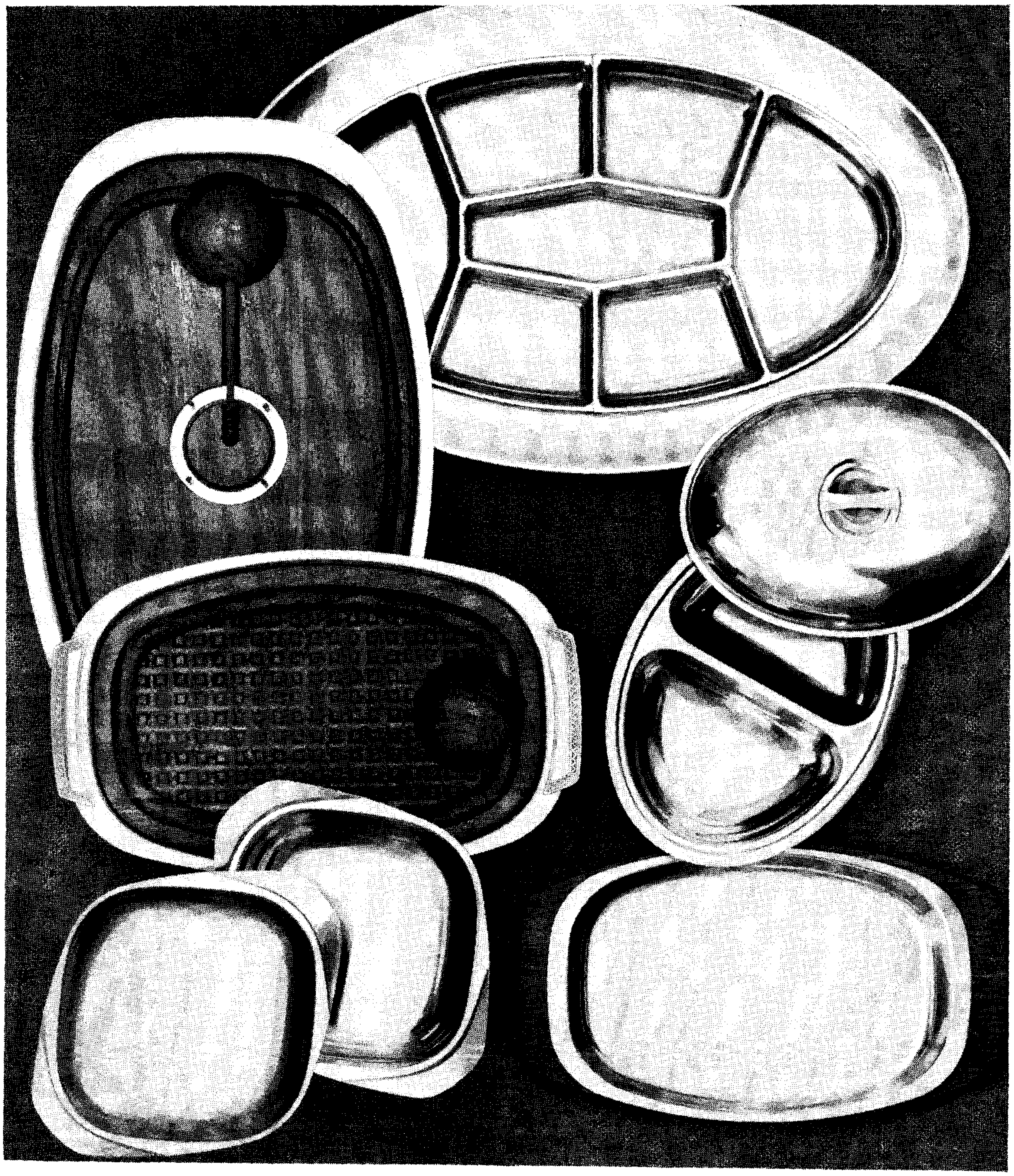

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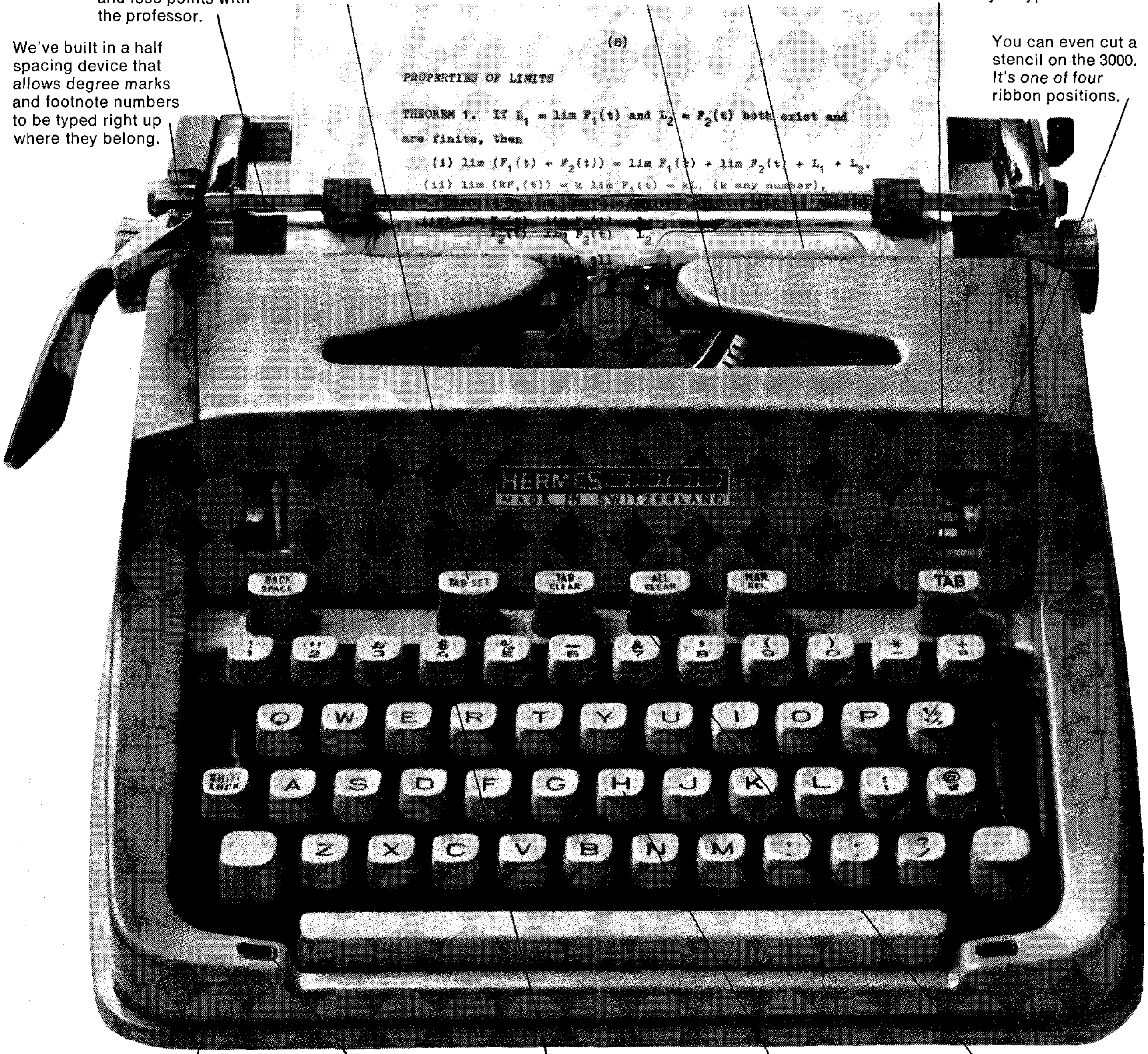
The Hermes 3000 is packed with little extras. *Like these* holders for notecards. And a paper table behind the carriage for correcting with the *paper in the machine.*

The automatic tabulator makes columns of figures as easy to type as text.

We've built in a half spacing device that allows degree marks and footnote numbers to be typed right up where they belong.

You can even cut a stencil on the 3000. *It's one of four* ribbon positions.


(8)
PROPERTIES OF LIMITS
THEOREM 1. If $L_1 = \lim F_1(t)$ and $L_2 = F_2(t)$ both exist and are finite, then
(i) $\lim (F_1(t) + F_2(t)) = \lim F_1(t) + \lim F_2(t) = L_1 + L_2$,
HERMES
MADE IN SWITZERLAND
BACK SPACE
TAB SET
TAB CLEAR
ALL CLEAR
MAR REL
TAB
Q
W
E
R
T
Y
U
I
O
P
A
S
D
F
G
H
J
K
L
Z
X
C
V
B
N
M

Because we know you type far into the night when your paper's due in the morning, we've housed the 3000 in a sound-absorbent casing.

We've built a top that locks here to the base for carrying the 3000 off to college. For room to room trips, we've made the Hermes 3000 light in weight and compact *enough to fit any surface.*

The Hermes 3000 costs $129.50. About the same as two semesters of books. Like the books, it's worth it.

For the name of the Hermes dealer in your area and for literature on our full line of typewriters and figuring machines, write
Paillard Incorporated,
1900 Lower Road,
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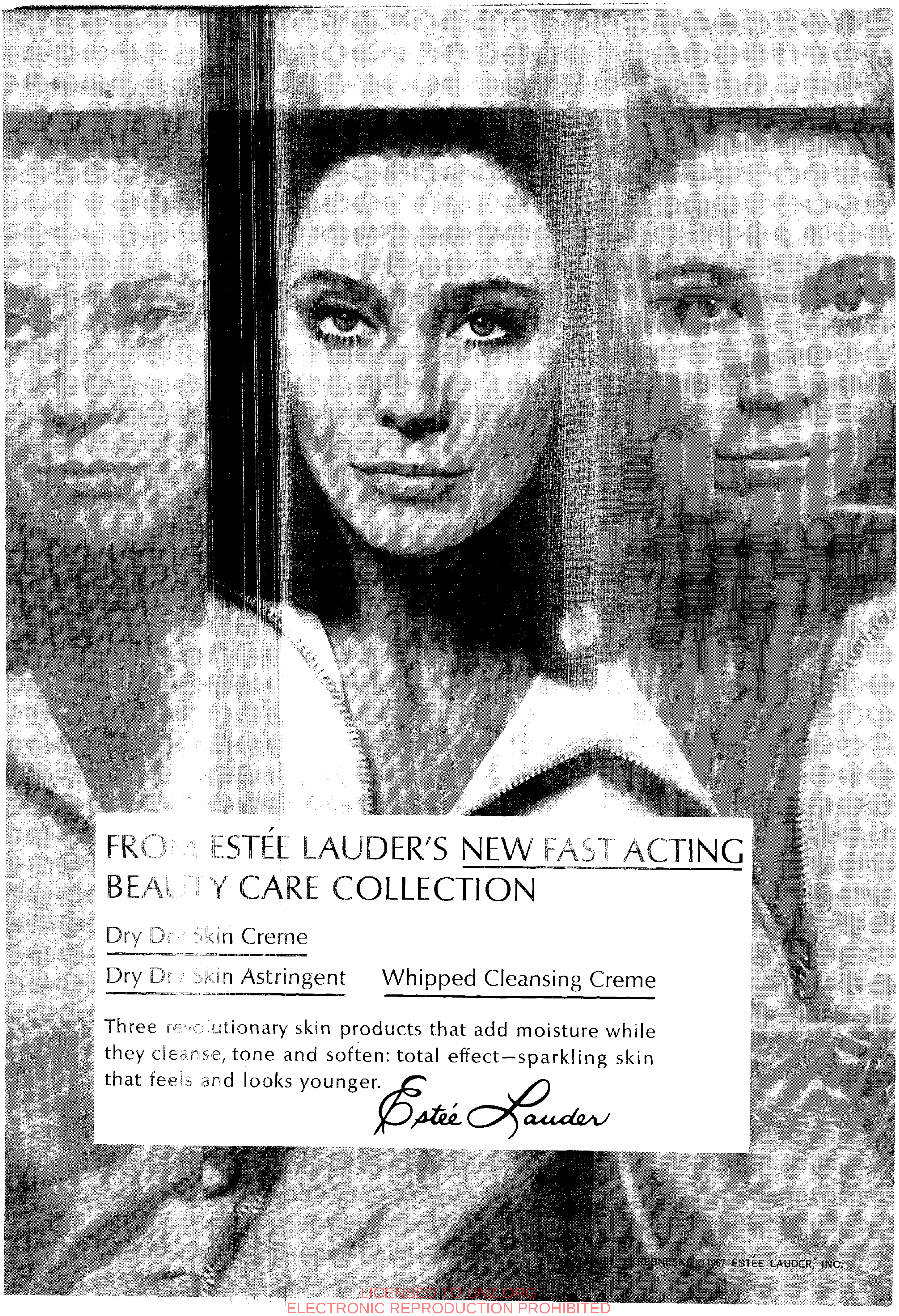
HERMES
A division of Paillard Incorporated, makers Bolex movie cameras.



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Dry Dry Skin Creme

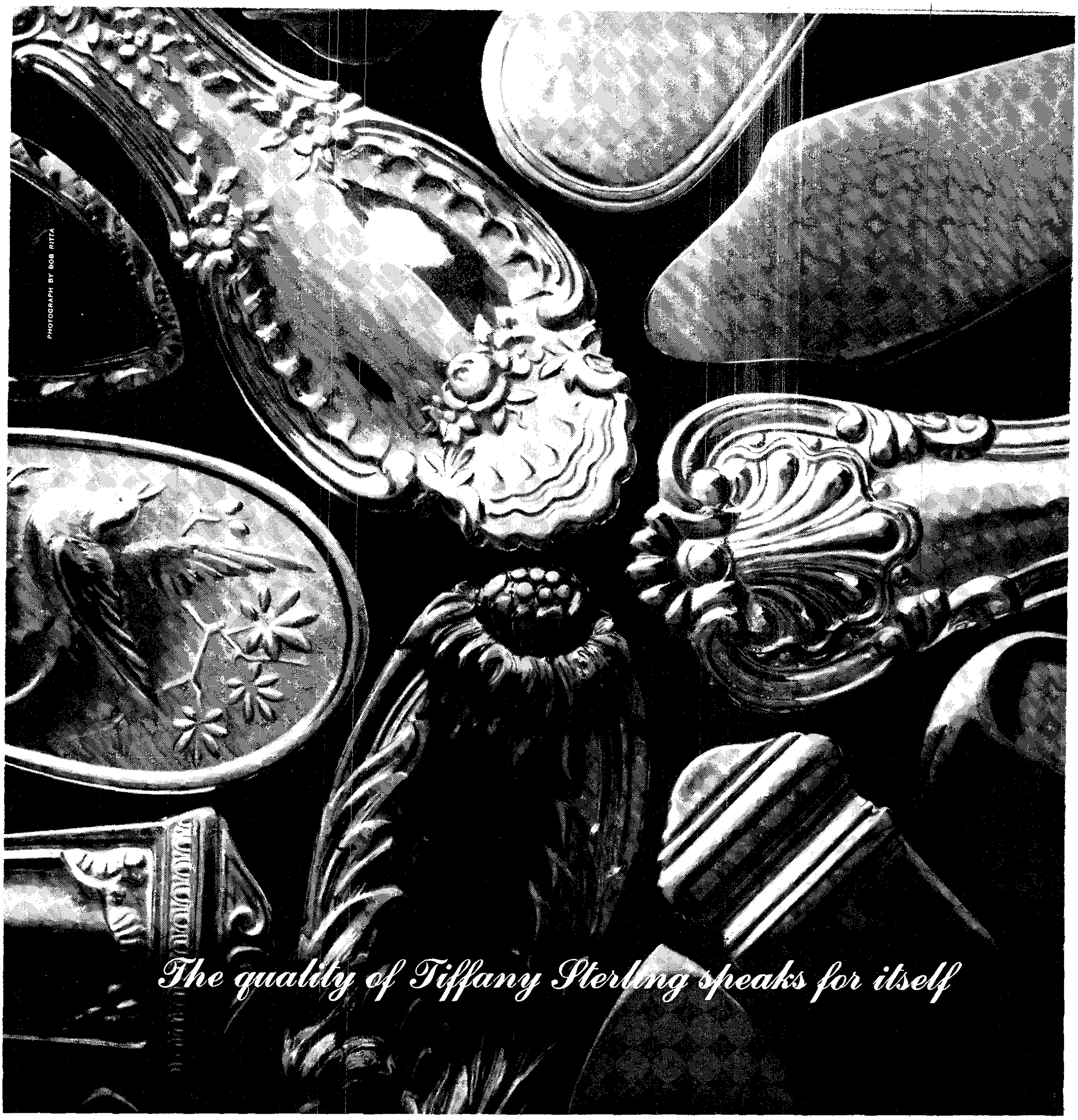
Dry Dry Skin Astringent

Whipped Cleansing Creme

Three revolutionary skin products that add moisture while they cleanse, tone and soften: total effect—sparkling skin that feels and looks younger.

Estée Lauder

PHOTOGRAPH: SKREBNESKI © 1967 ESTÉE LAUDER, INC.



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Here are four cobalt blue and gold patterns from four different china makers. How do you know which one to buy?

You don't. Unless you know something about china.

See the pattern upper left? That's Royal Worcester "Blue Regency" bone china from England.

And now the lesson begins.

If you know anything about china, you know that bone china is actually made of bone.

Royal Worcester contains 50% oxbone ash. That's why it's so white. And that's why the blue is so luminously blue (like light streaming through stained glass).

Now cobalt blue is a metallic oxide that must be handled with extreme care by skilled Royal Worcester craftsmen.

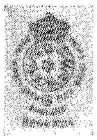
So all you see, when you examine this plate closely, is *consistently intense blue.* Without lumpy bubble spots. Or bluish shadows in the white plate body caused by bleeding.

The pattern is an early Regency classic, an intricately detailed frieze design.

The 24 karat gold borders are swirled on by hand.

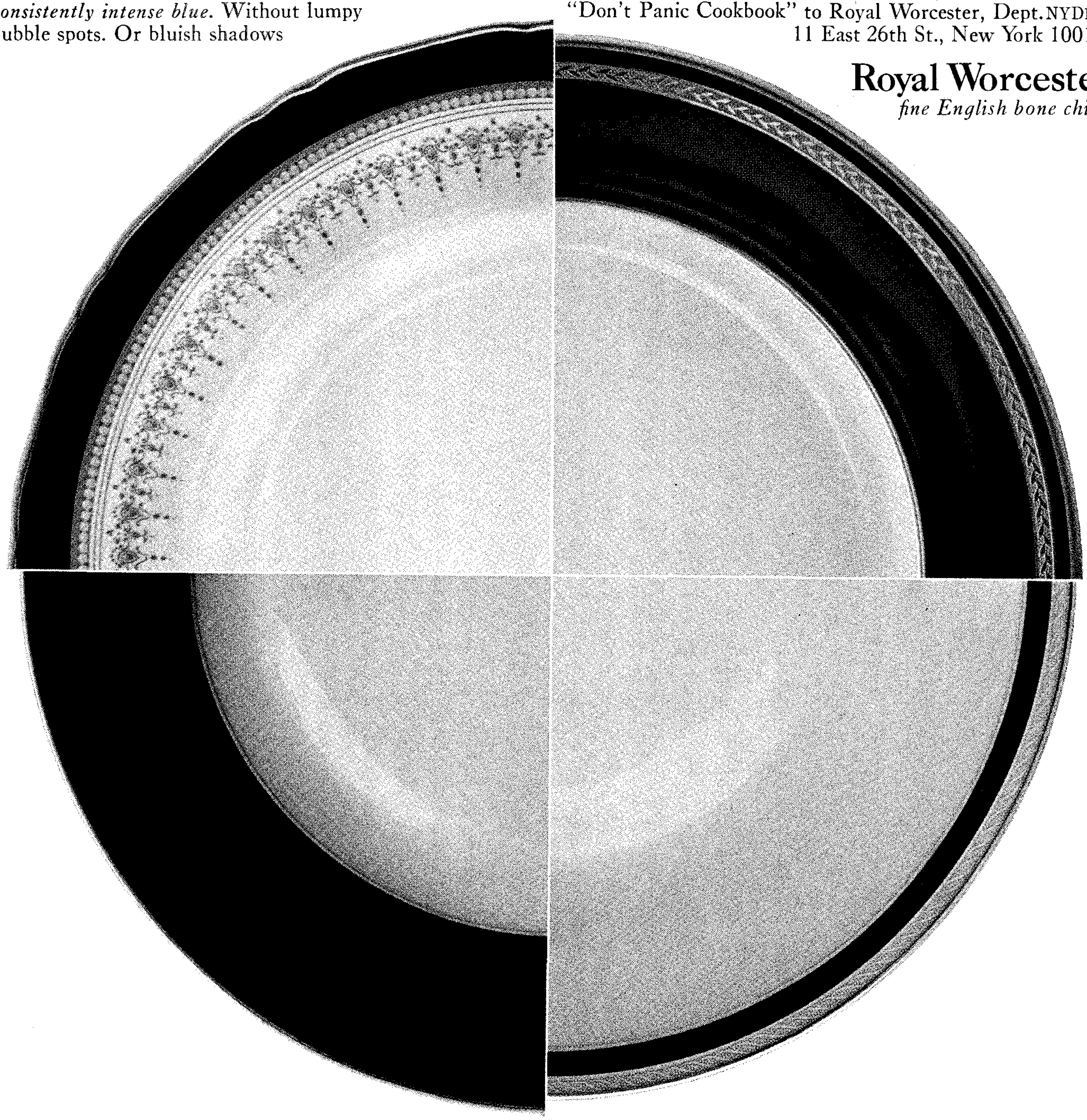
It's one of Royal Worcester's most formal dinner patterns. Simply begs for a "black tie" dinner party.

Centuries of fine craftsmanship have left their golden mark on the back of Royal Worcester bone china. Look for this identification mark of quality.

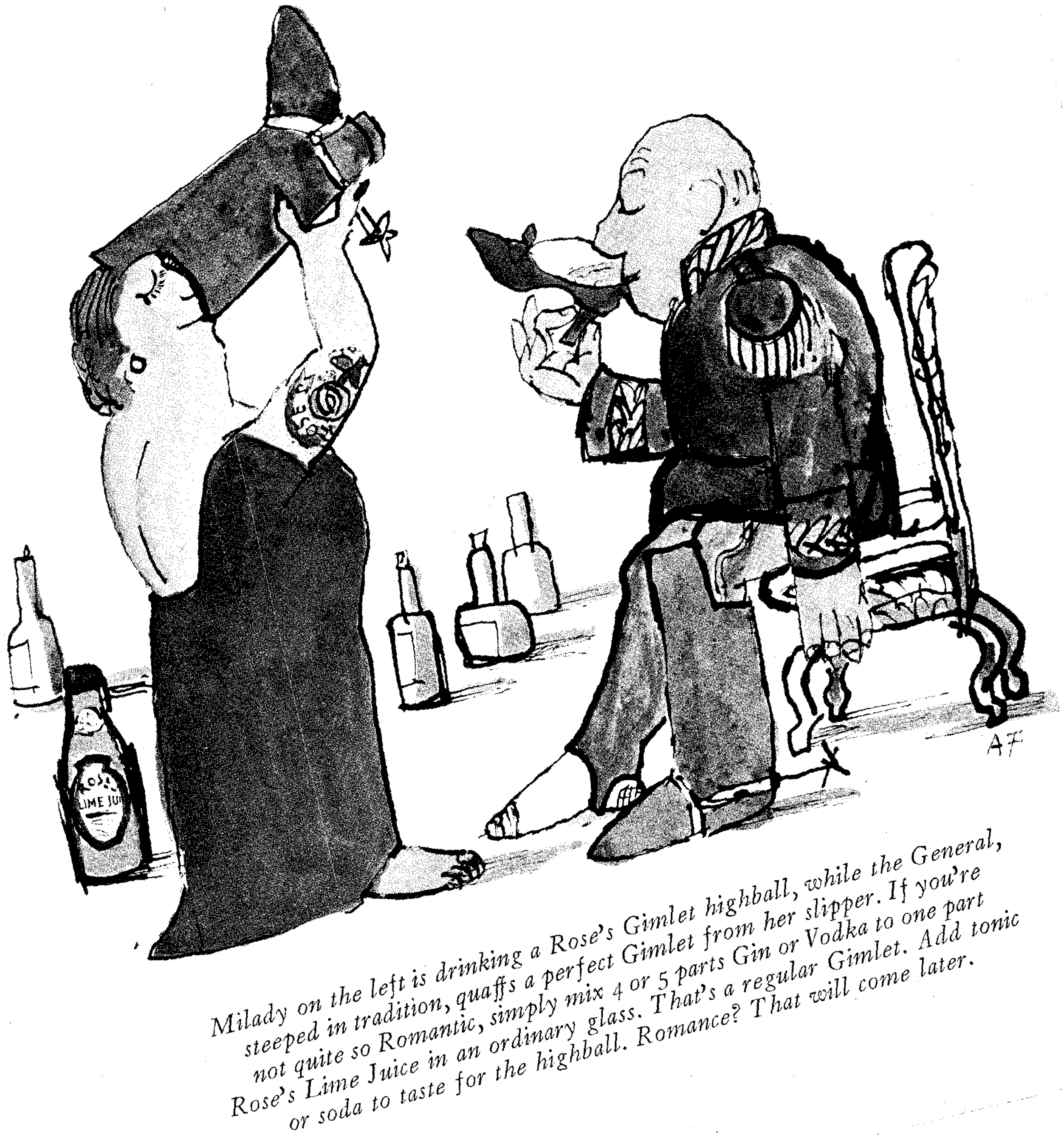


"Blue Regency" is $44.75 the five piece place setting. Other Royal Worcester patterns from $16.75 to $135. Send 25¢ for our full color pattern brochure and handy "Don't Panic Cookbook" to Royal Worcester, Dept. NYD1014
11 East 26th St., New York 10010.

Royal Worcester
fine English bone china



Leave some Gimlets for the guests.



Milady on the left is drinking a Rose's Gimlet highball, while the General, steeped in tradition, quaffs a perfect Gimlet from her slipper. If you're not quite so Romantic, simply mix 4 or 5 parts Gin or Vodka to one part Rose's Lime Juice in an ordinary glass. That's a regular Gimlet. Add tonic or soda to taste for the highball. Romance? That will come later.

If you were climbing here tomorrow

you'd wear a Rolex

The first team to climb the Vinson Massif (the highest peak in Antarctica) wore the best watch in the world.

Once you've seen and worn a Rolex, you can understand why. Its classic Oyster case is carved out of a solid block of Swedish stainless steel... so there are no seams to leak or crack under pressure. Inside its solid pressure-proof* walls is a 26-jewel self-winding officially certified chronometer movement.

Because most of the work is done by hand, it takes us more than a year to build a Rolex. The American Antarctic Mountaineering Expedition feel it was time well spent.

The watch they wore is the Rolex 1005 Chronometer. In stainless steel with 14 kt. fluted gold bezel and matching bracelet, $255. Other Rolex Oyster Perpetual Chronometers in steel, steel and gold, or gold, from $175.

*guaranteed to a depth of 165 feet when case, crown and crystal are intact.
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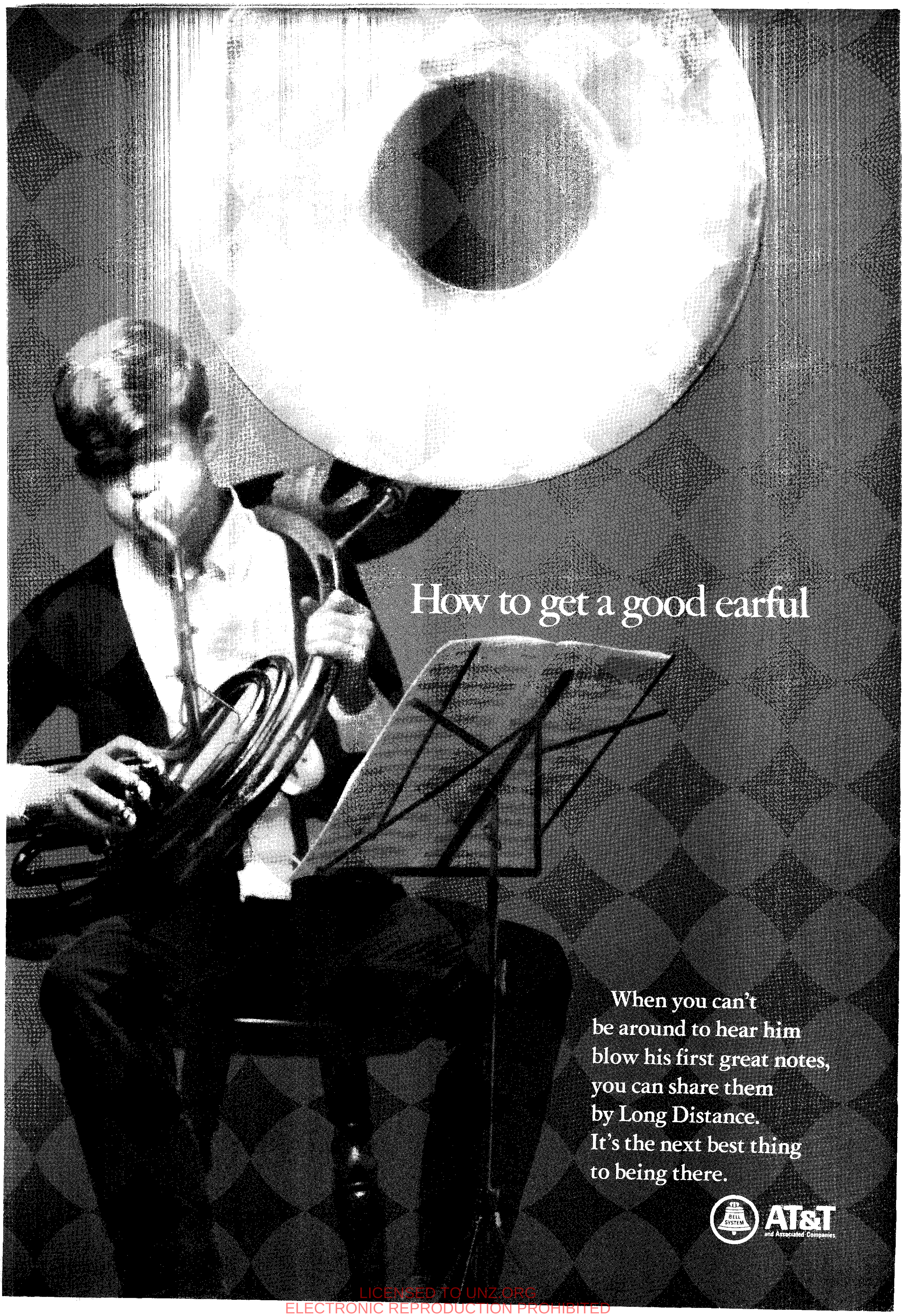
How to get a good earful

When you can't
be around to hear him
blow his first great notes,
you can share them
by Long Distance.
It's the next best thing
to being there.

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AT&T
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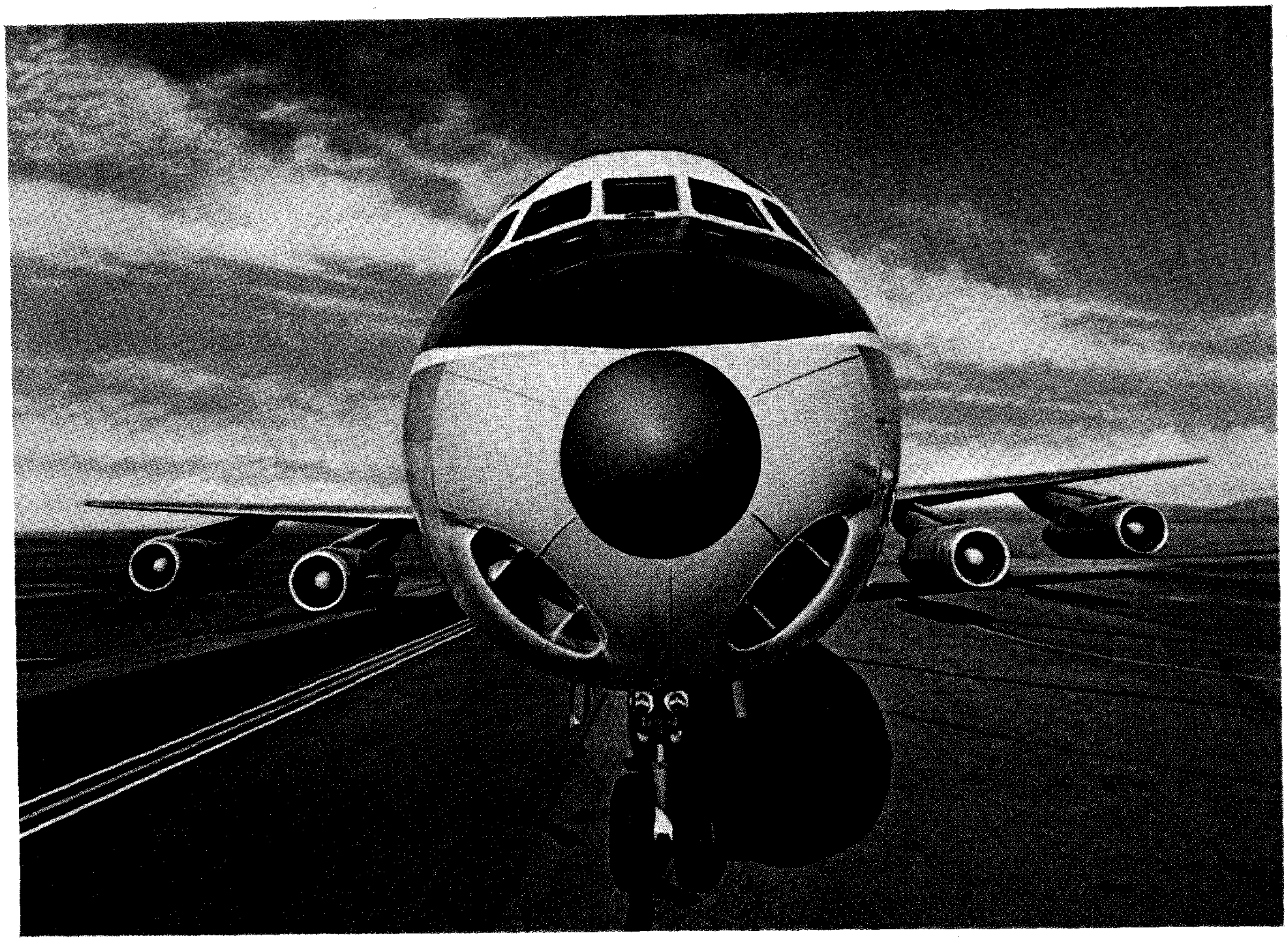
SOCIETY BRAND is awarded the wool mark for this single breasted suit styled in a subtle black and white glen plaid Raeford Worsted Mills loomed the fabric in the inimitabl American Way With Wool. You can always count on woo for the refined and distinguished touch that makes this sui so perfect. It has the wool mark label, the Wool Bureau sym bol found only on quality-tested products made of th world's best . . . pure virgin wool. The Wool Bureau Inc., 36 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

The American Way With Wool



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We admit that our DC-8s look like most other 4-engined jets. So how can you tell when you're boarding one of ours, or see one overhead?

One way is to look for the biggest jet you've ever seen. It's our Super DC-8, largest jetliner in the world. A giant.

Or you can spot a DC-8 by its nose. DC-8s are the ones that smile back at you.

Those dimples you see are airscoops, and they represent a typical Douglas touch: by taking in fresh air at the front of the plane for the air conditioning system, we eliminate any chance of jet engine exhaust fumes contaminating the passenger cabin air.

You'll discover many other ways Douglas helps make your flight more pleasant and comfortable when you fly a big, luxurious Super DC-8, or one of our quick and quiet DC-9 twinjets.

Ask to be booked aboard a Douglas jet the next time you fly. You'll be all smiles, too.

DOUGLAS
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How to buy a stereo if you're not a stereo nut.

Panasonic has made it a whole lot easier for people who don't know everything there is to know about stereo to get the right kind of stereo.

All you need is $174.95.*

You don't have to know what a tuner is. Or which speaker goes with what amplifier.

Because Panasonic has done all the worrying and come up with the RE-767.

The RE-767 is a complete stereo system.

It has an FM/AM and FM stereo tuner with 34 Solid State devices that'll pick up any kind of radio program you ever want to listen to. There's even an automatic Stereo Eye that tells you when you're listening to stereo. And a special Selector that'll blank out everything but stereo.

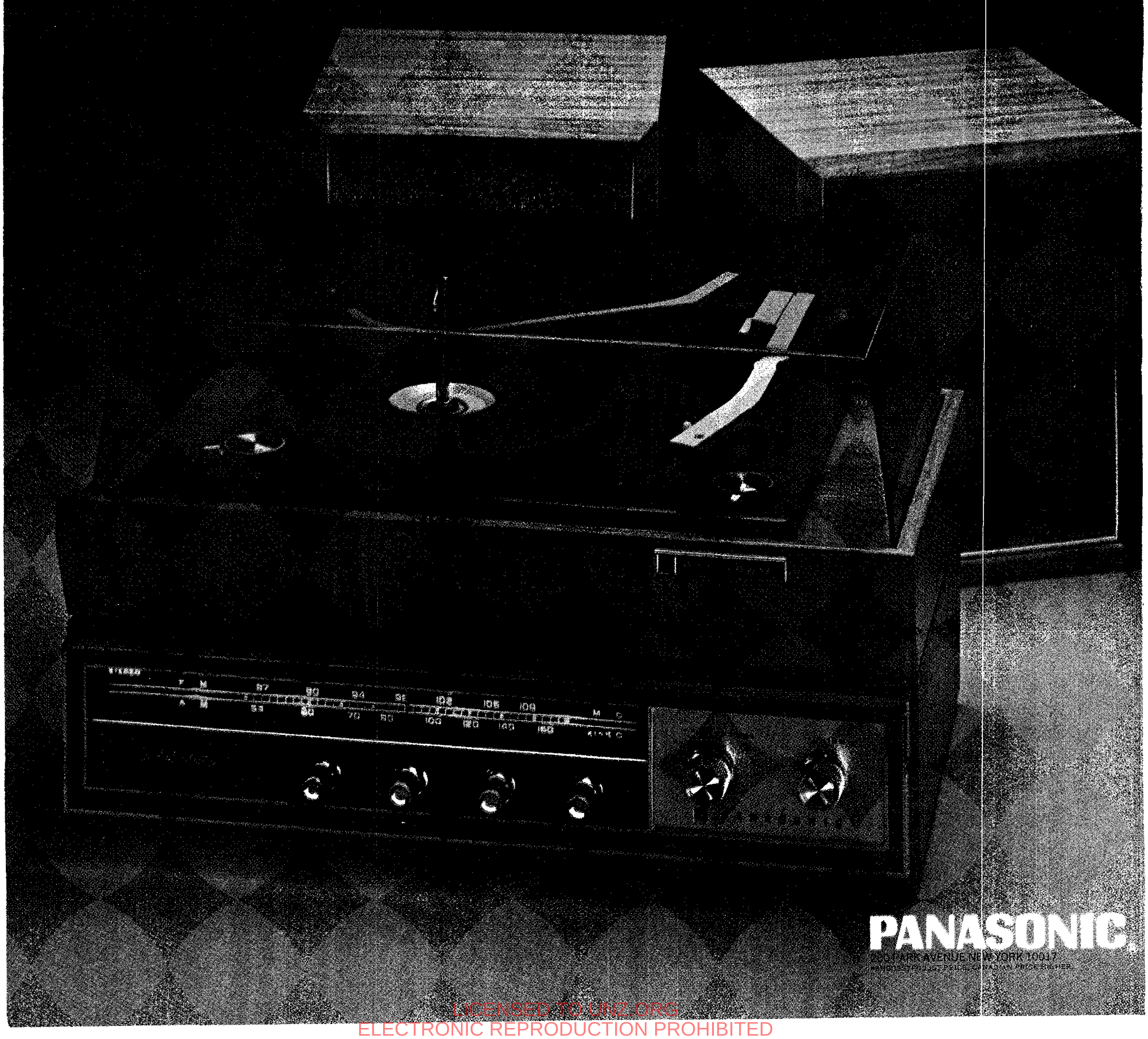
And when you want to listen to records, there's a phonograph that'll play any kind of record. (Even your old records will sound a lot better on it.)

The twin speakers are the kind you can put anywhere because they'll look good and sound good anywhere. They, like the rest of the RE-767, come in matched walnut cabinets. The kind you usually have to pay extra to get.

Right now the RE-767 probably sounds pretty good. It'll sound a lot better after you listen to it.

Just go into any store that we permit to carry our line. Ask the salesman what he thinks of Panasonic.

We sort of think you'll end up telling all your friends how nutty you are about your new Panasonic RE-767.



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The kind of girl you want with you always. One who's not concerned with the size of the diamond you can afford. We've been in the business 167 years, advising young people like yourself. Explaining that a small stone with "fire" is worth more in the long run than a larger, less perfect one. Come in. Have a talk with one of our diamond experts. He'll help you select a gem you'll treasure. So long as you both shall live.

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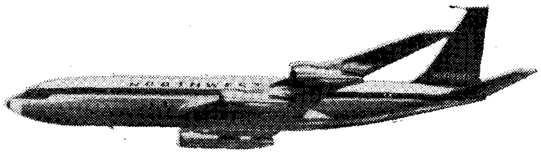

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Our shortcut routes have shrunk the globe.

Our smooth, swift Fan-Jets fly the Pacific without stopping.

That's why it's not "The Far East" anymore — not on Northwest.

With us, it's "The Not-So-Far East."

Tokyo, for example, is less than half a day's flight from Seattle — on Northwest. And from Tokyo, it's just a short hop to anywhere in the Orient.

Take your pick.

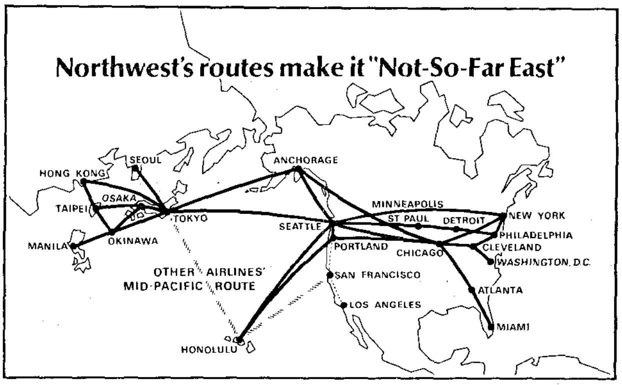
Tokyo. Osaka. Hong Kong. Okinawa. Taiwan. Korea. The Philippines. We fly to more places in the Orient than any other U.S. airline.

And we've been flying there for years.

20 years, to be exact. So when you take off with us, you know you're in the hands of an airline that really knows the Orient.

Talk to your travel agent — and next trip come our way to the Orient.

It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.


Northwest's routes make it "Not-So-Far East"
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JAPAN. Where geishas still dress as they did 300 years ago — and the Beatles are tops on the hit parade. We fly to this land of contrast 23 times a week — with service from more U.S. cities than any other airline in the world.
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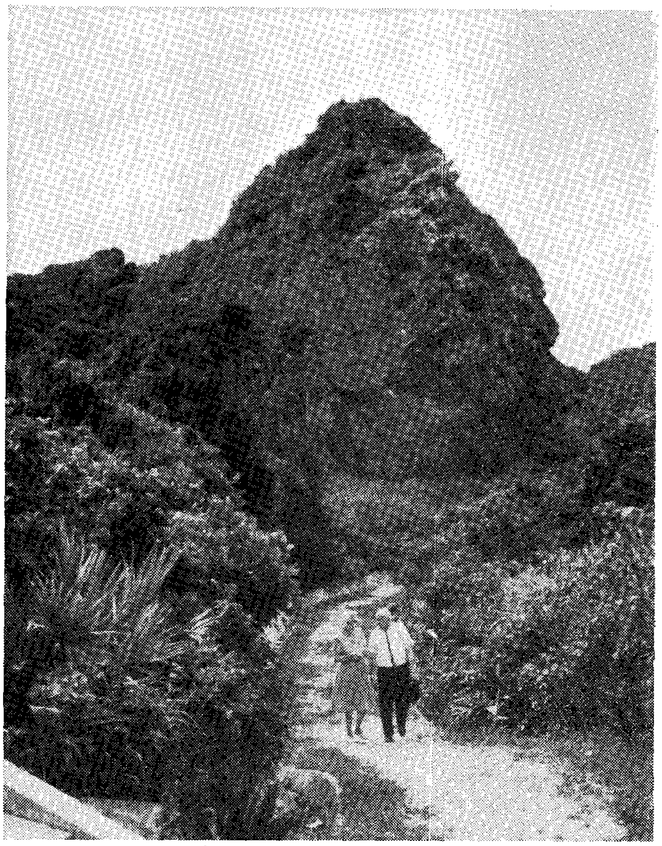
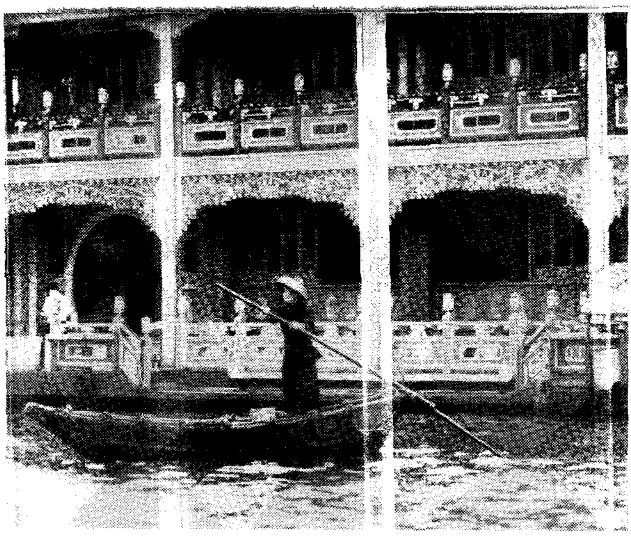
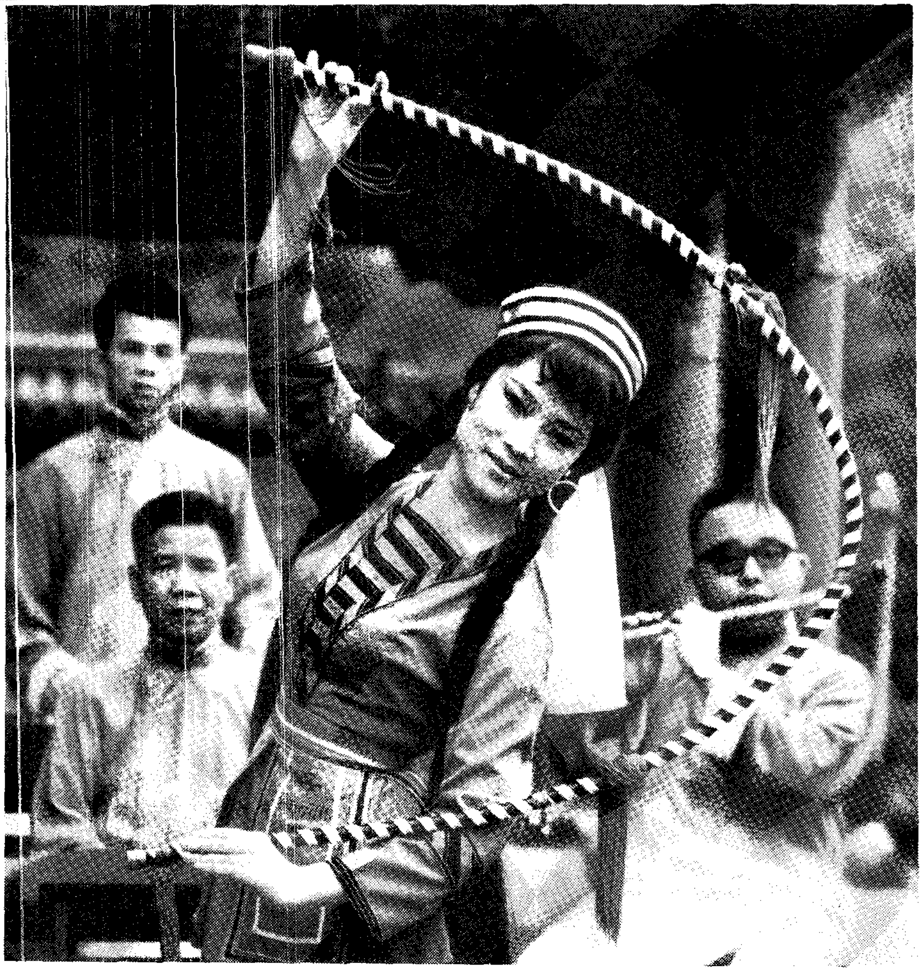


OKINAWA. Where the quiet green hills are dotted with eloquent monuments to the thunderous battles of World War II. We're the only U.S. airline that flies to this peaceful, historic island. And we make the trip every day.
It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.

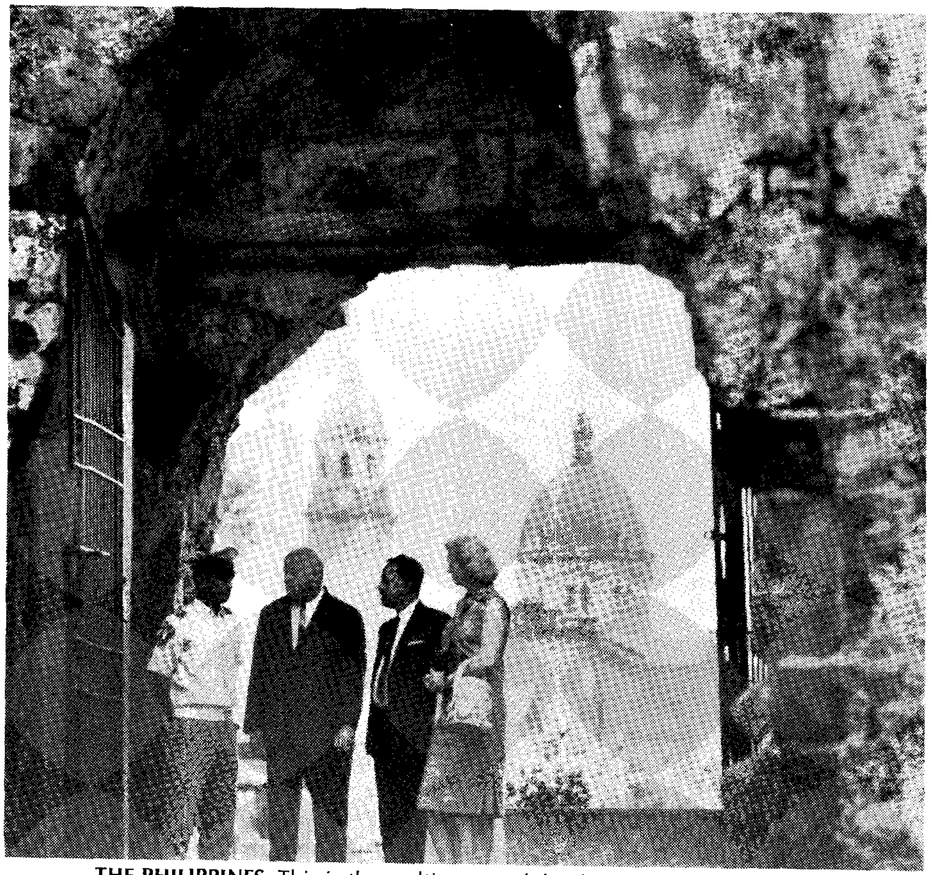


HONG KONG. Shopping and sightseeing are favorite sports here. And eating is pure adventure! You can start at a Chinese floating restaurant — and branch out from there. Go French or Italian. Or English. Or Swiss. Or Japanese. Northwest makes it easy to do. We fly to Hong Kong every day — direct from the U.S.A. **It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.**

KOREA. If you think this Buddhist monk is listening to a transistor radio — you're right! It's a scene typical of Korea — so old and yet so new. We're part of the new. In fact, we're the only U.S. airline serving this ancient-modern land. We fly there daily. **It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.**



TAIWAN. This is the "Island Beautiful" — home of the happy and free Chinese. Where you'll find incomparable Chinese food . . . native folk dancing . . . ancient Chinese music and art. You'll find us here, too. We're the only U.S. airline that flies to Taiwan. We make the trip every day. **It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.**



THE PHILIPPINES. This is the melting pot of the Orient. Where the churches are Spanish . . . the people are a beautiful blend of Malaysian-Indonesian . . . and the official language is English. Travelers love it here. And so do we. We fly to these lovely islands twice a week. **It's Not-So-Far East on Northwest.**

The new BMW 2-door sedan. Car and Driver calls it "The world's best $2,500* automobile!"

In fact, the February, 1967 issue of the magazine says that our latest BMW is "the most spectacular bargain in the entire spectrum of imported cars currently being sold in the United States. It looks, drives, feels, and sounds like it ought to cost at least a thousand dollars more!"

This new BMW *handles like* a real sports machine. Its road-holding is simply phenomenal, thanks to a unique suspension system which is fully independent on all 4 wheels, and a revolutionary *multi-joint* rear axle. It will do 105 m.p.h., and will actually cruise at that speed. And it will give you up to 28 miles per gallon. Some owners get more. This high *performance plus economy* is due to the most advanced overhead-camshaft 4-cylinder engine ever designed.

The new BMW 2-door has a lean, lithe look, breathtaking visibility, and a satisfying well-madeness which Car and Driver raves about. "It's a definite tactile pleasure to open and close anything from a door to an ashtray. *They all click, snap, thump, latch and lock* with the same reassuring mechanical precision that one gets from a Leica, or a custom-made shotgun."

And there you have it. Not from us, *but from the editors* of one of the leading automotive magazines in the U.S. And another such magazine, Road and Track, rates BMW one of the seven best-made cars in the world.

We're proud but not surprised. At Germany's Bavarian Motor Works, where we've been building fine cars for more than 50 years, we believe our latest BMW's are our best ever.

But don't take our word for it, or even Car and Driver's. Instead, take a test run. You have to *drive* a BMW to believe it.

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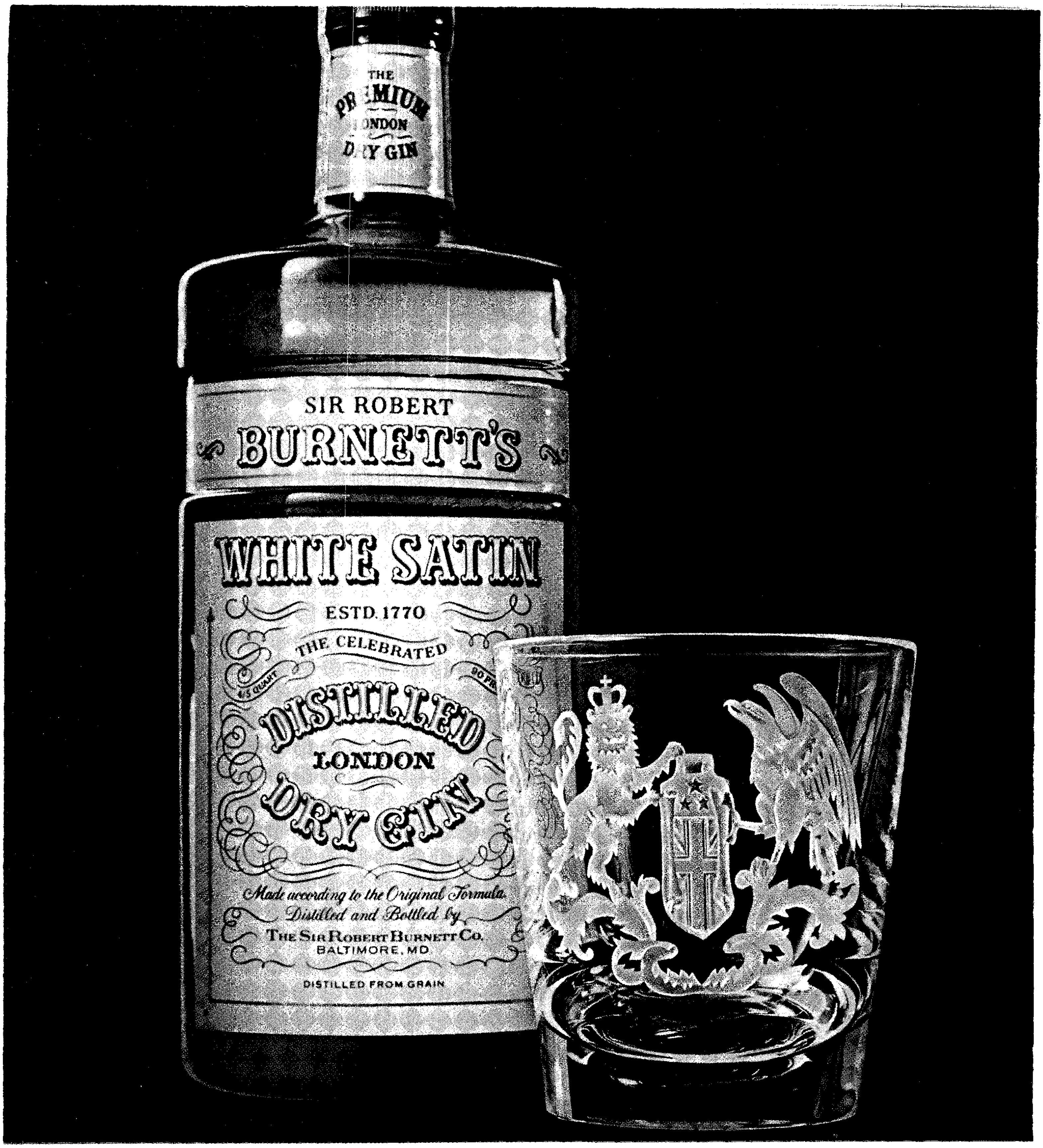
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SIR ROBERT BURNETT'S
WHITE SATIN
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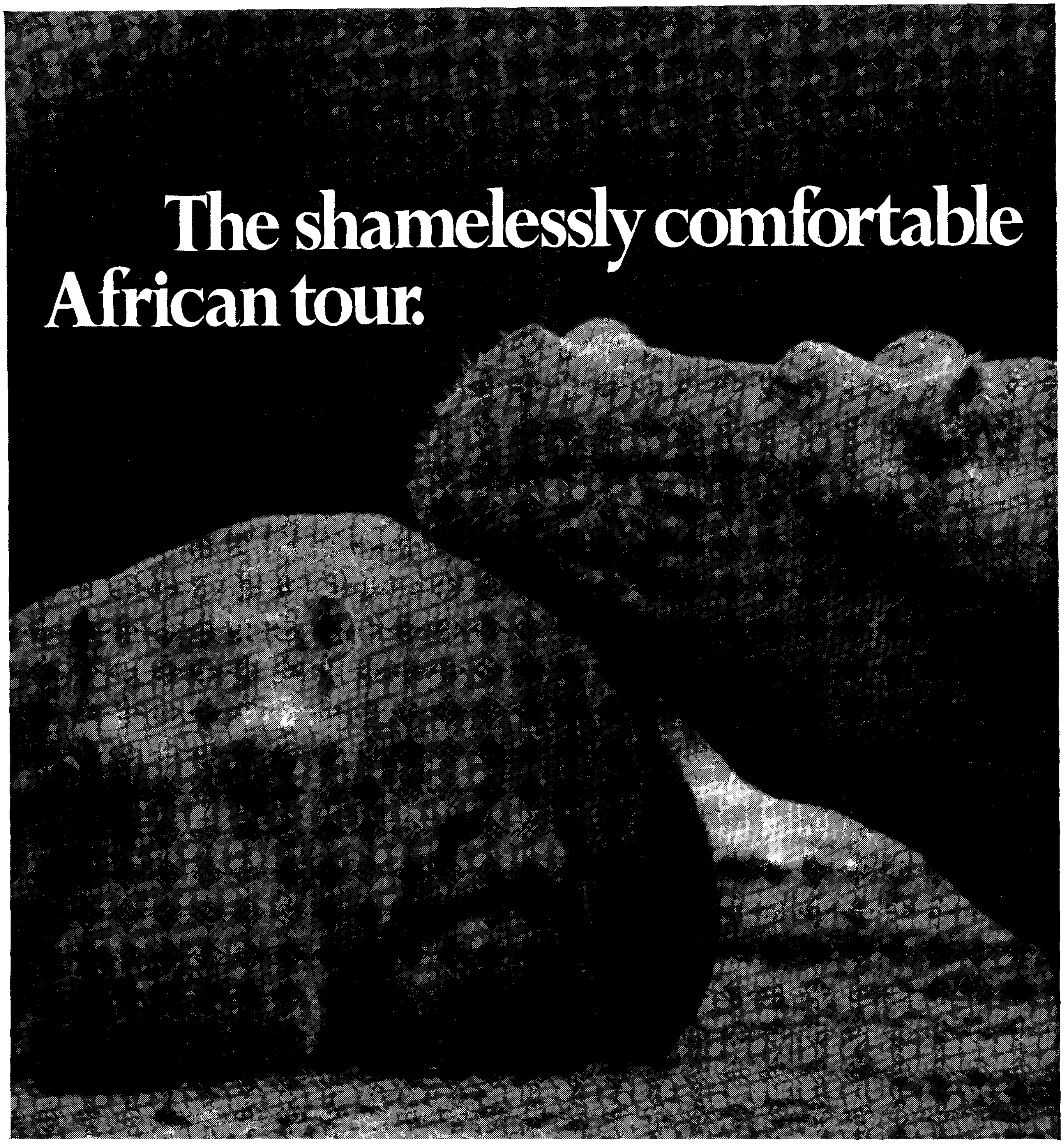
British tradition and American skill make White Satin just about the best gin you can buy.

You can't beat the British when it comes to formulating a gin. So we didn't try. Instead, we took the secret of Sir Robert Burnett's White Satin, a gin that's been a favorite in London for almost two hundred years.

And then, because you can't beat the Americans at quality production, we produced it here. With the aid of the best equipment and greatest technical knowledge in existence.

By taking the best qualities of each, we came up with a gin that's better than either. Which is kind of like having your cake and eating it too.

WHITE SATIN
by Sir Robert Burnett



Air France deals with the creature comforts. Yours. A typically French, civilized approach to a lengthy trip. But then, comfort is a French dedication. And Air France is very French.

So we've air-conditioned all the transportation, including unique land vehicles. And they're designed so each person has a window view.

The hotel accommodations are deluxe, of course. The cuisine, extraordinary. A vast choice of menus, all including local delicacies.

Our 69 day escorted tour is more than 33 stops and 15 countries. It's a visit to new worlds, contrasting cultures.

From the fabled city of Timbuctu, gateway to the Sahara, down to the Zulu and Xhosa tribes, along the coast through Dar es Salaam and Zanzibar, into the jungle interior of Tanzania, the wild life preserves of Kenya. And then, the antiquity of Ethiopia and Egypt.

Membership on this tour is limited to 24 persons. The price for the 69 day tour is $2350, air fare not included. Exact air fare from your home will be quoted upon request.

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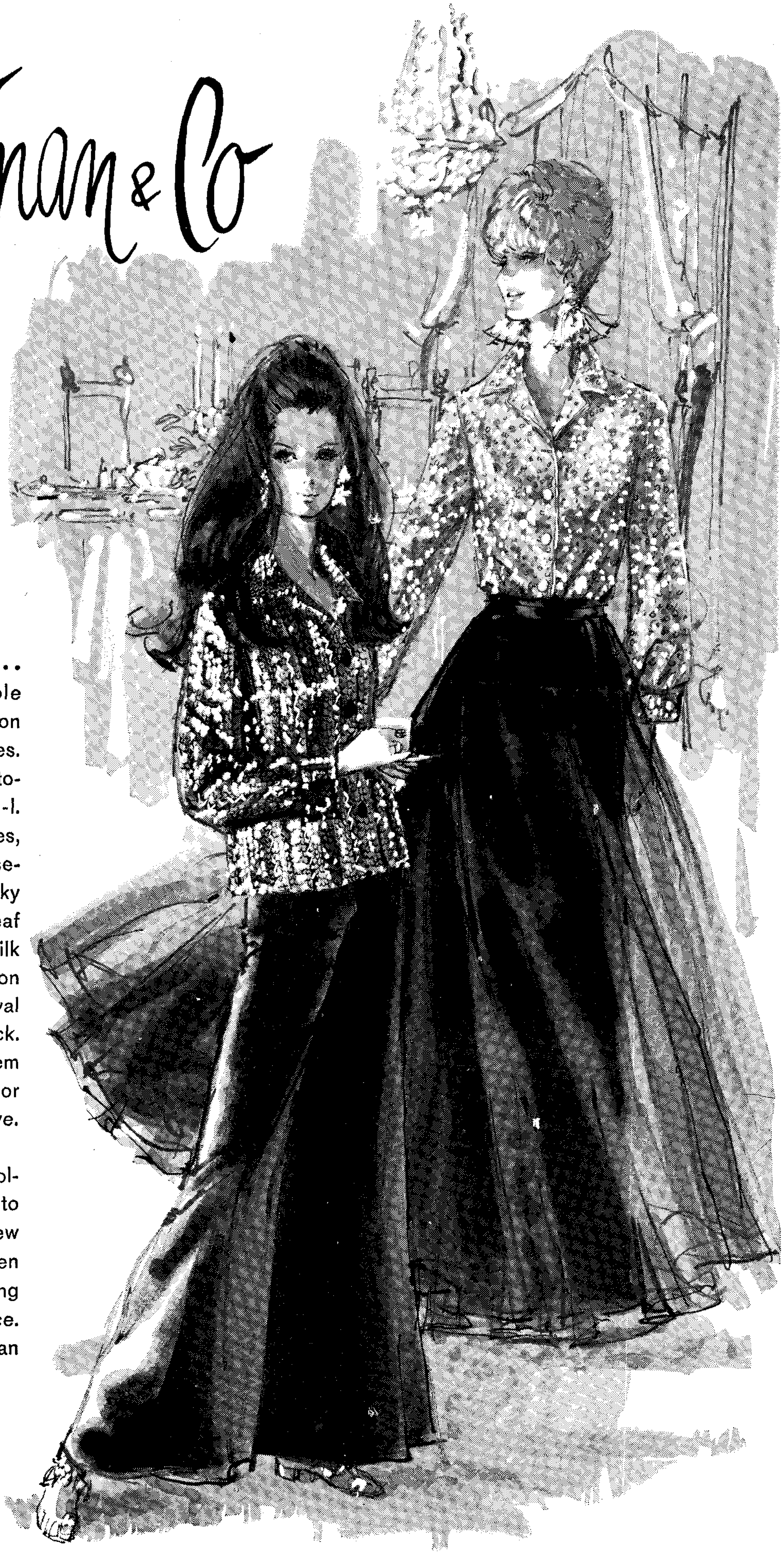


The shimmering shirt... sparkles with incomparable glamour over this floaty chiffon skirt, these fluttery culottes. Left: sequins of black and topaz on wool crochet. S-m-l. 75.00. Rayon velvet culottes, black. 8 to 16. 30.00. Right: sequins of shell and hot pink, sky and royal blue, white and leaf green, or gold and gold on silk chiffon. 8 to 16. 50.00. Rayon chiffon skirt, hot pink, royal blue, leaf green, brown or black. 8 to 16. 45.00. You'll find them all in our wonderful third floor separates collection, Fifth Ave.

Fifth Avenue's great store follows Fashion's every whim to reflect the special point of view of New York's smartest women ...and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come and see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN recently presenting a young hero with the Congressional Medal of Honor, the President declared, "We recognize and always have recognized that there can be no military 'solution' to the problems of Southeast Asia. But we have also had to face the hard reality that only military power can bar aggression and make a political solution possible." Reluctantly, we must argue with these remarks. Their emphasis, it appears to us, tends to separate the uses of military power from those of politics, giving the impression that the two are alternative approaches to the same goal. We find it difficult to think of them in a competitive light. Were they separable, as the President seems to imply, heads of state could choose peace or war at will, as though flipping a switch, and, as Mr. Johnson surely knows far better than we, the disposition of international affairs is not nearly so simple. Our own view is that if the dire events in Southeast Asia have demonstrated anything, it is that combat and politics are one—that the old dictum "War is nothing more than the continuation of politics by other means" still holds true. Moreover, we owe this view in large part to Mr. Johnson himself, for in his numerous utterances concerning the war he has time and again made the point that the warfare in Vietnam springs from political roots. If South Vietnam is overrun, he has often said, the same fate will befall Thailand and Burma and Laos and other Asian lands, and when he sets forth this theory people everywhere realize that they are listening to the voice not only of America's Commander-in-Chief but also of the country's political leader. The body counts in Vietnam are directly related to political conclusions arrived at in Washington—and, of course, in Hanoi and other capitals. We make the point (exhume it, perhaps) just now because we perceive in the harried President's remarks a certain tendency to cede an autonomy to "military power"—to divorce it from the body politic, to which we believe it should be firmly attached. We doubt if it will hasten the day of negotiations to grant military power a freewheeling existence of its own; in fact, it is likely to induce a degree of deafness in picking up peace signals. Nor is an over-reliance on the use of force likely to insure negotiations (when, or if, they come) that will be different in kind from those of pre-nuclear times. It is not inspiriting to contemplate the course of negotiations that come about through military pressure; they are over before they are begun, it being foreordained that the victor will lead from strength, while the vanquished, momentarily compliant, plots to live and fight another day. Weapons have grown too devastating to accommodate many more such flimsy truces, and, paradoxically, give rise to a widespread mystique of violence. Thanks to modern ordnance, the margin for political error has shrunk significantly, and one effect of this, as we see it, has been to complicate familiar problems beyond all recognition. They demand solution at last, and the prevalence of force nowadays may well reflect this insistence on answers. But the employment of force has never provided answers for long, and it is for this reason that we have been ruminating on the President's remarks. We do not care to see violence elevated to a level of respectability, however obliquely the elevating is done. To judge by the current drift in this direction, the exercise of patience—of restraint, of nonviolence—has become less a virtue than a feat, its value the gaining of time in which to seek solutions to problems that are, at best, nearly insoluble.

A COUPLE of months before the country was getting its first look at Miss America this fall, the architectural profession was getting its first look at the winner of another contest—a competition, sponsored by the Department of Defense and the American Institute of Architects, "for the design of a community educational and recreational center incorporating dual purpose fallout shelter space." "$55,000 IN PRIZES!" exclaimed the heading of the original announcement—in December, 1965—and at the bottom was the note "All entries shall become the property of the Office of Civil Defense." (We remember the days when all entries became the property of Procter & Gamble.) The winners had been selected in June, 1966, but their work appeared in print for the first time this past July, in a snappy seventy-page booklet with a white plastic binder. The work looked impressive. "Several designers have shown that sensitive manipulation of space can not only provide a protective resource but contribute added delight to the human environment," said a prefatory note. The chairman of the jury declared, "In selecting a community educational and recreational center as the subject, the OCD was mindful of the goals of other national programs. Many of these emphasize education for both youth and adults, retraining for increased economic opportunity, recreation and physical fitness, and . . . improvement to total environment." After a few pages describing some of the tricky design challenges posed by nuclear warfare—a small black stylized figure was pictured standing inside a stylized structure and being attacked, in a stylized way, by arrows of radiation with such rather cheerful names as "Skyshine," "Ceiling Shine," and "Wall Scatter"—the Grand Prize design (fifteen thousand dollars) was displayed. It was a nice-looking arrangement of low buildings—a sort of one-story Lincoln Center-Bloomingdale's—incorporating a plaza, a library, a gymnasium, a civic auditorium, studios, shops, meeting rooms, lounges, and game rooms. The people in the renderings (architects are notoriously bad at drawing human beings) looked animated, but they had no faces, except for a smile. The children (faceless) skipped along the shiny floor of the Lounge (Shelter Area), waving. Blocks of laudatory text noted, among other things, that "the space functions as an open, informal atmosphere which lends itself to excellent shelter habitability," and "the psychological advantage of openness is achieved very naturally, through judicious use of shielding techniques."

We flipped through the booklet and then put it aside reluctantly. It had a pleasant, reassuring quality. We liked to think of the people in the pictures, faceless but smiling, closing their books in the library at the sound of the sirens, tucking the volumes under their arms, and descending quietly to the Lounge, to be joined by the folks from the gymnasium in their basketball uniforms, the Women's Club crowd from the civic auditorium, the kids drifting in from the classrooms. But for us the key words—"dual purpose"—were a good deal harder to put aside. "Single purpose" seems to be a vanishing concept, and we miss it. "Dual purpose," and its no-good nephew "duplicity," are international favorites, and are highly favored at home. We Americans are beginning to hedge every bet. The United States leads all other nations in urging disarmament, maintains the biggest arsenal, and continues to be the No. 1 peddler of arms to the world. If we are given the chance, one day, to test the "habitability" of our dual-purpose shelters, with their "informal atmosphere" and "added delight to the human environment," and, it is to be hoped, their shields against "Skyshine," "Ceiling Shine," and "Wall Scatter," there will be a cold logic to it—a fulfilling of the duality to which our minds have been so easily bent.

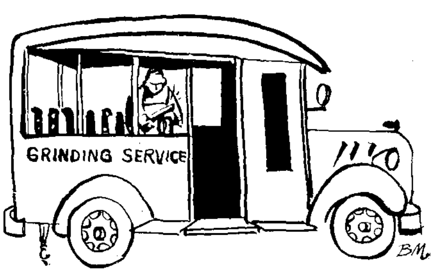
Sea Talk

VOICES endowed with varying degrees of authority have been telling us for some time that the sea offers man as many challenges as space does; in fact, the statement seems on its way to becoming a cliché. Certainly it was given full play recently at a three-day gathering, at the Statler Hilton Hotel, that was titled "Materials: Key to Effective Use of the Sea" and was sponsored jointly by the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and the United States Naval Applied Science Laboratory, in Brooklyn, in association with the New York State Science and Technology Foundation. The gathering, which had been heralded as "an international symposium," attracted some eight hundred specialists in marine science, materials science, and allied disciplines from several Western countries, including the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Australia, Peru, Italy, and Sweden. We missed its first day, but we managed to get to the Statler Hilton on the second day, to see how the scientists and engineers were faring. We learned that the symposium was taking place in the Terrace Ballroom, just off the hotel lobby, and as we headed for the entrance to the ballroom we were greeted by Mr. A. E. Van Hise, an instructor at Brooklyn Polytechnic, who said, "It's too bad you weren't here yesterday. You missed the big hero."

"Big hero?" we asked.

"Commander Scott Carpenter," Mr. Van Hise said, handing us a program. "He spoke yesterday. You missed him."

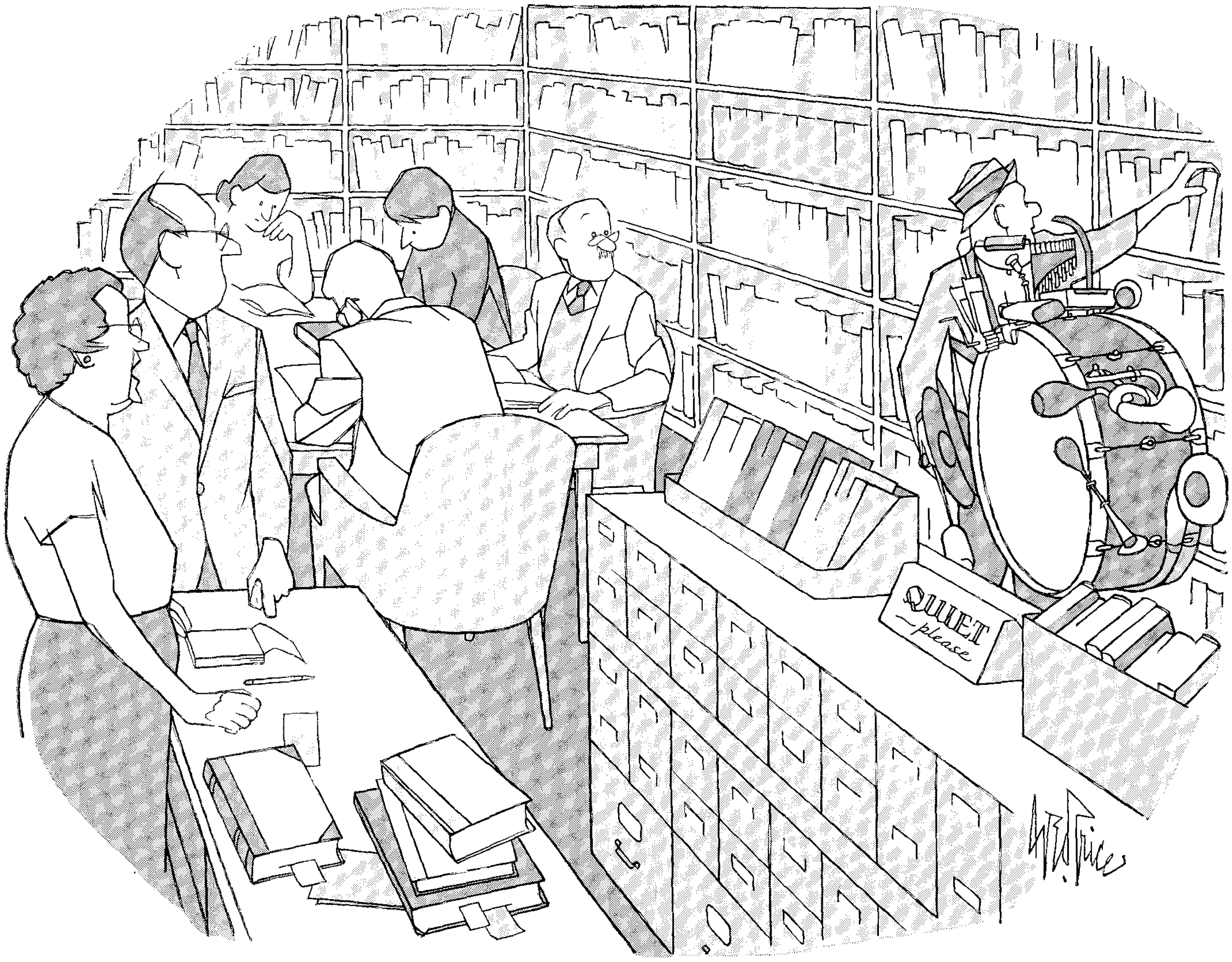
Stifling our regret, we stepped into the Terrace Ballroom—a sumptuous split-level affair with Corinthian pilasters, arched windows, and gold draperies—and took a seat, whereupon we found ourself in a two-cultures environment. The lights had been dimmed, and a graph had been projected on a screen at the front of the hall. Professor R. W. Armstrong, of Brown University, was saying, in a strong, high voice, "Now, the dislocations are all shown as these Ts—inverted and right-side-up Ts. As you see here, I have the logarithms of the yield stress versus temperature. Here's the ductile-fracture stress for the same grain size. In fact, the ductile-fracture stress, as you see, is very close to the brittle-fracture stress at liquid-nitrogen temperature." We noticed that the room's few lights came from electric candelabra bracketed against red-velvet-covered walls. "At seventy-eight degrees, test-grain size is right at the ductile-brittle transition," Dr. Armstrong was saying. "Here are the experimental parameters."



"Parameter" was a favorite word of the delegates, and we discovered why after making our way quietly out of the ballroom and falling into conversation with Professor Alan A. Johnson, the head of the Department of Physical and Engineering Metallurgy of Brooklyn Polytechnic, who was one of the two coördinators of the symposium. (The other coördinator was Mr. Danos H. Kallas, the associate technical director of the Naval Applied Science Laboratory, but he had unfortunately been taken ill and could not attend.) Dr. Johnson, a tall, genial man, who seemed to us one of the most easygoing coördinators we had ever met, ushered us into something called Le Petit Café, offered us a chair at a cabaret table, and said, "The symposium is basically concerned with what happens to structural materials in sea water, materials being the key to almost anything we do under the sea, whether they are part of ships' hulls or diving apparatus or tools of any sort. Hydrostatic pressure and corrosion are our two parameters."

"Ah, parameters!" we said, and asked Dr. Johnson how the symposium had come into being.

Dr. Johnson told us that it was the first such meeting ever held, and that it had come about partly in response to a report made last year by the Panel on Oceanography of the President's Science Advisory Committee. "The Panel published a report titled 'Effective Use of the Sea,' in which it presented the outline of a proposed national program in ocean sciences," Dr. Johnson said. "The aim of the program is to make us able to use the seas eventually for *every* purpose for which we now use the land—for defense, food, petroleum, minerals, even for habitation. You can see that the symposium has a moral content as well as a scientific one. But our rate of progress is going to be limited by the materials available to us and by their behavior under stress. We



"Well, so far his behavior has been exemplary."

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have learned that some brittle metals become ductile at certain depths, which can be an advantage. But we know almost nothing about metal fatigue in relation to hydrostatic pressure. I'm constantly amazed at what we don't know. Commander Carpenter was here yesterday—you should have heard him. He has resigned from the astronaut program to give full time to undersea research." Dr. Johnson fished in a pocket and brought out several small lumps of metal-bearing rock, which he put on the table, saying, "These come from the greatest ocean depths. They're known as manganese nodules, and the deep-ocean floor—especially of the Pacific—is littered with them. They're a potential source of vast amounts of manganese, and of some iron and copper as well."

As we bent over the nodules, Dr. Johnson said, "I really shouldn't carry these things around in my pocket. They're somewhat radioactive."

We straightened up, and Dr. Johnson left us to return to the ballroom, from which we heard a voice saying, "The line that says point-oh-one inches represents that line at which any alloy with this yield strength will propagate a stress-corrosion crack unless it has K^{-}_{1} [s.c.c.] higher than this."

Free Store

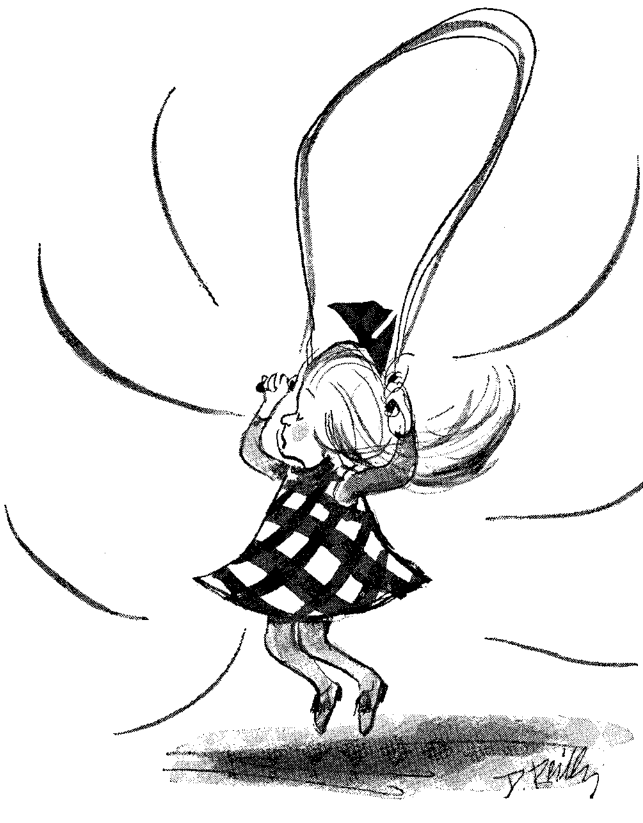
THE Diggers' Free Store is a small ground-floor shop at 264 East Tenth Street, between First Avenue and Avenue A, and its name is a simple description, not an advertising come-on. Diggers are hippies who help other hippies, so everything in the Free Store is given away. During its regular business hours (from one in the afternoon until nine at night, Mondays through Saturdays), the shop is crowded with Negro and Puerto Rican children, old women speaking Middle European dialects, barefoot runaways with glazed eyes, stumbling winos, and gaily ornamented hippie couples, all picking through boxes full of used shoes or fingering racks of soiled clothing or burrowing under piles of miscellaneous junk spread out on rough wooden tables, which line the walls. In one window, a bright-colored hand-lettered sign reads, "DON'T WASTE. GIVE TO THE DIGGERS." The store has been open two weeks, and contributions so far have included a pair of crutches, a litter of gray-and-white kittens, a broken motorcycle, and five television sets in working order. Some of the contributors are relatively well-off uptown or West Village types; others are local housewives, hippies, and Negro and Puerto Rican children. The store virtually runs itself, but the people who started it—four self-proclaimed Diggers who identify themselves merely as Clyde, Susan, Diego, and Richie—maintain an office of sorts in an incredibly cluttered room behind the shop proper. There they worry about such relatively long-range problems as how to raise enough money to pay the rent (a hundred and seventy-five dollars a month), meet the gas, electric, and telephone bills, and buy vegetables for the famous Digger stew, which is made daily in a huge white-enamelled pot in a kitchen behind the office, and is ladled out—free, of course—to anyone who wants it every afternoon around five o'clock in Tompkins Square Park. When Clyde, Susan, Diego, and Richie are asked to explain why they are performing these services for the lower East Side community, each repeats the enigmatic Digger motto: "Diggers do."

Clyde is eighteen years old. He comes from Gadsden, Alabama, and has been more or less on the road since his thirteenth birthday. He stands six feet three, weighs two hundred pounds, has medium-length red hair, and is clean-shaven. His body is decorated with forty-two tattoos, mostly self-applied. He claims that he once ran a tattoo parlor in New Orleans, and made as much as five hundred dollars a week in it during Mardi Gras. Why did he give it up? "Why does anyone do anything?" he says. He met Richie out in San Francisco, where they were both "sort of connected with the Hell's Angels." He was forced to sell his motorcycle in Las Vegas when the cops arrested him as a "disorderly person." "My hair was longer then," he explains. He is one of eleven children; his father is a house painter. He drops in on his family whenever he happens to pass through Atlanta, where they now live. He speaks in a pleasant, faded drawl, and smiles easily. He wears black chino pants, black boots, and an Army shirt with a pfc.'s stripe on the sleeve. He is not worried about the draft, because of his police record. "And, if nothing else, this'll do it," he says, displaying a black swastika tattooed on the inside of his right forearm. "Lots of people don't know the war is over," he adds. "Three people have attacked me because of this. It blows minds. A good bike rider blows minds. If you can't blow minds, you can't be 'righteous.' " When customers at the Free Store become obstreperous, he throws them out. "We get a lot of winos," he says. "You know how winos are. They see a crowd and they want to give their speech: 'I was deprived of this and that, and that is why I'm what I am.' " At the end of the day, he helps clean up the store. "You won't believe what a mess this is every evening," he told us. He is getting married next month to a girl named Hilda Hoffman. "It's a bike wedding," he says. "Everyone will come on bikes and take off afterward for a party."

Susan is twenty-one years old. She comes from Detroit, where her father is a tool-and-die maker. She ran away from home at eighteen and went to Chicago, where she lived with a group of hippies. "I scrounged food for ten people a day," she said. Like Clyde, she met Richie in San Francisco, where she lived "in a real barn." Richie told her, "I'm taking you away," but she said no, so he headed for New York on his motorcycle but got locked up in Las Vegas for twenty-one days and had to come back to San Francisco. The next time, she left with him. They have been "going steady" for six months, and are planning to be married in a double ceremony with Clyde and Hilda. She has blue eyes, brown hair, and a pale skin, and wears a Mexican riding blouse of white muslin unbuttoned down the front to reveal a purple T-shirt with a silk-screened portrait of "the Zig-Zag man," done by a West Coast poster artist. On her head she wears a "Rigoletto" hat of dark-red velvet, with dyed ostrich plumes, which she found in a carton of contributions from a theatrical-costume shop. A handsome Weimaraner hound spends most of his time sitting at her feet. "That's Cigar. He's two years old and has genuine Digger fleas," she told us. On most afternoons, she ladles out the Digger stew in Tompkins Square Park. She says that the most important thing in life is to remember that "you're free to do whatever you want to do."

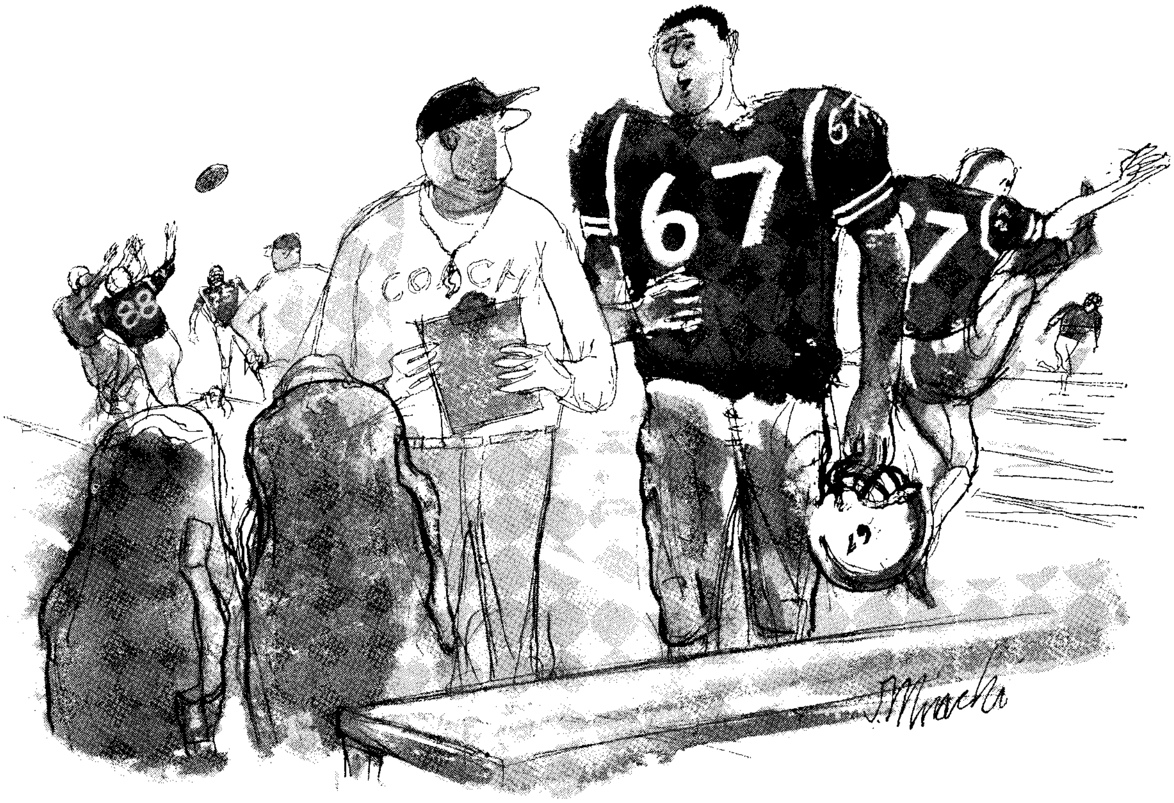
Diego is forty-four years old. He is from Indianapolis, and has deep-red-dish-brown hair and a bushy beard. He knew Clyde in New Orleans ("I know people *everywhere*"), and he came to New York in June. He cooks the Digger stew, in a thirty-two-quart pot on a gas range in the Free Store's kitchen. "I can do just about anything in a kitchen that needs to be done," he says. "I've been all around the country, and the best place to get a job when you're hungry is in a restaurant." The meat for his stew—beef trimmings or ham hocks or "perfectly good" wieners or sausages with ripped casings—is donated by a local wholesale butcher. "There's enough good food wasted around town in a day to feed half the country," he told us. Besides meat, he throws into the pot whatever fresh vegetables are in season—carrots, potatoes, celery, lettuce, tomatoes, onions, garlic—and "lots of spices." Every morning, the Diggers pick up a huge bag of day-old rolls at Rapoport's Restaurant, on Second Avenue. The Diggers feed as many as fifty people each weekday and up to a hundred a day on weekends. "We haven't turned anyone away yet, but there's never any left over, either," Diego said. "We're going to have to go to two pots soon."

Richie is twenty-three years old. His father died when he was an infant. His mother is a licensed real-estate broker on Long Island—"a real bourgeois; she owns a Caddy." He hasn't seen her in years. "I have two pairs of pants to my name," he says proudly. He wears a blue woollen cap; his hair, which is dark, falls almost to his shoulders. He spent two years in a New York State reform school and has been on the road since he was eighteen. He ran into the Diggers in San Francisco, where he kept his motorcycle in a Digger garage. Before long, he was using his bike to deliver Digger stew to Golden Gate Park. He also got a look at four Free Stores that the Diggers have been operating in San Francisco, and he liked what he saw. "Peo-



". . . Romney, Reagan, Nixon, Rockefeller, Rockefeller, Reagan, Nixon, Romney . . ."

ple ask, 'Why a free store?'" he told us. "We tell them it's free because it's yours. Take what you need. If you take more than you need, you'll know it. Every day they tear this place apart, and every night we clean it up." He smiled one of his rare smiles. "The Sanitation Department won't remove our trash, because they say we're a commercial establishment." Richie doesn't believe in city administrations in general, or in cops, but he has only praise for Deputy Inspector Joseph Fink, the commander of the Ninth Precinct, whose men patrol the lower East Side. "All the hippies dig Fink," Richie said to us. "If anyone has to be a cop—if that's his thing—then he ought to be like Fink." Richie sums up his own philosophy in a single sentence: "Every human being's got a right to do his thing as long as it doesn't hurt anybody else." But he adds, "I don't believe in throwing flowers if someone's trying to take what's yours away from you. The Diggers say, 'I'm not going to pay for *your* trip.'" He admits that he likes to "start things up" and then move on. "I fluctuate between being a Digger and an outlaw motorcycle rider," he says. Looking into the distant future, he says that he may someday "buy some land in Marin County, in California, when I can save up a couple thousand dollars—you know, settle down and become a real bourgeois."



"Can I stay up late tonight, Coach? I'm on 'The Johnny Carson Show.'"

Two Walks

We recently took two walks in the city—one down Broadway at night, the other up Fifth Avenue at noon. Broadway intimidated us with the ferocity of its life. Go-go girls gyrated in second-story windows, young men cackled on street corners, shop windows flaunted obscene buttons, a Negro with a battered face and a split coat filthy with straw—where had he found straw to fall in along Broadway?—leaned comatose and mumbling against a light standard. A cruel appetite seemed to be cruising above the faces and the cynical displays of shoddy merchandise. The lights burned like acid within a stomach devouring itself. At Fifty-fourth, a crowd had gathered. Four prowl cars, their lights spinning, and at least a dozen police had collected across the way; along one edge of the crowd a little boy was kneeling, polishing the shoes of a man who cocked first one foot and then the other up on a car bumper. We saw something long and white and lovingly wrapped, as if for secure mailing, tucked into an ambulance. An eighteen-year-old girl, we were told by an amused old man in a panama hat, had jumped from the eleventh floor of a building into a flooded excavation pit. A passerby had stripped and jumped in and pulled her out, but she was dead. "There's the mother," the old man said, pointing across Broadway, where the policemen, still in their summer shirtsleeves, were conferring. "In yellow." We saw nothing yellow but the well-filled shift of a gesticulating young woman of perhaps eighteen. We looked at the building chosen for the jump—a nondescript shabby apartment house, thirteen stories high. It seemed an unworthy instrument of death. There are thousands of such structures in Manhattan—nameless, unnoticeable, known only to their owners, and then only in terms of profit and loss, and to their janitors, and then only in terms of emergency repair and steady dilapidation. Above the strangeness of the suicide's youth (What possible plight could have driven her to this? Had she found she was pregnant? Had she quarrelled with her mother? Or was it LSD, and had she thought she could fly?) loomed the strangeness of the all too ordinary altar she had chosen for this black sacrament, this ultimate celebration. We tried to imagine her diving from her drab room into the glaring arms of a city that could spare her desperate gesture scarcely a shrug. The ambulance whined away. The kneeling boy finished polishing the shoes and was paid. What an impossible place to die. What an impossible place to live.

Yet the next day, as clear, as dry as only early fall can be, we walked up Fifth Avenue, and the crowd seemed pure jubilation. The dead were beneath us, the sky was above us, and the space between them was filled with a wonderful striding, a gorgeous racial and facial variety adorned with Paisley miniskirts and square shades and stovepipe pants and all the tricks and glints of the huge joke that fashion has played upon us of the sixties. So much female beauty, so much male swagger, so much money and color and height of air and stone: New York, where the world's might swings on the extra two inches of a girl's exposed knee. A great gentleness and an incomparable humor rode with us on this stroll.

When, we wonder, did we walk in the real city?

BY A LAKE IN THE BOIS

THE girl was eleven and ineffably lovely, with straight flaxen hair, freckles, and very sad blue eyes. Her hair was parted in the middle from her forehead to the nape of her neck, and held by two rubber bands. She sat at the edge of her wrought-iron chair as if she waited for something important to happen; there was a taut quality to her body, an ardent look about her mouth and her nostrils. She was dressed like a very much younger child, in a short pleated skirt and Lacoste shirt and sandals. (But then, most of the sixteen-year-olds, and the twenty-year-olds, were suddenly dressed just like her.) What went on underneath the shirt was her secret. Each time she dressed and undressed, and at other times too, she knew that the nipples of her breasts were full. This had just happened; hardly a week had passed since she had noticed, and she had not told a soul.

The boy was nine. He blinked a lot in the sunlight. His eyelashes were pale and extremely long and had no curl to them. They did not look like human eyelashes, but they were beautiful, like the eyelashes on a llama or a kangaroo. They fell incessantly, fan-shaped, hiding the blue skin under his eyes. He would learn, in time, to use them, until he would have to learn to forget them. But he didn't know about them yet. So they were not his secret. In the meantime the boy couldn't keep still. "I'm so thirsty," he said.

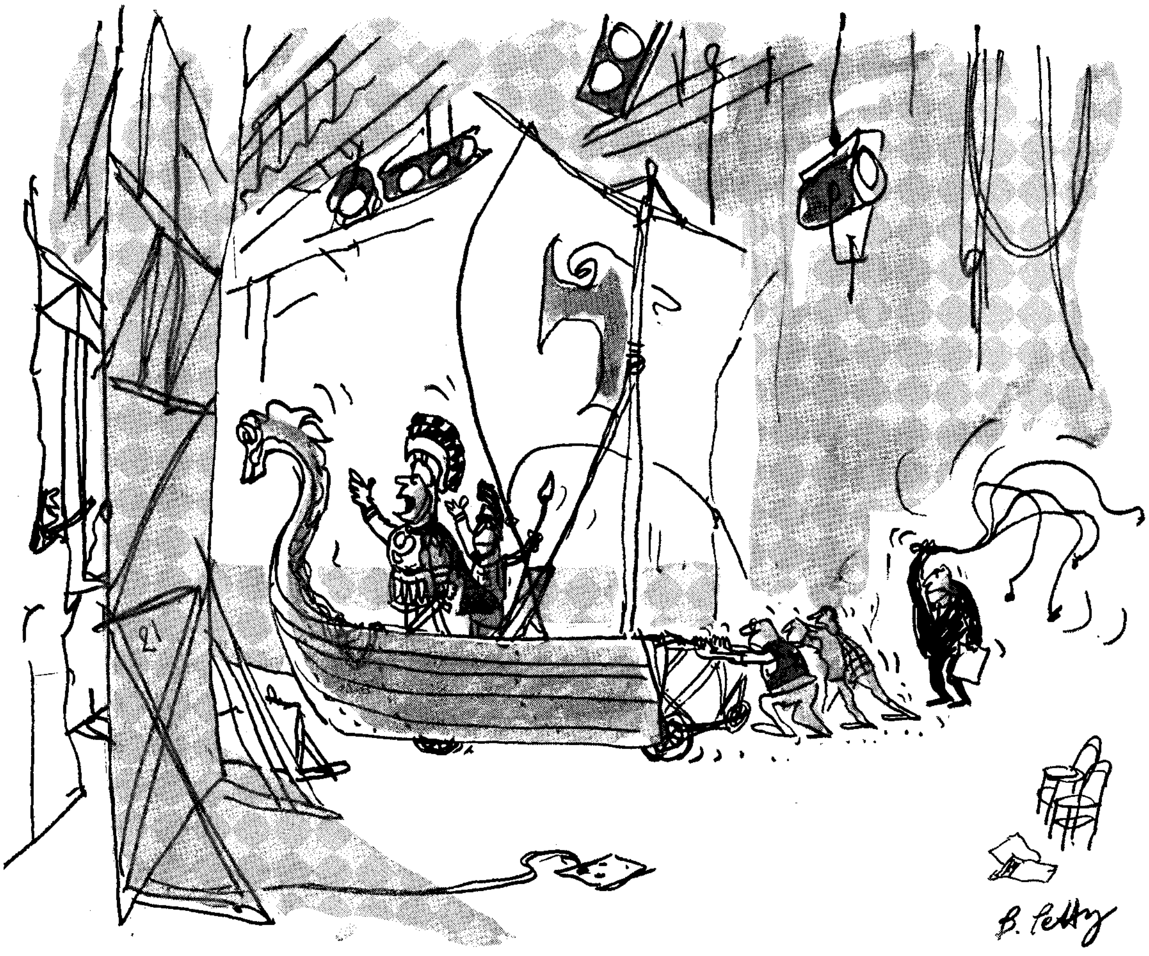
For no apparent reason, as if moving to a sleepwalker's dream, his mother started to get up from her chair, and his father immediately took her by the wrist and made her sit down again.

The boy watched them. He got up very early in the morning, and lately, just lately, he had heard a muffled sound coming from his parents' room. Once, after his father, looking tired-in-the-morning, had left for the office, he had simply walked into his parents' bedroom, left his plush monkey on his mother's night table, and walked out again.

So, his mother cried in bed, early in the morning. Why in the morning? Wasn't it better to cry at night, when everything was dark? In any case, he had not told his sister, who more than slept; she hibernated like a badger and never was anxious to get up. He had not told anybody, so that was one of his secrets, but not the only one. He had many.

They had been in Paris for two days.

"I'm thirsty," the boy repeated.



A waiter, with sweat on his upper lip, stood by their table.

"English?" asked the boy's father, who was English. His heavy eyebrows rose. He could speak French, but at times he did not feel like it.

"But of course," said the waiter.

"All right," said the man. He looked at his wife, and at the two children. Without asking anyone anything, he said, "One orangeade, two lemonades, one beer, please." Then he took off his blazer, unknotted his tie, and opened the top button of his shirt.

The lake in the Bois was the cold green of legendary lakes. But the sky was contemporary, clear, joyous, and blue, with a few white clouds moving lightly from right to left.

The woman looked up. "It's hot," she said. Then, after a moment's silence, she added, to no one in particular, "The skies in France do seem to lie lower than anywhere else."

Her daughter moved forward, to the very edge of her chair, and eagerly asked, "Do you think *that's* why the Gauls always thought the sky was going to fall on their heads?" Then she sat back in her chair and giggled.

"Nothing to do with it," the boy answered, fidgeting.

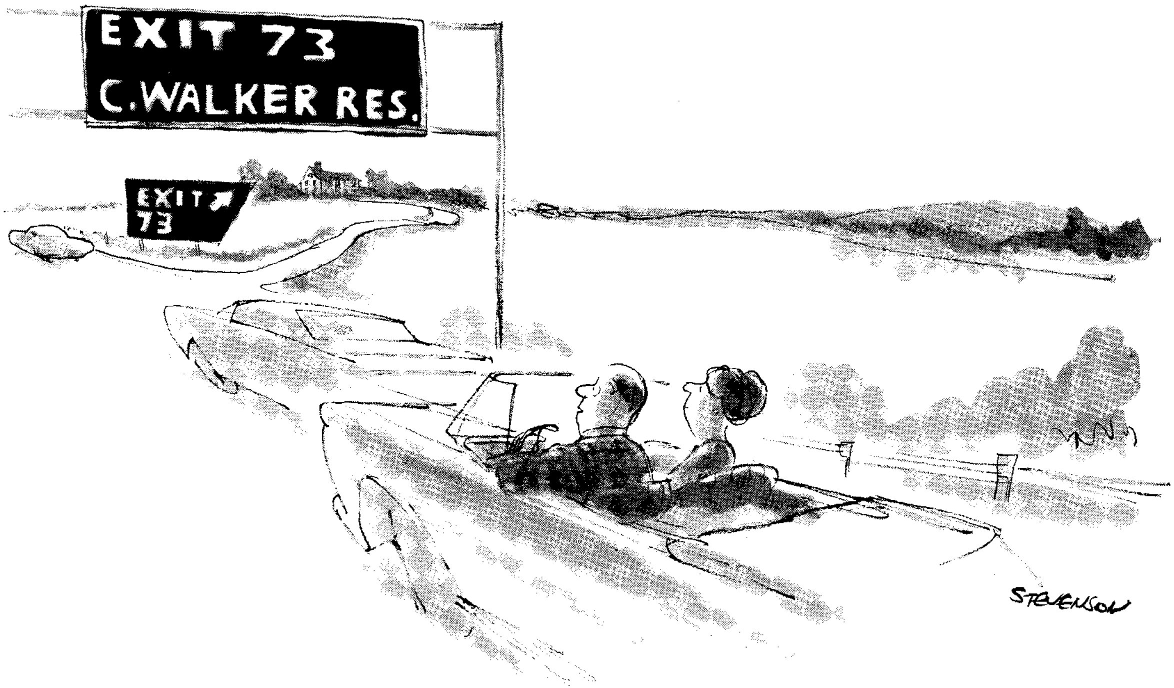
The woman said nothing. Her world had shrunk. Its proportions were all wrong, and it had nothing to do with the fact that the Paris sky, as opposed to the London sky, seemed to hover too close to the top of her head. Only she knew the exact proportions of the change, but the change itself was no secret to her family. She looked around her—at the lake and at a weeping willow, and at her husband—and tried to forget.

The rowboats were all painted white and they all moved in the same direction, from right to left.

"Why do you think all the rowboats are moving from right to left?" the woman asked.

"How would I know?" her husband answered, without a trace of malice.

The young boys who rowed wore long



"*I guess he must have a lot of political pull.*"

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tight trousers and their chests were bare. Most of them were alone. A few had a girl with them—a girl with very long hair and bangs and an invisible face. The man sat and watched the rowers carefully, and pronounced them all quite fit, a happy change from the way French youth looked before the last war.

The little boy pointed to his wrist and said, "That's my very finest mosquito bite."

"That's ridiculous," his sister said. Then she added, "You're *all* bitten."

The waiter distributed bottles and glasses, getting them slightly mixed up, except for the beer. He said, "One beer, two lemonades, one orangeade." After he left, one lemonade bottle was silently exchanged for the bottle of orangeade.

The man wiped his horn-rimmed, slightly smoked glasses, held the wings of his nose between his thumb and his forefinger for a moment, and put the glasses in a pocket of the blazer, which hung, neatly, on the back of his wrought-iron chair. Then, from another pocket, he brought out matches and a pack of cigarettes.

"You're smoking too much," the woman said.

The man inhaled, deeply. "I know," he said, without a trace of irritation.

"We all look so tired," the woman said, and smiled.

"We've only just arrived," the man said. After a while he added, "Besides, everybody looks tired."

Everyone did. It was the end of July. A pale and muscular young man, wearing a pair of red bikini bathing trunks and nothing else, came off the boat that crossed the lake from the opposite bank.

Suddenly, the boy shouted, "Oh look! Ducks! *Ducks!*" Five ducks had wandered up from the water and moved about confidently from table to table, waiting to be fed. "I'm going to feed the ducks," said the boy.

It was hot now, and the restaurant was almost full. The girls' skirts were as short as their hair was long. They wore no lipstick. The boys' hair was shaggy and dirty. The girls looked languorous. They never spoke. At times they slowly moved their heads back, and then the boys moved toward them and very slowly kissed them.

The woman felt strangely old and out of place. Her hair was wrong and her skirt longer than it should have been. Mere details, but she was conscious of them.

She watched an older couple, who sat across from one another, and spoke to each other, together and at the same time. The man wore no shirt; he had a tremendous and flabby pink chest, and he drank his beer out of the bottle. His wife's eyebrows were drawn on with a pencil, and for some reason she drank mineral water out of a cup.

"Daddy, Mummy, look at the models!" said the little girl, pointing with her empty glass of lemonade.

None of them had seen the crew disembark, or settle down, or start to work. Perhaps they had walked over from another part of the island. Now two models walked by the very edge of the lake, skirts mid-thigh, topped by turtleneck sweaters, and, lastly, hats. They were modelling next autumn's or next winter's hats.

The little girl stood up and giggled. The giggle soon turned into a laugh. She put her hand in front of her mouth.

"Sit down," said her mother.

She sat down, and in a moment was serious.

Next autumn or next winter. The woman did not know where she, where they, would be next autumn or next winter. She lived each hour by the minute. At times, in the past two days, she had found it an effort to draw the next breath. That could be counted in seconds. Ridiculous. She twisted her diamond ring once around her finger. It felt tight. She twisted her wedding ring. She looked at the models. She looked at their hats.

The photographer, with a limp and a stoop, moved back from the models as they came toward him. He was small and incredibly frail, with a tight greyish face and a narrow circle of hair that looked like a tonsure. He was shooting with a movie camera.

"Oh Mummy, those hats!" said the girl.

One model, who had a rabbity mouth and smoked a cigarette as she walked, wore an emerald-green bowler with a rim lined in cheetah. The bowler had long earflaps of cheetah that narrowed down until they buttoned under the chin. The other model wore a bowler too—a royal-purple one, of plushy felt, without earflaps. Both models had fresh suntans.

The little girl stood up again to look. The man put out his cigarette and looked at his wife. After the models', her skin looked extraordinarily pale. He put his arm around her shoulder and said, "Don't look so desperate."

"But I'm not," she answered, stupidly, trying not to be.

The man looked at her. She had grown wider somehow, in the past few years, without getting at all plump. Perhaps those strange miscarriages had done it. How distasteful. And those laugh lines, deeply etched, suddenly, at the corners of her mouth—a sign of crisis; she was too young for that. As he watched her, the man's feelings alternated between concern and a curious neutrality that bordered on distaste. For the truth was, he loved another, who was straight, simple, narrow, and tall. That was his secret. His wife couldn't possibly know. What she did know was silence, their present silent enmity. But she was reacting *badly. Very badly. This sudden helplessness; those morning tears.* He watched the rowboats. He thought of his sailboat in drydock, and wished he were on it, somewhere on the Mediterranean, anywhere, but alone, at sea.

Two swans appeared, swimming slowly from right to left.

"Fab, those ducks. I want one," said the boy, looking at the swans.

For a while, nobody spoke.

Then the boy began twisting on his chair.

"Sit still," said his mother.

He did. He faced both his parents squarely and then he asked, "If you two die, where do I go?"

His mother laughed. She said, "What a stupid question!"

His father said, very directly, "Why stupid? After all, the child has a right to know."

The girl sat back in her chair until her spine made a lovely curve, and then she smiled a demonic smile, which her mother, who happened to be watching, failed to understand. Children were so often incomprehensible. Incomprehensible brought her to sensible. That's what she had—a sensible, English attitude toward children. After all, given the proper amount of time, they would grow up.

The man was speaking. "All right," *he said. "You go to your godparents."* At that point, the woman caught up with what he was saying.

"Who are my godparents?" asked the boy, as if he didn't know.

"The Wilders," said his mother.

"You haven't seen them, because they've been to the States—for a year and a half. But they should be back by November," said his father.

"She's fat," said the boy. And as an afterthought, to his mother, "And I heard you tell Daddy she was pretty lazy."

The girl giggled. Then she began to bite her thumbnail.

"Stop that," said her father.

"And Mr. Wilder has a disease," the boy said. "I don't want to live with an obese person and a man with a disease."

IF THERE WERE NO ENGLAND, "COUNTRY LIFE" COULD INVENT IT

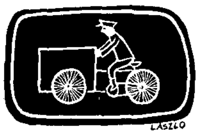
I, lover of names, admirer of houses,
Eagerly scanning the pages of *Country Life*,
Crown-jewel box of both,
Suddenly hit the jackpot, gave a barbaric yawp.
For I saw, I saw "In South Bucks, placed on the edge of Common,
Charming family home, dating from 17th Century,"
Mine, mine for the asking, or equivalent dollars or sterling!
Offered, proffered discreetly
By "Hetherington & Secrett,
In conjunction with Swannell & Sly."
A hall has it, and "cloakrooms, and reception rooms 3 or 4,
Kitchen, 6 bedrooms (no attics),"
And, best of all, "2 bathrooms
(Including separately entered suite for relatives)."
This "freehold for sale by auction
(Also by private treaty)"
Through Hetherington & Secrett and their friends Swannell & Sly.
I would not wound Mr. Hetherington
Nor bypass Mr. Swannell,
But had I the tanners and florins, the guineas, the ponies, the monkeys,
I'd draw up *two* private treaties—
The one with Mr. Secrett,
The other with Mr. Sly.
If I could not meet their terms
(Which mention a "Low Reserve"),
I might make a modest bid for at least those six no attics.
I would go considerably higher, of course,
For the "separately entered suite for relatives."

—Ogden Nash

• •

There was a momentary silence. Then the father said, "Go and explore something, both of you." They went off. Then to his wife, who seemed to be holding back new tears, the man, who was beginning to feel quite detached, said, "Please, dear, make an effort, if only for the children."

She did. She, who felt she had always loved so well, suddenly couldn't love. For the large, greying, green-eyed man at her side, whom she had loved forever it seemed, she didn't know what she felt. A few weeks ago, she had known; soon again she would know. But at this very moment, she did not. Eternity had sprung a corner, and that was a secret nobody knew.



"Guess how long it took me to get over there and explore?" asked the boy, pointing to the weeping willow. "Forty-five seconds," he said, answering his own question.

The girl primly smoothed the pleats of her skirt against her behind as she sat down at the very edge of her chair.

"You didn't take much of a walk," said their father.

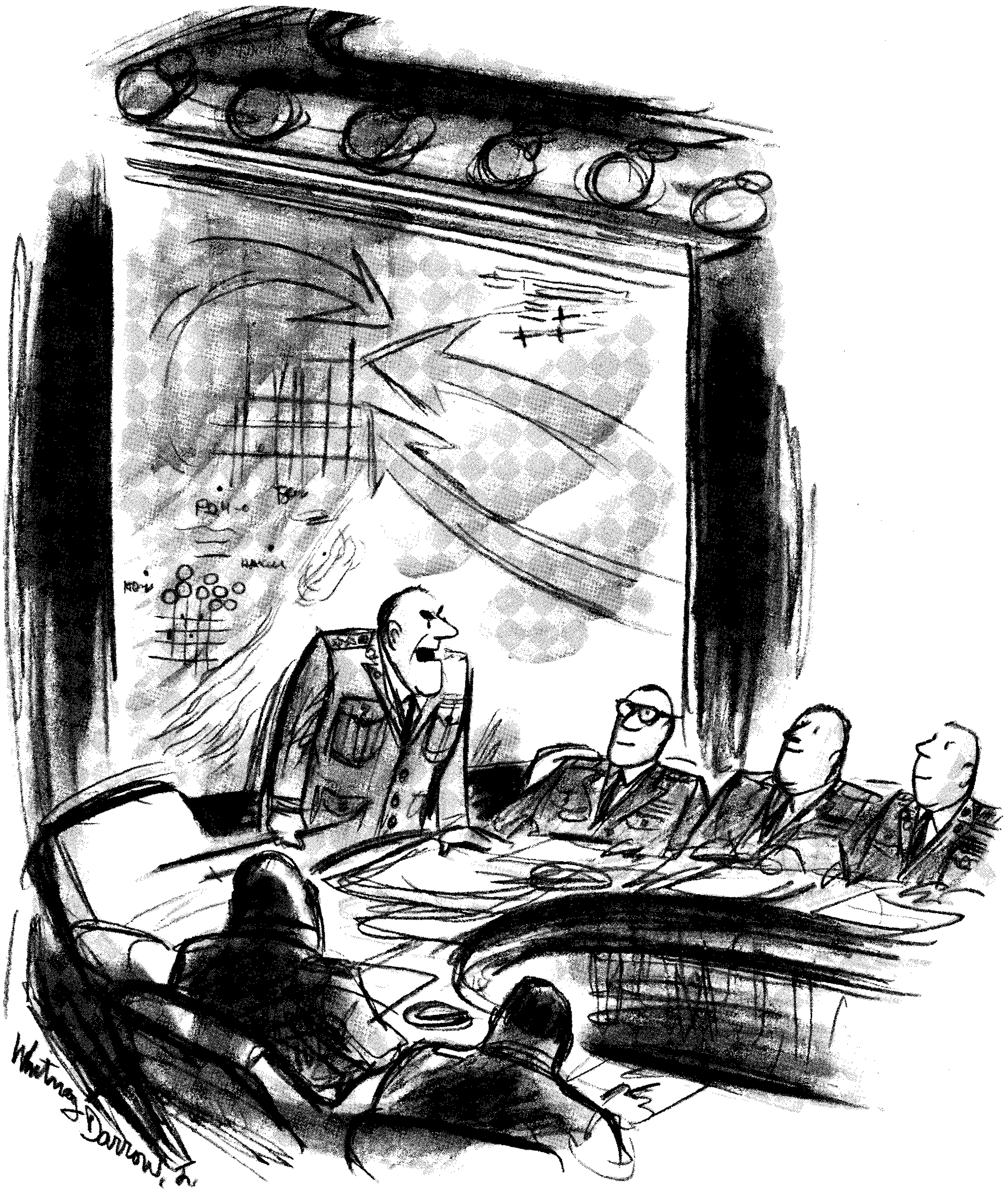
The model with the rabbity mouth sat down alone at one of the coffee tables against a hedge and took long looks at herself in a rectangular mirror. A stylist, wearing a flowing flowered muumuu and cork-soled wedgies, opened an enormous carton named Georgette and took out a Garbo hat, which she carefully put on the model. It was beige felt, with a giant black velvet question mark that began at the crown and then flowed on and on until it stopped, only to be followed by a period placed at the very edge of the brim.

The photographer gave directions. The model placed her elbows on the table and her knuckles under her chin. She *bent her head down, and then* her face disappeared completely and only the hat was visible, the giant question mark against the neutral felt. The photographer grew very voluble and very excited. Then he began to shoot, still using a movie camera.

The little girl asked, "What is the percentage on orphans?"

"I'm sick of this conversation," said her father.

Four Swedes disembarked, all perfectly blond and tall; one pink-skinned and dressed in Army fatigues but all four of them unmistakable Swedes. They found a table and immediately *began a conversation in Swedish.*


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"For God's sake, Hinton! You mean all this time I've been talking about pacification you thought I meant peace*?"*

• •

The girl said, "Where are the ducks? I don't see them."

"Let's go look!" said the boy.

"No, we're going back to the hotel," said their father.

The woman looked up at the sky. The clouds, still moving from right to left, were growing darker. Darker clouds, tinged with pink, and then the woman knew, by the edge of a lake in the Bois, by the edge of an abyss, that neither today nor tomorrow, but someday, soon perhaps, it would happen, and that she did not have the power to keep it from happening. It was going to happen, and then the children would, in a way, be half-orphaned. So there it was, no longer a secret, and now that she knew, it would no longer be necessary to cry.

"Collect everything," the man said. Then he too looked up at the sky. "The wind is changing," he said.

—NATACHA STEWART

MRS. BILLINGSBY'S WINE

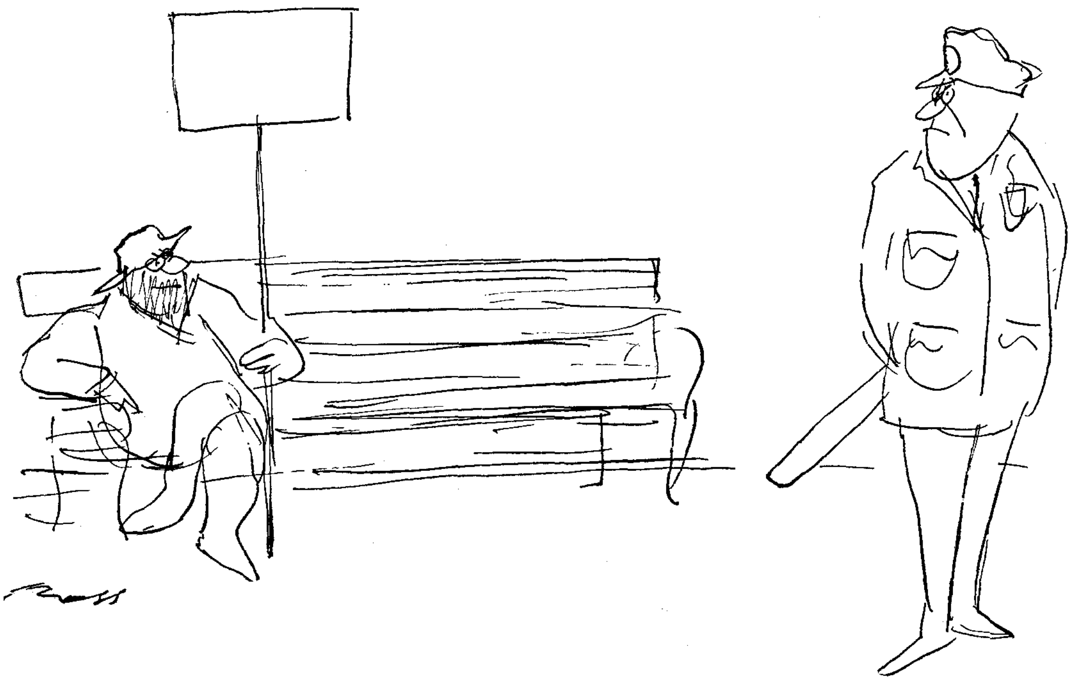
Shirley Barnes is waiting in Mrs. Billingsby's living room again. This time she is going to see the woman if it means waiting there all afternoon. Shirley lives in one of the new developments out off Summer Avenue, and it isn't often that she gets in to the old part of Memphis, where such well-fixed people as Mrs. Billingsby live. This is the third time she has summoned up the nerve to visit the woman at home, and this time she has come prepared to wait indefinitely. A neighbor is keeping Shirley's two small children, and the meat loaf for supper is already prepared and ready to be popped in the oven.

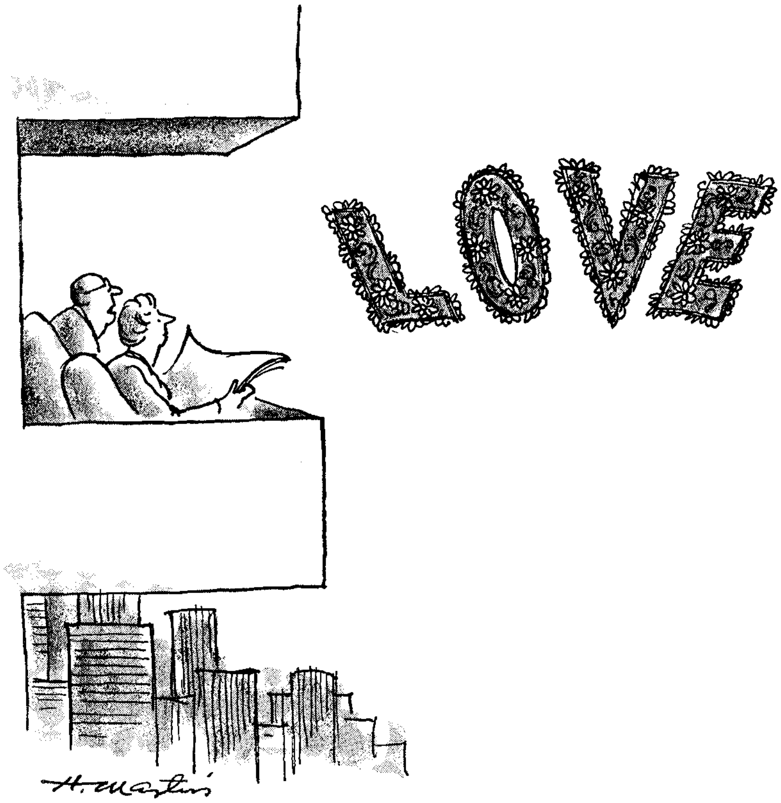
What healthy-looking houseplants Mrs. Billingsby has! Shirley just can't help wondering who waters them and who sees to setting them out in the sun on good days. They aren't the usual ferns and philodendron. They are unusual plants, which probably require a lot of attention. She can see that the dirt around the grassy-looking thing on the coffee table is rich and rather loose. "Recently repotted and fertilized," she says aloud, quickly putting her fingers over her lips as if to stop herself from speaking again. Then, peering down among the green stalks in a Chinese urn that is on the marble-top end table, she observes that there is a plain earthen pot inside the blue-and-white urn. "Pots within pots," she whispers through her fingers, and she laughs quietly.

Shirley is beginning to feel rather at home in the room. She even notices that the summer slipcovers have been removed from the chairs since her last call, six weeks ago. (On that occasion, she was allowed to wait for ten or fifteen minutes before being told that Mrs. Billingsby was out of town.) No doubt it would be the butler's duty—the one who admitted her and showed her into the living room just now—to remove the slipcovers on a certain date each fall and to replace them on a date in the spring. No, Shirley decides after considerable thought, that would be the downstairs maid's duty, or whoever the girl is who let her in the last time she came—the one who didn't seem to know that Mrs. Billingsby was out of town. The thought of all Mrs. Billingsby's servants makes Shirley smile to herself. Her own neighbors out there off Summer Avenue would not believe that even people in these huge old houses on Belvedere Street still have servants. How much would you suppose she had to pay them per week? Twenty-five dollars, anyway. Altogether, Shirley reckons, Mrs. Billingsby must pay her servants considerably more than her own Granville clears from his dental practice in a month. Poor Granville, with his eight years of expensive education! Where does Mrs. Billingsby find such servants nowadays, with their efficiency and their polite manners? The only kind of help you can get out there off Summer Avenue aren't worth having. It's better to do your own work and save for the future. Shirley reflects that she has never before really seen such servants—not even in Blackwell, where she and Granville grew up and where both Mr. and Mrs. Billingsby came from originally. That's why Shirley is making this call. She and Mrs. Billingsby are old neighbors, and old neighbors should keep in touch. That's a perfect reason to make a call, no matter what Granville says about it.

She returns to the pleasures of speculation. Would it be the butler or the maid who waters the houseplants? Oh, neither! It would be Mrs. Billingsby herself. Now, all at once, she has a clear image of what Mrs. Billingsby, whom she had only glimpses of as a little girl, is like and what her life is like. She would reserve the watering of her luxuriant houseplants as the one domestic task not to be turned over to her servants. When Mr. Billingsby comes home from his office in the afternoon, that's how he finds her, watering the plants in this room or in the other living room across the hall, or perhaps in the dining room behind the other living room. It is just the reverse of what Shirley does, freshening herself up for Granville's homecoming and sitting in the glider as though she hasn't done a lick of work all day. Mr. Billingsby finds Mrs. Billingsby doing the one useful thing she has done all day, and it gives them both great joy. And that's what it is like to be rich.

Rising from her place on the couch, Shirley strolls across the room toward the wide doorway to the hall. Then she strolls back to the window that overlooks the rose garden. It is really strange how much at home she feels! She positively understands what it is like to be Mrs. Billingsby. Yes, she is standing at the window, which has become her own window, overlooking her rose garden, and she has just this minute come in from a bridge luncheon at the Memphis Country Club. Or perhaps she has come in from lunch at Justine's, with two intimate friends. (But is Justine's open for lunch? It doesn't matter.) And they have stopped by the Helen Shop after lunch, or by Seessel's to pick up some avocados and artichokes. The thought of grocerying so casually at Seessel's evokes a giggle from Shirley. She thinks what it would be like if her children were big now and away in an expensive boarding school—no, one should say "prep school"—or even at an Eastern college. She and Granville are Dr. and Mrs. Granville Barnes, of two hundred and something South Belvedere Street, right next door to the elderly George Billingsbys,





"I understand the message, but I don't get the medium."

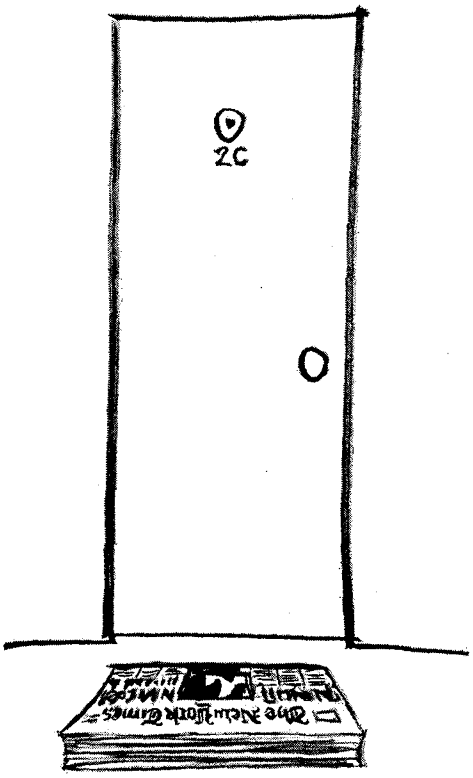
with whom they are intimate friends. She envisions a note in one of the society columns that will tell what close friends the two couples are and how they all four began life in the little country town of Blackwell, and even how Mrs. Barnes' and Mrs. Billingsby's families were next-door neighbors there for generations. But it ends there, the newspaper item does, without telling about the ramshackle old cottage Shirley's family lived in, perched right on the sidewalk, or about Mrs. Billingsby's family's big two-story house set so far back in a grove of willow oaks and tulip poplars that in the summertime the two houses weren't visible to each other. None of Mrs. Billingsby's family have really lived in their house since Shirley was born. They went off long ago to Memphis and St. Louis and even Detroit and made or married stacks of money, or went into politics, or became old-maid schoolteachers in exclusive private schools up in Virginia. So far as that family is concerned, the town of Blackwell, Tennessee, could rot! Anyhow, that's what Shirley's mother always said. That family tried to prevent all progress in the town, tried to prevent their putting in street lights and sidewalks even. Shirley's mother once heard Mrs. Billingsby's own mother say, "The only thing Blackwell has left is its natural beauty, and it ought to hold on to that. Otherwise, it's like some poor country girl decked out in a lot of cheap finery." Shirley's old granddaddy, who was a house painter when he wasn't too drunk to hold a brush, always said Mrs. Billingsby's family had never had an eye for anything but money to fill their pockets with. He used to say, "Ever time they seen a dollar they taken after it and they never stopped a-running till they cotched it."

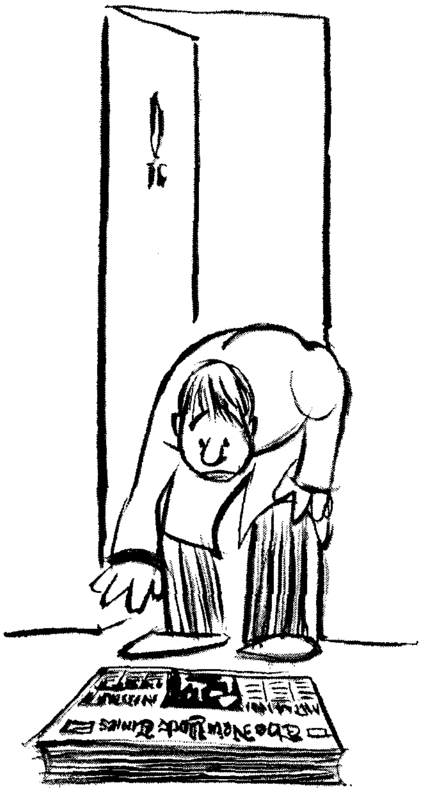
Shirley's dad once owned a little grocery store, but he gave it up to work at the mill—off and on. In the summertime, he would sit on the front porch with his sock feet on the bannister rail, and if the subject of Mrs. Billingsby's family came up (in the summertime, some of them would come and stay over there in their house for a few weeks "just out of sentiment for the place"), her dad, with his feet on the bannister rail, would say of them, "Them that has gits."

At the end of a summer, when Shirley and her big brothers were bored and were dreading the opening of school, they would skin over the fence and sometimes manage to get inside that big empty house next door. They would break the glass on a picture frame or two and pull some of the loose wallpaper off the walls in the hall or in the parlor. Shirley could remember the smashed glass on a picture of two old-fashioned-looking gunboats. The boats seemed to be firing pink powder puffs at each other over a body of pale-green water. One year, she told her brothers she would like to have the large orange butterfly that was mounted on cotton under glass in the hall. But when they handed the beautiful thing to her, it turned to powder in her hands. Another year, her brothers stole half the bricks from the old walk going up to the house and sold them to a man who came through town buying up old bricks.

Shirley thinks about the work that lies ahead of her on this autumn afternoon when she has finally found Mrs. Billingsby at home. Mrs. Billingsby will be cold to her on this their first visit together, but Shirley will pretend not to notice. She will leave one of her gloves under the cushion on the couch, and when she returns for it, the very next day perhaps, she will bring Mrs. Billingsby an exotic potted plant like none she has ever seen before. Pretty soon the Billingsbys invite the Barneses to a cocktail party, where they meet practically *everybody*. Then Mrs. Billingsby tells people that Shirley's family and hers were old friends in Blackwell and lived next door to each other for generations. Later, at dinner parties at the Billingsbys', the four of them spend whole evenings reminiscing about old times in Blackwell, and they apologize to other people for boring them with their reminiscences. Then there is an emergency in the middle of the night! Granville gets up and gets dressed and meets Mr. Billingsby at his clinic. Granville relieves Mr. Billingsby's pain and saves the tooth! Not long after that, the Barneses are invited to join the Memphis Country Club, and *every*body begins having Granville as their dentist. . . .

By the window overlooking the rose garden, Shirley still stands with her hands folded before her. Suddenly she decides she doesn't really like so many potted plants in a room. It doesn't suit her taste. She saunters casually over to the marble-top end table beside the couch, and her impulse is to remove the big stalky plant there. But she turns away from it. She sees a cut-glass decanter and four glasses on the coffee table. The decanter is half filled with a very dark wine. Shirley shakes her head and says to herself that she doesn't like wine—or doesn't think she does. She glances critically at the stack of magazines and papers lying beside the decanter on the coffee table. She doesn't like magazines and papers lying around in a living room—that much she *knows*. Looking at the end table again, she actually puts out her hand and edges the Chinese urn a little nearer to the center of the table; she





experiences a sudden fear that her sleeve may brush against it and knock it off the table and break it. Just as she withdraws her hand, she hears footsteps on the hall stairway. It is Mrs. Billingsby coming down at last. Shirley quickly plops down on the couch. Before her hostess enters, she removes her gloves and sticks one of them underneath the petit-point cushion beside her.

"NOW, let me see," says Mrs. Billingsby, extending her hand as she crosses the room to Shirley. "You were the youngest one, weren't you? The one with the dark curls down to her waist."

Shirley rises and offers her hand across the coffee table.

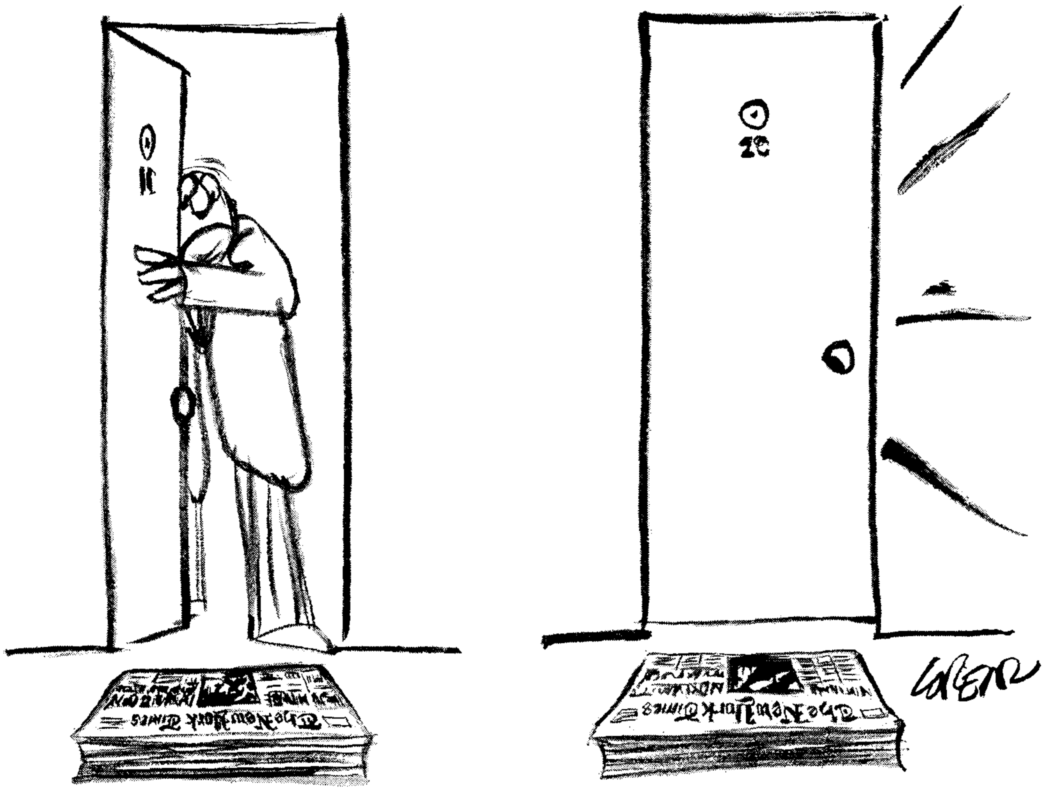
Mrs. Billingsby clasps the hand between her own hands, smiling cordially and peering into Shirley's face. "Yes, it is you," she says. "I do remember your sweet little face. I thought I would if I saw you. Sit down, sit down." She comes round the coffee table and sits beside Shirley on the couch. "I used to catch glimpses of you playing in your yard in the summer, and with your long curls you looked like such an old-fashioned child, so like a little girl from my own generation, that it made me long more than anything else to come back to Blackwell to live."

Shirley finds herself blushing. Why, she *is* going to talk about Blackwell life as though it was something they shared once, as though they really *were* neighbors in the usual, good sense. And what a lovely-looking woman she is, at once so elegant and so natural. Her beautiful hands, now folded in her lap, express the repose and self-assurance that only an elevated mind and spirit can attain. And her blue, blue eyes. How thoroughly you can trust those eyes to see what is best in people and in the world! No wonder one reads in the paper about all the charitable and cultural organizations she heads, and the garden clubs, too, and about her efforts to save the forest trees on North Parkway and the two antebellum houses downtown. There is a freshness and vigor about her that make one long to join her and follow her in all her good works. What a joy it is going to be to know her better and better! Even the freshness of her complexion seems good news to Shirley. Mrs. Billingsby really has been napping and is obviously just out of a bath. She has not been trying to deceive Shirley or to postpone their meeting.

"I must tell you at once," she is saying to Shirley now, "how bad I feel about your having to call on *me*. And you've come twice before, you good person you. You came this summer while I was at High Hampton, and you came in the spring when I was so taken up with some silly matters about our old trees in Memphis that I just let all my personal concerns go." As she speaks she bends toward the coffee table and places one hand on the neck of the wine decanter. "But I was not unmindful that you had been here, I want you to know that. Would you join me in a little glass of sherry, or would you rather have coffee? Even before you called the first time, I was not unaware that you and your little family had moved to Memphis. I keep up with the comings and goings of true Blackwellians. Mr. Salisbury still sends me the *Herald* every week. You see, there's a copy there on the table, under those magazines. So many of the names that appear in it now mean nothing to me." She shakes her head sadly. "But a name like Granville Barnes means something. I can assure you, my dear—you're Shirley, aren't you?—I can assure you, my dear Shirley, that it's only because you're a girl still that I left it for you to call on me, instead of myself calling on you." Now she interrupts herself to fill one of the wineglasses and to ask, "Would you much prefer coffee, my dear? You mustn't hesitate to say so if you would."

Shirley is trying to remember what sherry tastes like. Was it sherry or was it claret she had when she and Granville were on their honeymoon in New Orleans? She would give almost anything for a cup of black coffee just now. She frequently has one at this time of day, when Granville is having a highball. Sometimes she has a highball with him, though she is fond of saying it makes her see double and feel single. But she insists to Mrs. Billingsby that a glass of sherry is just what she would like. She accepts the glass, sips it at once, and says, "Ah!"

Shirley thinks it quite beautiful that Mrs. Billingsby has, within the first five minutes, covered all grounds on which her guest might have felt uneasiness. It is how a lady does things, a lady to the manner born. As Mrs. Billingsby goes on to speak of how cold the weather has turned during the past few days, and of winter clothes and of the new hemline and of the *really* best places to shop (Mrs. Billingsby loves Goldsmith's basement and the first floor of Lowenstein's East; she says that any department of any store is only as good as its buyer), Shirley finds her mind going back to the picture glass her brothers broke in Mrs. Billingsby's homeplace, and the butterfly they took from its mounting to give to her, and the mossy bricks they stole from the walk. Oh, why had they been permitted to do that? Sud-



denly she throws back her head and tosses off her glass of wine.

"And do you and your husband go back to Blackwell often?" she hears Mrs. Billingsby asking.

"The first weekend in every month," Shirley says. "One month we stay with my family, and the next with yours—with Granville's, I mean." How *could* she have made that senseless slip of the tongue? It is because she is so used to talking with Granville, and with no one else, about Blackwell. Or could it be the wine?

"I find it depressing to go back nowadays," says Mrs. Billingsby. She insists on filling Shirley's glass again.

"That's only because none of your family is still there."

"Yes, I suppose so." Mrs. Billingsby consents, with doubt in her voice. "We've all been gone a long time, and it has changed a great deal. There is no social life there of the sort there once was. When I was a girl, Blackwell was such a very gay little place. Yet no parties, I suppose, ever seem as good to anyone as those one went to as a girl."

"That's certainly true," Shirley says. She feels she has spoken too loud and tries to lower her voice. "Granville and I sometimes talk whole evenings away about parties we went to in Blackwell." She knows she should not keep referring to Granville. Mrs. Billingsby has not made one reference to Mr. Billingsby.

"When I was a girl, young people came from all over West and Middle Tennessee to our parties. During the summer, at the time of the June German, every house was full of young lady houseguests and young men, too."

Shirley looks at Mrs. Billingsby, not able to imagine what the June German was. She and Granville can never forget the high-school dances of their era, but there were rarely houseguests from other towns. Other towns had their own high-school dances. There never seemed any need to import anybody.

As if in response to something, Mrs. Billingsby says, "No doubt it had all changed by the time you came along."

"The first dance I ever went to," Shirley says with enthusiasm, "was in the New Gym at the High School. The New Gym was built in our freshman year—Granville's and mine. Goodness, we had a grand time!"

"You and your husband were in the same class, then?"

"Oh, yes, we went all through school and college together."

"You can't imagine how strange that sounds to the ears of someone of my generation. Mr. Billingsby is nearly ten years older than I. Though we lived within a mile of each other, I didn't really know him till I came back from my year at Miss Merriwether's School."

In a sudden burst of frankness, Shirley says, "Granville and I both worked our way through college, and I worked while he got through dental school. He tells people that I *put* him through, but of course he exaggerates." She is on the verge of confiding in Mrs. Billingsby how hard those years were. But she bites her tongue and tries to think of something else to say. Nothing she thinks of seems appropriate.

"I envy you girls who went to college," Mrs. Billingsby says humbly. "My mother wished to send me and my sister to college, but Father was afraid of what we just might learn there!"

"Still," says Shirley, wondering if her talk of college might have sounded like boasting, "your boarding schools in those days were much better than our high schools today."

"Ah, far better," Mrs. Billingsby agrees—too quickly, it seems to Shirley. "And I don't complain of not going to college, really. Our education prepared us very well indeed. For life, for the good life as it used to be lived in Blackwell. It makes me heartsick to go back and see how it has all changed there. It was a dear old town, with giant trees meeting over the streets, with handsome lawns and superb flower gardens. Even the public square was a charming place before they built that modernistic courthouse in the thirties and ripped down all the coverings over the sidewalks in front of the stores."

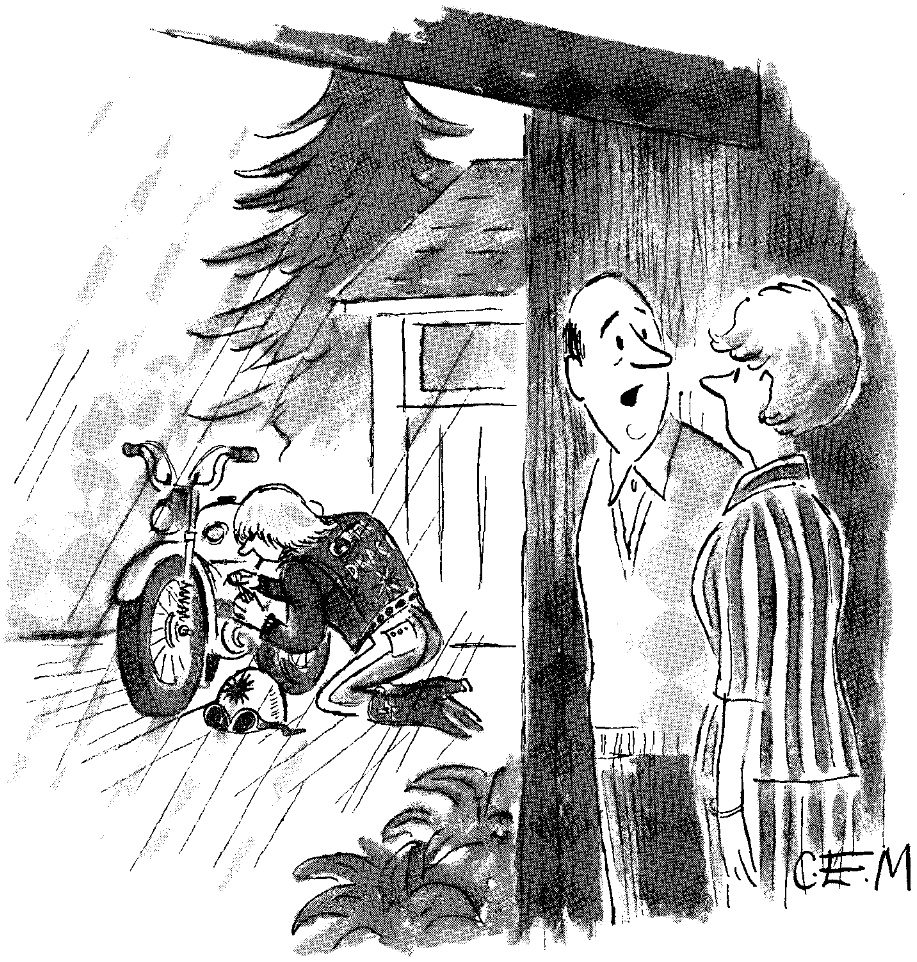
Shirley tries to imagine the Square with the old courthouse and the sidewalk covers. She tries in vain. Presently she sips at her wine. Then she empties the glass. The room seems to have grown very warm.

"On the hottest day," continues Mrs. Billingsby, "you could walk in shade under those coverings all around the Square. And no man spoke to you unless you spoke to him first. But think what it's like now. It's all sun and noise on a summer afternoon. I was there one day this summer. It was incredible. Young girls and boys racing about the sidewalks shouting to each other. And women my age down there on the Square in shorts and halters!" (Shirley manages to whisper, "No!") "You couldn't cross the street without one of the young people in a little foreign car—in Blackwell!—blowing a horn at you. They took down those sidewalk coverings I don't know how many years ago, and now the stores—chain stores all of them, of course—have huge, bright-colored plastic fronts to them. It is a blinding spectacle, the Square in Blackwell is today! Really ghastly!”

A powerful wave of nostalgia has suddenly swept over Shirley—a nostalgia for the blinding spectacle of Blackwell's public square. She can only remember it the way Mrs. Billingsby has described it in its latter-day, fallen state. That is the way she must think of it. That is the way, she realizes, she *wants* to think of it. It is *her* home town—hers and Granville's. The other town, the old town Mrs. Billingsby described, never existed for her. It probably never existed for her parents, either, she reflects. Who would recognize any town in which only a few of the girls and boys went to parties, so few that they had to invite girls and boys from other towns in order to make it any fun? In their day—hers and Granville's—nobody cared whether the people who came to a party lived on the Mill Hill or on Church Street, whether you lived in one of the big houses set back amid trees or in a ramshackle little place like her dad's. On a Saturday afternoon, she and a bunch of girls would ride around the Square in an open roadster while boys called outrageous things to them from other cars or from the uncovered sidewalks. She *loved* the way the Square looked as she knew it, without any trees on the courthouse lawn, without any coverings over the sidewalks, and with the bright false fronts to the old stores. That was girlhood. That was when there had been no scraping together dollars to pay fees at the College of Dentistry. That was when there was no scrimping to make time payments on the furniture for the baby's room.

Now she realizes that Mrs. Billingsby's reflections upon Blackwell have somehow wounded her. She eyes the empty glass in her hand and gently sets it on the coffee table. She knows that she must conceal the hurt she feels. And so she does what she knows Granville would say she ought to do—she changes the subject. And as she does so, without being fully conscious of her purpose, she rises from the couch. She is going to leave.

On her feet, she feels a little dizzy. But her speech is clear and firm, giving no evidence of her physical sensations. “Well,” she says, “Blackwell is Blackwell, but Granville and I already like Memphis. In fact, we like it very, very much.”



“Bake a cake if you want, but let's skip ‘Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Sonny, happy birthday to you.’”

“Even Memphis has changed, though,” Mrs. Billingsby replies at once, not rising. “It soon won't be the same city—not the city Mr. Billingsby and I came to forty years ago. They're cutting down our trees to make way for superhighways and pulling down famous old mansions to make way for the high-rise apartments and office buildings.”

For a moment Shirley hesitates. She is trying to push out thoughts of the smashed picture glass and the stolen bricks. There is the feel of the dry, powdery butterfly between her fingers. She waits until Mrs. Billingsby has risen and has said “Must you go so soon?” before she speaks. About Memphis she feels perfectly free to take her stand. “Oh, most of the things they're doing we like,” she says. “The new buildings they're putting up are beautiful, we think. And Granville says we're away ahead of most cities in planning for traffic. It is an exciting place to live. Memphis is a wonderful city, Mrs. Billingsby.”

Mrs. Billingsby has risen from the couch now and she follows Shirley across the room. In the wide doorway to the hall, she stops and says with a smile, “I'm glad you like Memphis. I can't altogether agree with you about it, but I'm glad you like it. Anyway, we both love Blackwell, don't we?” Standing in the doorway, she looks older—an old lady.

“Yes, we both love Blackwell, Mrs. Billingsby,” says Shirley.

“I'm sorry you must go so soon. And I'm sorry I kept you waiting so.”

“I just wanted to say hello,” Shirley says. Then, suddenly blushing again, she adds, “But I believe I've dropped one of my gloves.”

“Really?” says Mrs. Billingsby. “I didn't . . .”

Shirley hurries across the room and pulls the glove from under the cushion. “It was on the divan,” she says, holding it up for Mrs. Billingsby to see.

—PETER TAYLOR

◆

For the second successive night, there was a spill during the running of the fifth race at Suffolk Downs Wednesday as three of the eight pacers went down in a jam nearing the final turn and failed to finish.

Tuesday night there will be a spill involving four horses.—*Boston Herald.*

That's more like it!

PROFILES

THE MAYOR—II

BUS STOP
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STEINBERG

SOMEWHAT to my surprise, Mayor John V. Lindsay was not in his office one morning last fall when I arrived in the west wing of City Hall at eight-thirty to keep an appointment I had made with him. But a few minutes later he came striding down the corridor that leads to his office, handed his secretary a list of things to do, and waved me ahead of him into his office. "I was in the car, out front, getting some paperwork done," he said. "That time in the car first thing in the morning—if there's no one with me—is very useful."

When I had last been to the Mayor's office for a talk with him, in February, just a few weeks after he was sworn in, he had struck me as being under considerable stress, and I asked him if his schedule had eased up any.

"The hours are about as long," he said. "I've been averaging five hours of sleep a night, but on Saturday or Sunday I try to get seven or eight. It's funny, but the few times these past months when I could have got to bed earlier—like when I was away for a short time this summer—I wasn't able to. One thing always leads to another. I watch the late news, read the papers, get a beer, and before I know it it's one-thirty."

The Mayor seemed to me to have changed somewhat since I had seen him in February, and even since the last time I had watched him in action at one of the many public meetings and ceremonies he appeared at during the spring and summer of his first year in office. It was, I decided, a difference in confidence. He now had a more noticeable air of command and of enjoying command. I told him so.

"Yes, I think I've got a grip on the monster now," he said, leaning back in his chair. "I'm much more certain now about how the structure should be changed, and I think I'm staffing the government as best I can. That's terribly important. I still spend a lot of time on it. It won't make any difference how sound the structure gets to be, or even how much money we get, if there aren't pros to run it. There's a rare beast known as an urbanist, and because these beasts are so rare there's intense competition for them among the cities. I've been getting most of the people I go after, except for some from other areas in the country who are anchored. I mean a wife is anchored to a white picket fence and the man is anchored to a bloody pension system. I run into that a lot. I've been trying for three months to get a guy out of the federal government, but so far he can't get unsnarled without a big loss of pension. Senator Muskie, of Maine, has submitted a very good bill that would make it possible for a man to go from the federal to local government without this problem. Pension systems have to be made more mobile."

Turning from the subject of staffing, I asked Lindsay how his money problems in general were coming along. Earlier that summer, when Lindsay testified during Senator Ribicoff's hearings on the problems of the cities, he had said that New York City alone would need fifty billion dollars more in federal aid during the next ten years, but Senator Robert Kennedy, among others, had criticized Lindsay for being totally unrealistic in expecting that kind of money.

The Mayor smiled. "I remember reading in Justice Holmes' memoirs of his years on the bench a line that's stayed with me—'I do expect a rough equation between isness and oughtness.' In testifying before the Ribicoff committee, though, I wasn't requested to use that equation. I was focussing on 'oughtness.' But I'd accept a rough equation. Nobody can put an exact figure on what we need, but I do know that if I'd said ten billion for the next ten years I'd have been in error. If I'd said twenty-five billion, I might have been in the area of the rough equation. What I was trying to do, however, was to lead Congress, which is just beginning to recognize what's happening in the cities, and therefore I had to give them the shock treatment. They especially needed it insofar as New York is concerned. The only budget larger than New York City's in the whole country is the federal budget. The city's population is larger than that of sixty-six of the hundred and eighteen members of the United Nations. And yet, with all our problems—like a welfare budget of seven hundred million dollars, which Mitch Ginsberg, the Welfare Commissioner, says we have to increase to eight hundred and sixty-seven million for the next fiscal year—we contribute something like fifteen billion dollars a year to the federal government in personal and corporate income taxes. Do you realize that represents more than ten per cent of all federal income taxes, even though it doesn't include revenues from Westchester and the Connecticut and New Jersey areas that are part of Greater New York? But in any one year New York City has never got back as much as a billion dollars in direct or indirect federal assistance. This year, we'll get about eight hundred and twenty million, or less than six per cent of this area's contributions in income taxes alone. But New York is accused of asking for a disproportionate share of federal aid.

THE LAST BUS

(Rio de Janeiro, 1966)

It is dark.
A slight rain
dampens the streets.
Nothing moves

in Lota's park.
The palms hang
over the matted grass,
and the voluminous bushes

bundled in sheets
billow beside the walks.
The world is out of reach.
The ghosts of bathers rise

slowly out of the surf and turn
high in the spray.
They walk on the beach
and their eyes burn

like stars.
And Rio sleeps—
the sea is a dream
in which it dies and is reborn.

The bus speeds.
A violet cloud
unravels in its wake.
My legs begin to shake.

My lungs fill up with steam.
Sweat covers my face
and falls to my chest.
My neck and shoulders ache.

I grip the seat.
I cannot move or speak.
I am not even sure
that I'm awake.

The driver smiles.
His pants are rolled above his knees
and his bare calves
gleam in the heat.

A woman tries to comfort me.
She puts her hand under my shirt
and writes the names of flowers
on my back.

Her skirt is black.
She has a tiny skull
and crossbones on each knee.
There is a garden in her eyes,

where rows of dull
white tombstones crowd the air,
and people stand
waving goodbye.

I have the feeling I am there.
She whispers through her teeth
and puts her lips
against my cheek.

The driver turns.
His eyes are closed and he is combing
back his hair.
He tells me to be brave.

I feel my heartbeat
growing fainter as he speaks.
The woman kisses me again.
Her jaw creaks

and her breath clings
to my neck like mist.
I turn to the window's
cracked pane

streaked with rain.
Where have I been?
I look toward Rio—
nothing is the same.

The Christ who stood
in a pool of electric light
high on his hill
is out of sight.

And the bay is black.
And the black city
sinks into its grave.
And I shall never come back.

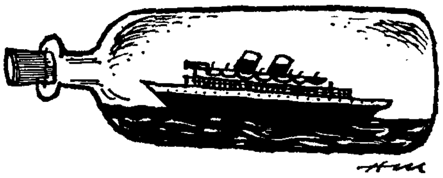
—Mark Strand

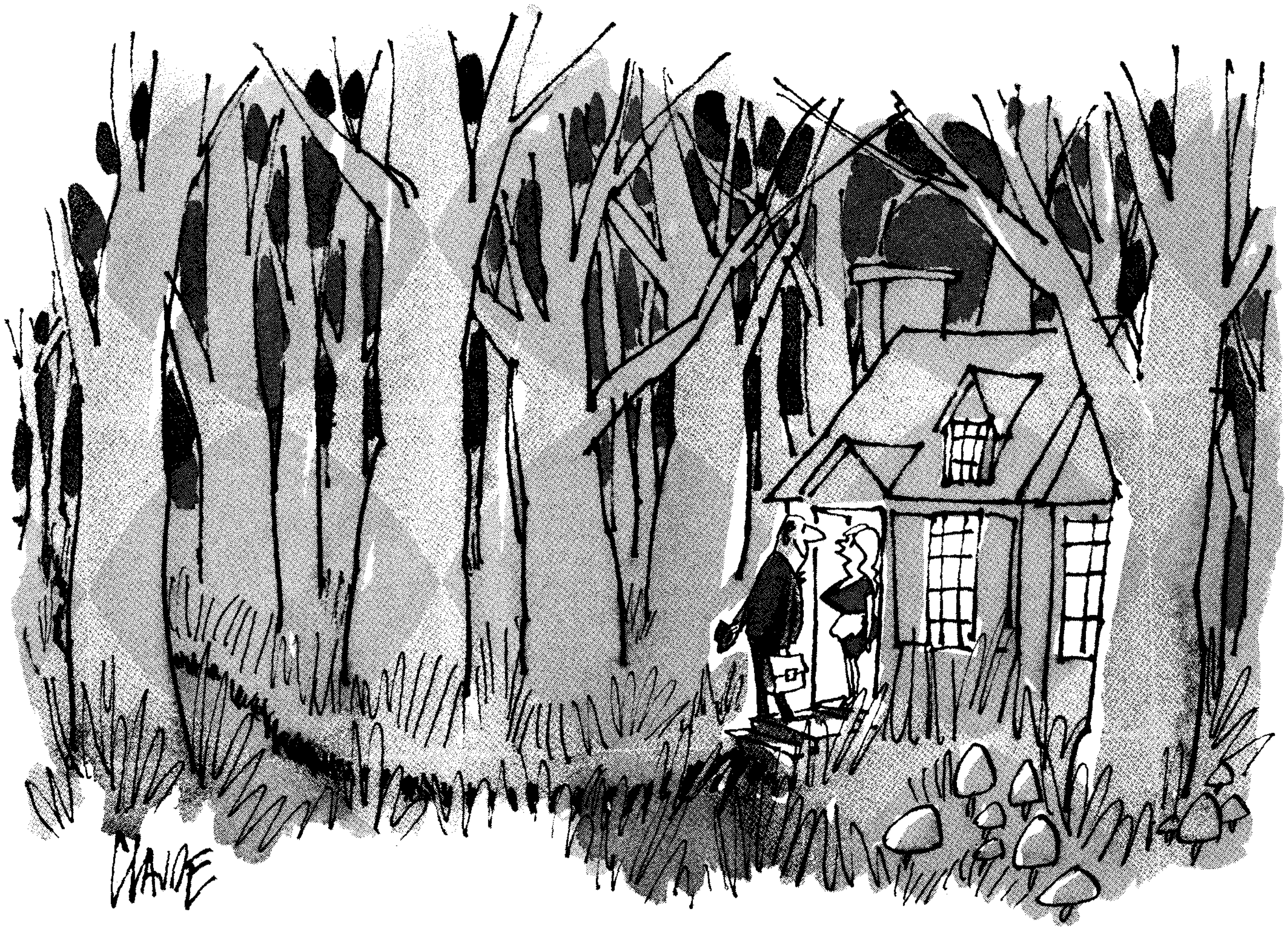
• •

"We're in a fiscal crisis, and so are the other big cities. And without a vastly increased commitment of federal resources it's going to get worse. We've got to wake up Congress. There are thirty-six standing congressional committees, and not one—not one—represents the needs of the cities. That's why I keep speaking up for the creation of committees on urban affairs in both the Senate and the House. And that's why I keep saying the federal government has to reëxamine its priorities. Instead of making cuts in appropriations for the cities, it ought to see what cuts can be made in all those funds pouring into Vietnam. What it comes down to is which is the more important in the long run—funds for Southeast Asia or funds for Brownsville? I'm for Brownsville."

The Mayor's secretary came in with some papers for him to sign. When she left, I asked him whether, considering all the time he had to spend on city affairs, he had been able to keep up the strong interest in foreign affairs that he had developed during his years in the House of Representatives.

"I try to," he said. "I seem to find out best what I want to know from the *Economist*—even about America. Its American Survey is frighteningly accurate. And my friends send me articles. Some of them in the State Department with whom I've worked on Atlantic affairs, for instance, send me things they've been writing. My reading still covers a very wide area. I try not to miss the *Congressional Record*. In a way, it's like reading the Sears, Roe-





"If it's about mousetraps, O.K. If it's insurance, he's not in."

• •

buck catalogue, but it's so entertaining. God, it's wonderful!"

"When do you get time to do all this reading?" I asked.

"Mostly at night. There's a nice chaise longue in our bedroom where I sit and listen to the radio or TV and read. I've taught myself to read very fast. And, travelling around the city, if I'm not dictating or if there's not a conference going on in the car, all I do is read things. This moving around is important. I don't mean only the walks I take in the ghetto neighborhoods. I've been involved in an educational program in the business community. There have been meetings after meetings of groups of fifteen to twenty or thirty people. I must have talked to a couple of thousand businessmen by now, trying to persuade them not only to keep but to expand their investment in the city. Some are afraid that New York is being strangled by the poor and their needs, but I explain to them that, with the increasing industrialization of the South and of Puerto Rico, in-migration has lessened considerably, and, by contrast with other cities in the North, we've stabilized the problems we do have in that area. Chicago, for example, has never really coped with its welfare problems. It has a bad plan. In fact, other cities are now sending teams to our Department of Welfare to learn how the job should be done. And I tell these people that a lot of us have lost sight of the fact that in some of the so-called ghetto neighborhoods a solid middle class is developing. There's more black ownership on a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, for instance, all the time. I tell them there's a whole world of exploration and development possible in those areas. And as for the city as a whole, I remind them of the immense labor pool we have. Blue-collar, white-collar—all kinds. I think these talks are making a dent, are making businessmen realize what the city's potential is.

"And, for the first time, I think there's an awakening among some of the labor leaders to *their* responsibility to be more flexible. That's a big step—a very big step. We've still got problems with the municipal unions, though, particularly with regard to our right to move men around, which is an essential right. Take the Fire Department. I was struck with luck in appointing Bob Lowery as Fire Commissioner, incidentally. He turned out to be a brilliant administrator. Furthermore, he knows when to roll with a punch and when not to. And he's very sensitive to what the pros call the high-hazard areas for fires. However, over the years fire companies have put down deep roots in certain neighborhoods. For a long time, the men were given limited privileges to moonlight in neighborhoods where they were stationed, and those part-time jobs have made for even deeper roots. Until Bob, no Fire Commissioner had moved them, even when more men were needed in the high-hazard areas. Since he *is* doing that, he's anathema to the heads of their unions. When Bob took men who weren't needed after dark in lower Manhattan and put them in Bedford-Stuyvesant, where there are twelve fires a night, Gerald Ryan, the president of the Uniformed Firemen's Association, was appalled. I said to him, 'Gerry, isn't it logical we do this shifting around?' 'Well, no, not exactly,' he said. 'These people are part of that neighborhood. They have their cars there. They have to get those cars washed at a certain hour—that kind of thing.' It hasn't been easy, and Lowery, while skillful, *is* a Negro dealing with a largely white organization. So sometimes he needs reassurance, and that's why I spend a good deal of time with him. I told him, 'If it gets to that point, crack Ryan over the head publicly, and I'll support you.' "

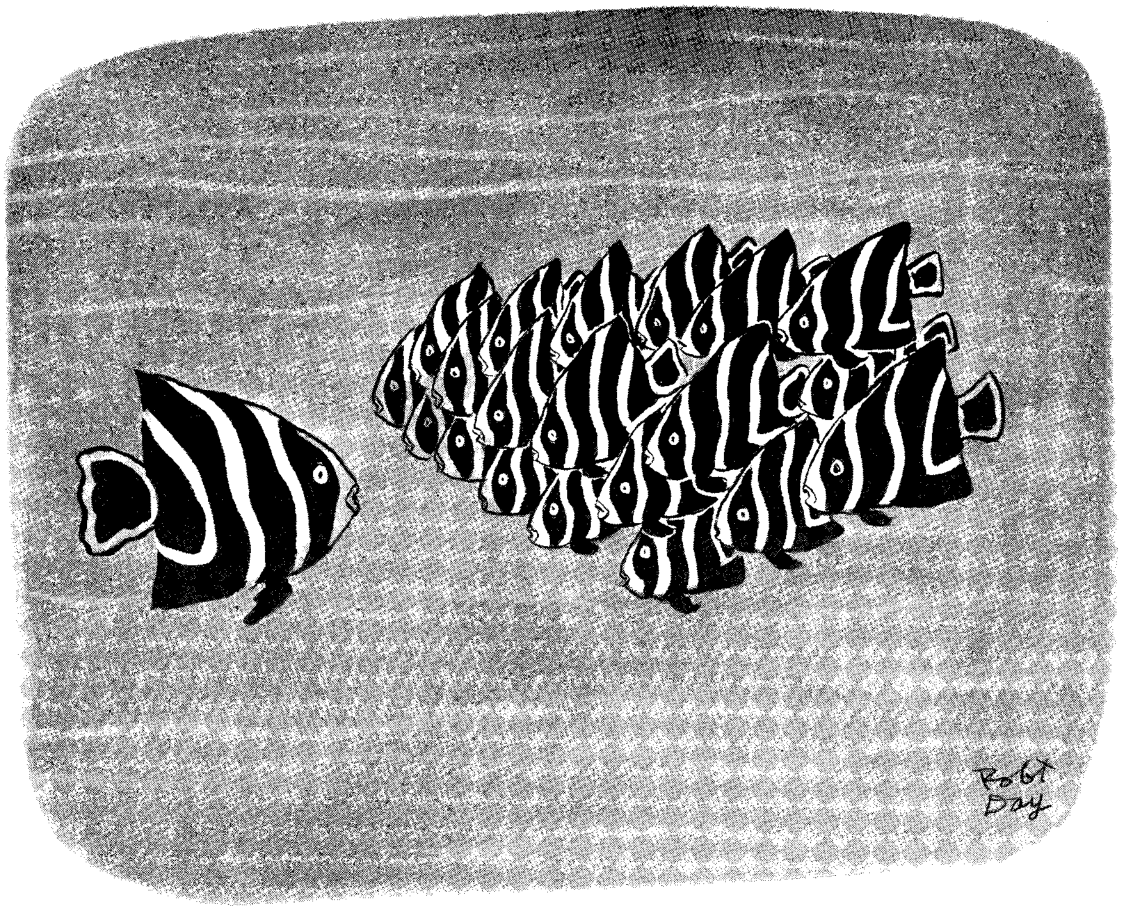
With some relish, as if at the prospect of more head-cracking to come, the Mayor continued, "This business of trying to get the separate parts of the administration working at maximum efficiency leads to all kinds of resistance. For example, in the Human Resources Administration, under our reorganization plan, there'll be a major division advising me on public-education policy. The Board of Education resisted the idea, but we told them it wouldn't kill them. I've finally got the Police Department responsive to the Mayor, and now the Board of Education and its empire cannot continue to travel in *its* own orbit. Education has to be made an integral part of community development, and therefore it has to be subject to a good deal of guidance from City Hall. No matter how many asbestos walls are put between me and the Board of Education, at the end I get the blame if there's trouble, and so I bloody well ought to have something to say about what's going on.

"God, they're slow in that empire! You remember when Freeport, on Long Island, refused a federal program based on teaching machines? The government was going to supply not only the money but bodies to go with it. You couldn't get a better package. We read about it in the paper, and I asked the Board for an immediate decision on whether we should take it over. No, they said, they needed a month to decide. Bernard Donovan, the Superintendent of Schools, was in Europe, and someone else was away. I told them they had twelve hours. You never saw such a crisis and so many telephone calls. But they came to a decision within those twelve hours, and we got the program.

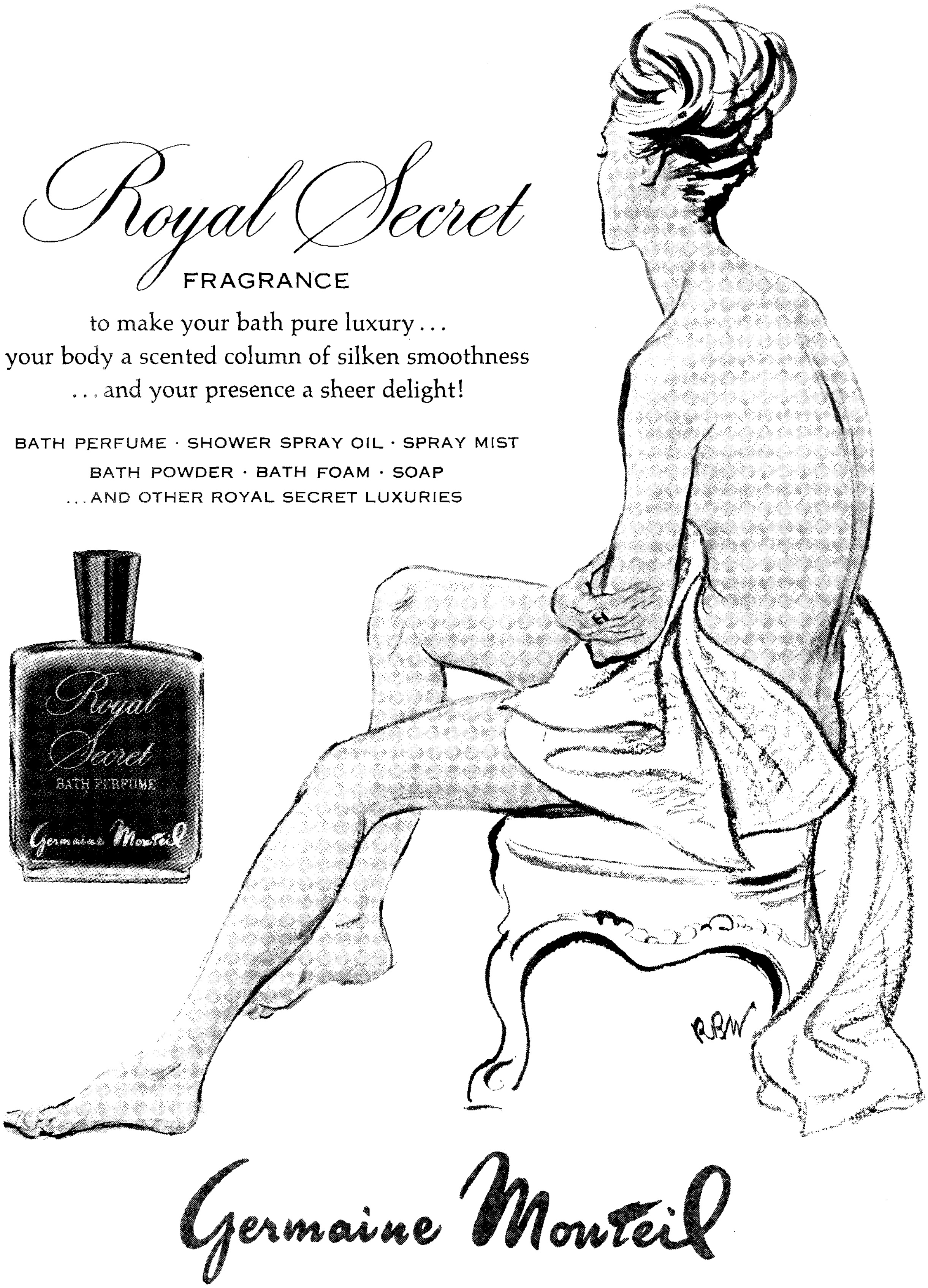
"Then, there was the time the people filming 'Up the Down Staircase' wanted the use of a school building. The Board said it would take months to come to a decision, and that, besides, the picture might present a poor image of our school system. The filming was to take place during the summer, mind you. The schools were empty. So what if they showed a brick going through a window? At least, that would indicate a little activity. Anyway, I called Moe Iushewitz, a labor official who's on the Board. 'Do you realize that you're losing a million dollars in jobs by taking this stuffy attitude?' I asked him. 'How would you like to see *that* in the paper, Moe?' I signed him up, and he delivered the rest of the Board."

Lindsay broke into laughter. "I've got a new slogan—'Wasp Power!' Thought of it the other day. Someone was teasing me about the number of Jews in the administration, and I said, 'We Wasps may have only eleven per cent of the vote in this city, but one day we're going to rise.' "

A phone call was put through. The Mayor, striking his desk with a pencil, listened for a while, and then he said, "Well, do what you have to do. I'll back you up." He hung up and turned back to me. "The things you have to deal with!" he said. "We had a very interesting one a few weeks ago. We got word that the Ku Klux Klan in Baltimore planned to march through Harlem. Howard Leary, the Police Commissioner, sent a couple of smart guys to talk to them—to tell them they were damn fools and they'd get their skulls split open. I thought they'd been convinced, but two weeks later Leary got a telegram signed by the big Grand Wizard saying they were coming by way of the George Washington Bridge in full regalia, and since it was to be a peaceful march, they demanded police protection. Leary called me. 'Well, chief, what do I do now?' he said. 'What are the rights and liberties on this one?' Lee Rankin, the Corporation Counsel, was in transit somewhere and couldn't be reached. But I happened to be talking to Bruce Bromley. He's a former Court of Appeals judge who's now a partner in Cravath, Swaine & Moore. He volunteered to research this one himself. The next day, he called me up in triumph. He'd found an old statute that goes back about a thousand years. 'Does Rankin know,' he said, 'that it's illegal to walk through New York City with something on your head other than a hat?' Well, we didn't actually use that statute. Leary sent the Wizard a telegram that said, 'You are coming to New York only to incite racial disturb-



"Repeat after me, 'Order is not conformity, conformity is not order.' "



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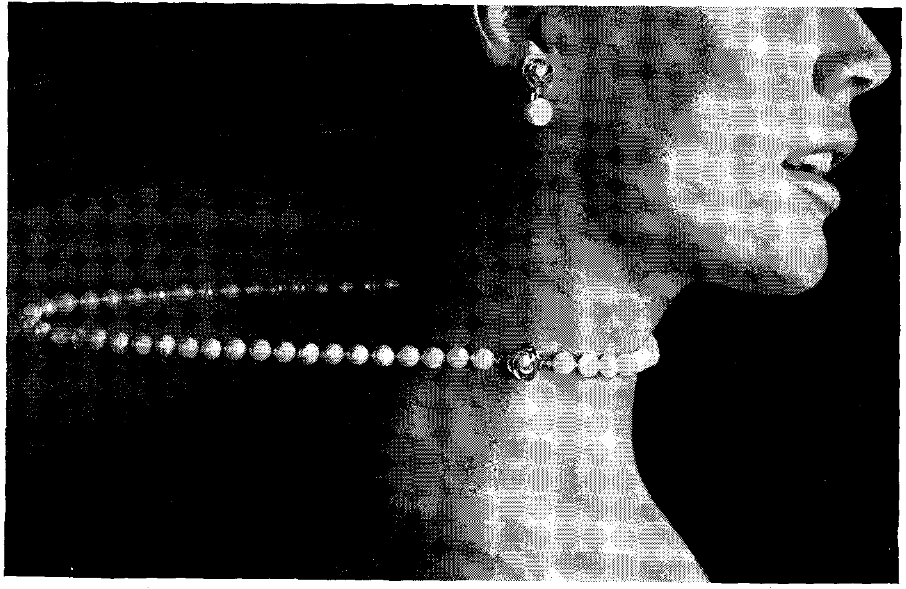

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MARK CROSS
ENGLAND

ance. Don't come. If you do, we'll lock you up.' That settled it. And here I'd had visions of a great scene on the George Washington Bridge. Before we were sure they wouldn't come, by the way, Leary asked me what to do if they did come. 'Surround them with Negro cops,' I told him, 'and you and I will go up to the roof of a tenement and throw bottles at them.' " Lindsay roared with laughter.

"What have been your really roughest times so far?" I asked him.

"Those last days and nights in Albany when we were trying to get an agreement on the city-income-tax program. It was a brutal, bloody show, with little groups in different rooms caucusing and caucusing. That was a rough three days."

"You've been criticized," I said, "for having been too aggressive when you first proposed your tax program, thereby unnecessarily irritating the legislature."

The Mayor looked skeptical. He thought a moment, and then said, "Some say I wasn't aggressive enough. It probably *was* a tactical error for me to say I'd go into the constituency of each guy who didn't go along with us on taxes and campaign against him. It doesn't work to *say* that. It may be a good idea, under certain circumstances, to *do* it, but it's not effective to announce your intentions along that line. And I suppose my charge of legislative cowardice did inflame some of them. On the other hand, all that aggressiveness—if that's the word—may really have helped. It got a lot of people behind us. The non-white community, especially, supported us all the way. Joseph Zaretzki, the minority leader in the Senate, told me he'd never before seen a Mayor come up to Albany asking for more taxes with real backing from his people. That made it look as if Albany, if it didn't give us more taxes, would be *denying* the community. I'll tell you, the taxes we did get—and especially the fact that a graduated income tax was involved—were the subject of a lot of conversation at the conference of mayors I attended in Dallas not long ago. All the cities need new ways of taxing, and perhaps what we achieved encouraged some of the other mayors."

I had been in the Mayor's office for nearly an hour, and, as in February, I had been feeling the pressure rise—on him, and on me as an obstacle to the furthering of city affairs. The lights on the Mayor's phone had been flashing almost continually, and frequently the door would open and a

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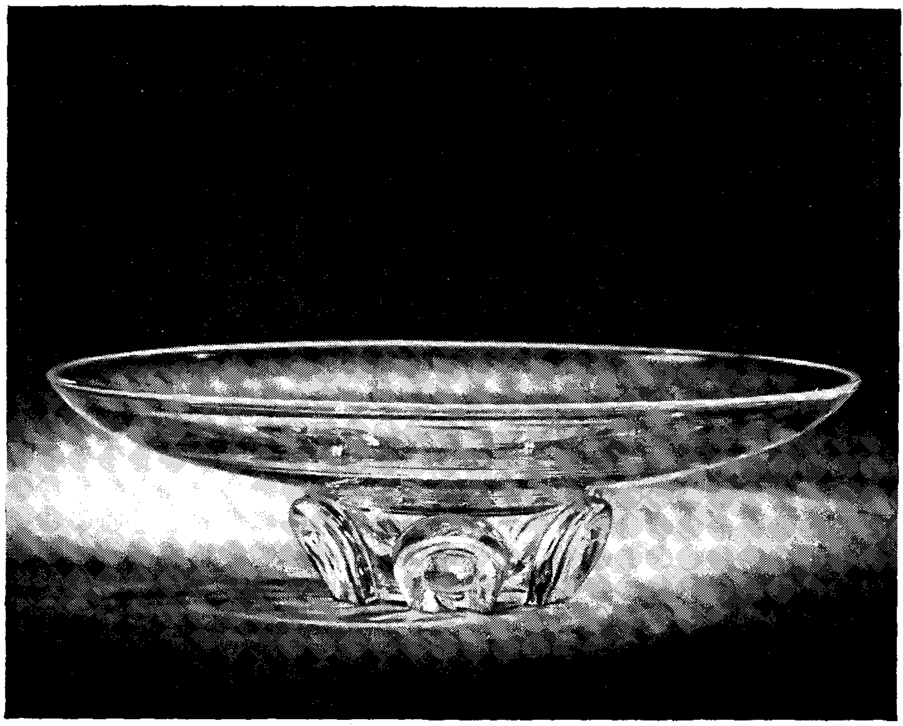

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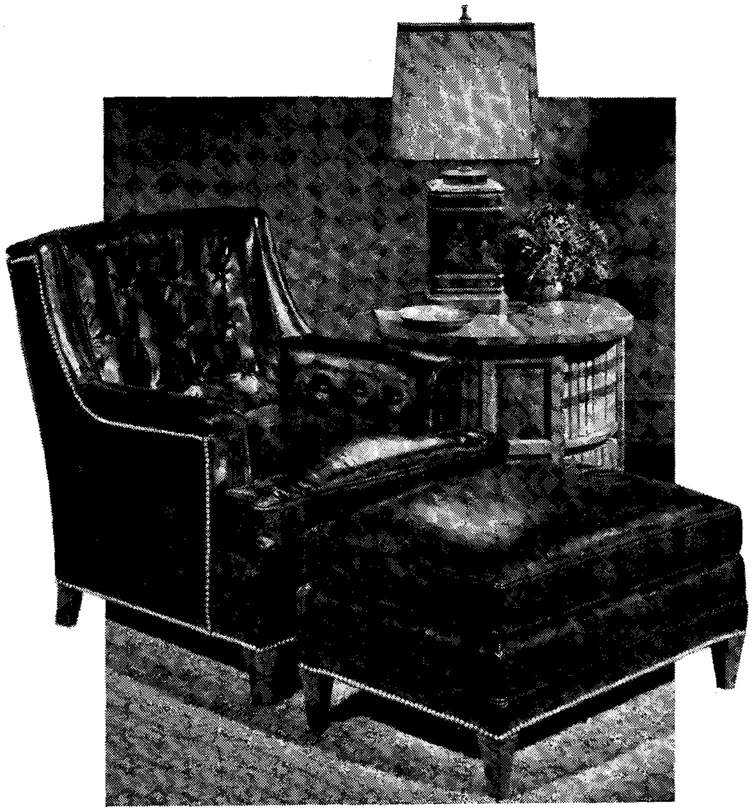

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head would pop in, look at me—reprovingly, I thought—and pop out. But I did want to find out in the time I had left how much progress, if any, there had been in making certain that new policies, once adopted by the Mayor, were actually being carried through on the lower levels of the administration.

When I asked about this, the Mayor sighed. "Sometimes I feel I'm pushing my shoulder against a mountain," he said. "My feet are churning away and the mountain won't budge. But I'm determined to blast things through. Every week, I tell the commissioners at the cabinet meeting to get out of their offices into the streets and find out what their departments are doing with *people*. I'm always on them to *act*, and to follow through on the action. I'd rather they made three errors out of ten decisions, as long as they made decisions and got them into operation. I know it's tough, and sometimes the bottlenecks have nothing to do with the people in the lower echelons. I've walked by those rattrap buildings in East New York—the ones with rubble and beer cans inside, and, at night, a few guys mainlining it. They've been abandoned by owners we can't find. All the city can do is board them up. Three days later, the boards are down. The logical thing to do would be to tear down those buildings, blacktop the area, and put a basketball or handball court there. Or a place to get cars off the street. But by law you can't pull the mess down without going to court over the damn thing. But I did see one terrible block in East New York and I told the Buildings Commissioner to just pull down the buildings. Sometimes that's the way you have to operate. I learned that in the Navy during the war. Before I became gunnery officer on my destroyer, I was in charge of damage control. I was the housekeeper. My job was to get the necessary repairs done, get the guns we needed, get the ship painted, and get out to sea. You stole from the next guy, you borrowed from somebody else, but you got it done. Cumshawing, we called it. If you'd waited for the paperwork to get to you from this agency and that agency in Washington, you would never have got out to sea again." Lindsay suddenly looked glum. "Of course, you had a great advantage in the Navy. You could shove off. Nobody could do anything to you once you were in the middle of the Pacific." His spirits seemed to rise again. "But the thing is to keep moving and to keep others moving," he said. "We'll break

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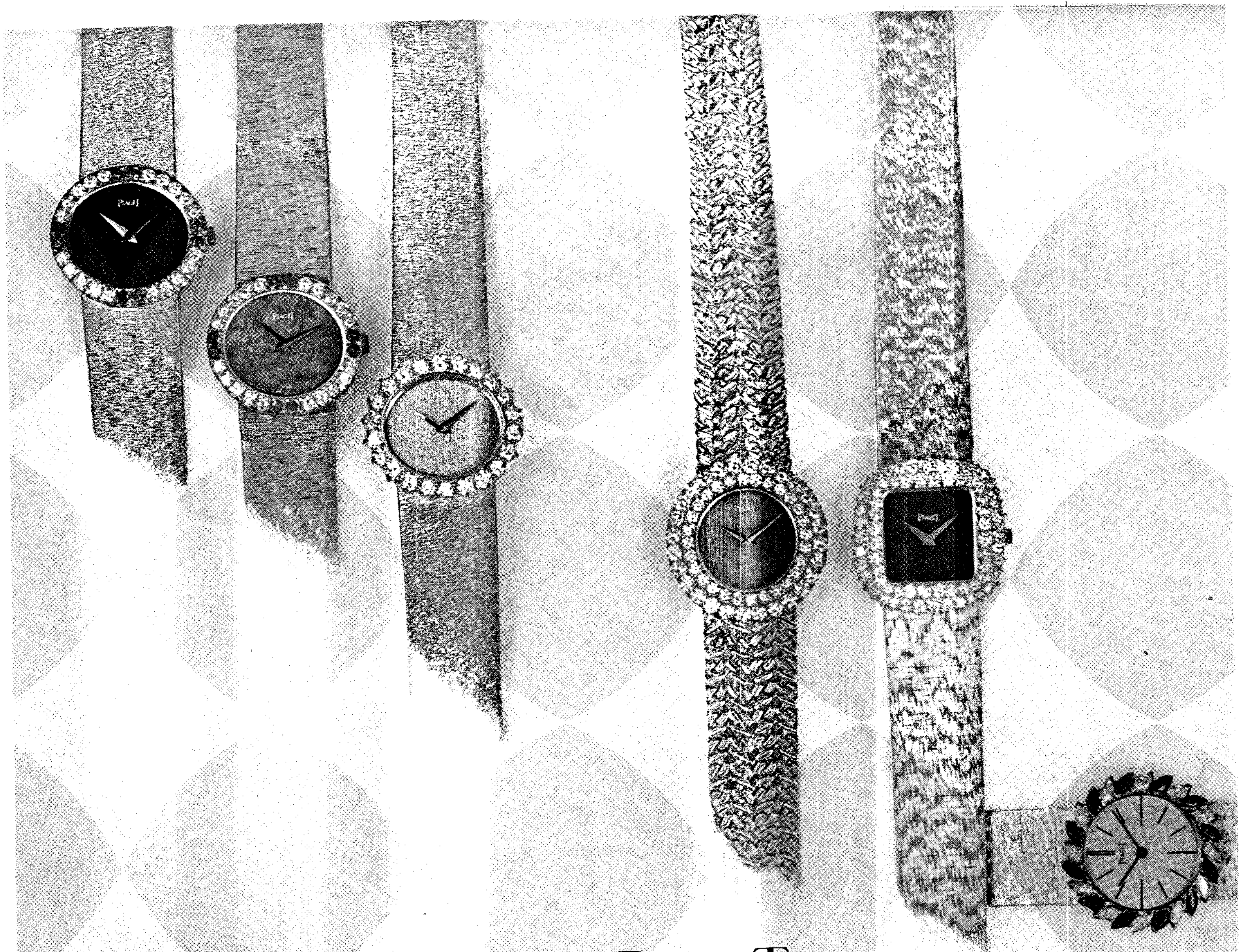

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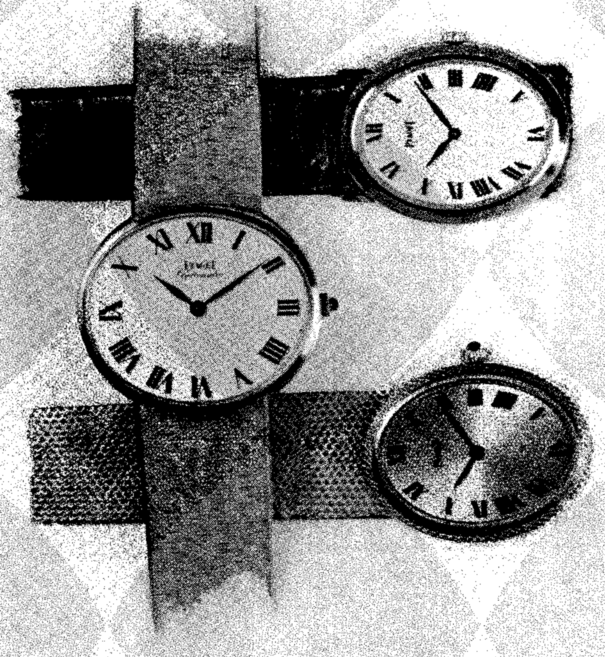

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through. And that's one of the reasons I go out into the streets as often as I can—to show movement, to show concern."

"What if you're just raising hopes in the ghettos when you're out in the streets—hopes that will turn into even deeper frustration if movement doesn't lead to visible change?" I asked.

The Mayor frowned. "I've done a lot of thinking about that, but I honestly believe people are reasonable. They don't expect miracles. They do expect some understanding and knowledge of their troubles. And when I'm around they do see some signs of visible change on some level. I was in a Bronx neighborhood where a kid got killed because there was no traffic light. When I left there, I called Henry Barnes, the Traffic Commissioner, and made sure it wouldn't take the usual four months to get a light where the people wanted it. I will *not* walk out of a situation like that without being able to assure the people in the neighborhood that there'll be immediate action." Lindsay grinned. "Sometimes there's even action before I get there. The Sanitation Department, for instance, has a real information system. If they find out I'm going to be in a certain neighborhood, they'll clean it up before I come. That's what they've always done with Mayors. But I don't always tell them where I'll be. Sometimes I don't tell *anyone* where I'm going. And then, when I get there and see they haven't been moving their butts, I yell and scream to get the trucks into that neighborhood. And I go back, or I send someone back, to see if they've followed through. Also, going out on those streets is of immense value to *me*. It's the one way I can really find out what people are sweating about, what they care about. I wouldn't have had those houses in East New York torn down if seeing them hadn't hit me in the guts. You see so much grief on those streets."

Harvey Rothenberg, the Mayor's assistant for appointments, came in. "You're all backed up," he said to the Mayor.

I rose. "One more question," I said. "When you see all that grief, and when you read and hear about what's happening in the hospitals, for example, isn't it an enormous burden to have the responsibility you have? I should think the pain and frustration would be constant."

He looked at me, ran a hand through his hair, and said, "My wife's good at handling that. She's tough. Mary reminds me whenever I get very up-

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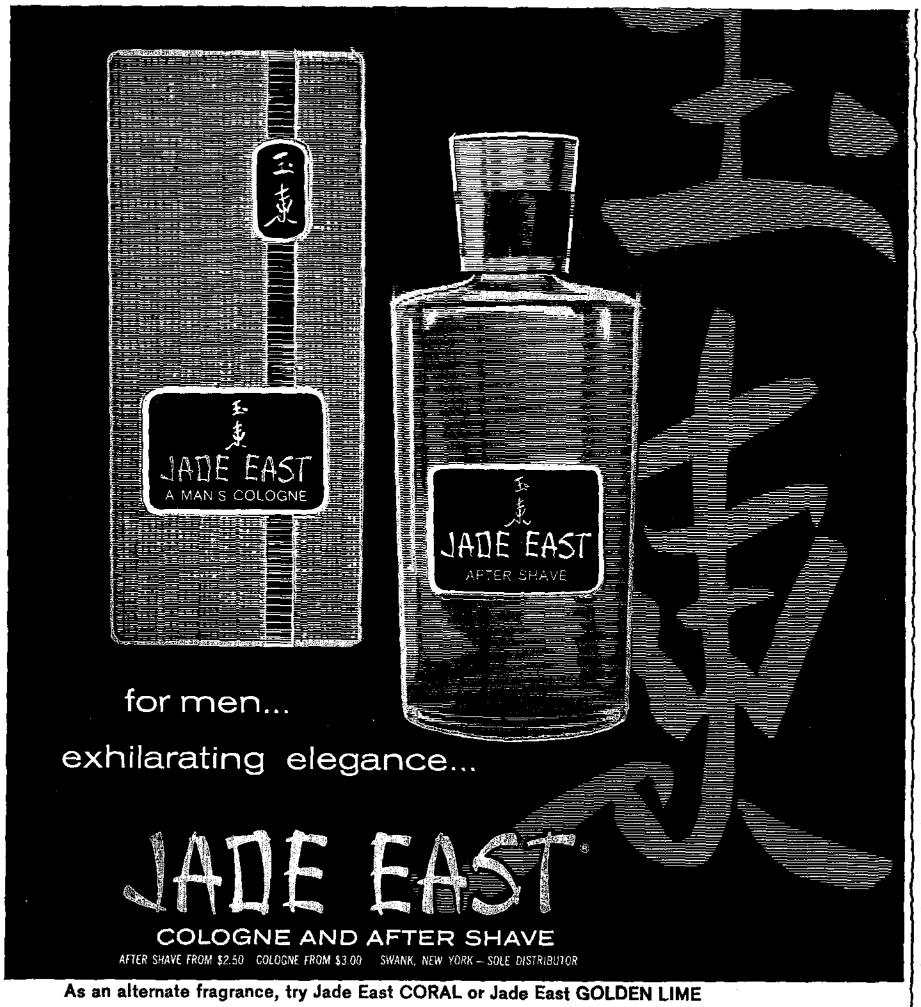

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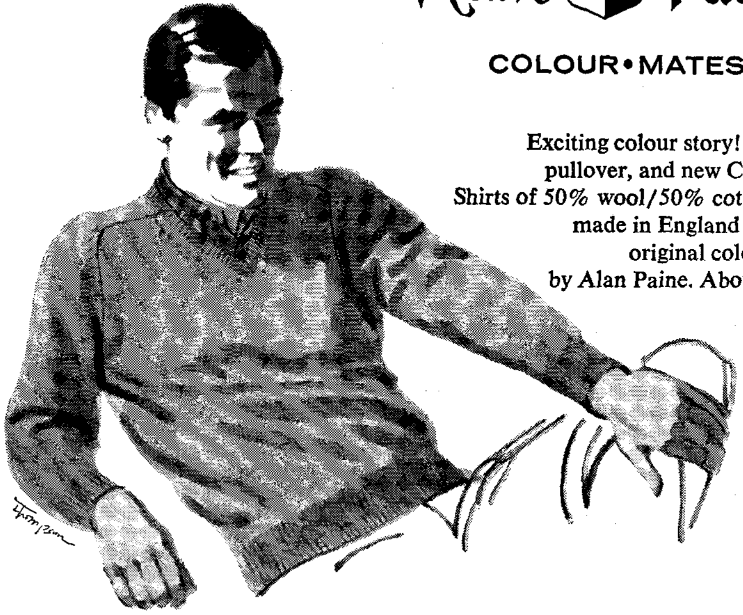

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set that I'm only here for a visit and I can't change the world."

FROM the Mayor's office, I walked down a narrow red carpet to the office of Robert Sweet, who at the time was the Mayor's executive assistant and was responsible for, among many other things, legislative liaison between the Mayor and the City Council. (He is now one of the two Deputy Mayors.) Sweet, who went to Yale College with Lindsay and was one of his roommates at the Yale Law School, is a tall, slim man with a fierce black-and-gray mustache, who is unfailingly gentle and courteous. Even during the times of greatest friction between the Republican Mayor's wing and the Democratic enclave on the other side of City Hall, where the City Council has its offices, Sweet's relations with the opposition have been cordial.

"The name of the game here is to find out what the hell the questions are," he told me as I took a chair opposite his desk. "In the campaign, we kept saying that New York *can* be governed and made a better place to live in, but once we got in here we had to find the right questions to begin organizing around. At the start, the key question was 'How do you begin restoring confidence that the city can indeed be governed?' In trying to answer that one, we've gone some way toward putting the city on a sound fiscal basis. And we set up the institution of the Night Mayor to make it clear that someone will always be available for complaints. It was also to answer the question of confidence that we have spent so much time deciding on appointments. You certainly can't say John has loaded the city with political hacks. Another part of the answer is reorganizing the structure of the city government, and that's why it's so important that we get the City Council to pass our reorganization plan to combine dozens of miscellaneous city operations into ten super-agencies.

"Of course, some questions come up that you know are the right questions but the answers aren't immediately apparent. How do you get movement below, where the tendency is to let things function as they always have? What's the answer to that question, for example, in the Sanitation Department, where only six positions out of fourteen thousand are exempt from civil service? The Mayor's personality is such that he wants things to happen *now*, but it will take time to get that kind of spirit down below. My own belief is that the one way you can

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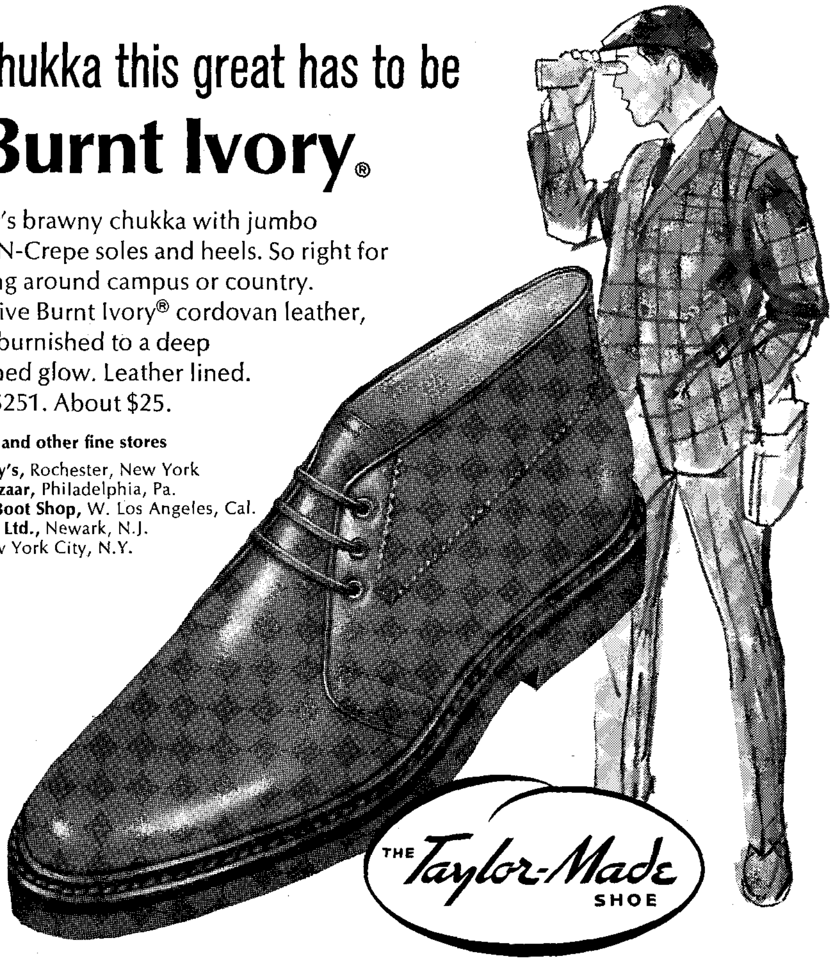
really change established patterns of performance is by example. You can't do it very well by directives or with all the hortatory language in the world. If it's going to be done, it'll happen through real leadership on John's part. As I found out in college, he's a very determined man. And he has that very important element of leadership that has to do with the ability to make controversial decisions and not back down.

"I'll give you an example," Sweet said. "There's a very thorny problem of where to put a public-housing project in the Bronx. If you put it in an area that's already disadvantaged, the people in the project won't be moving out of the ghetto. If you put it in a mixed area, you might tip the balance. If you put it in an all-white neighborhood, there's going to be a lot of furor. Now, this project had been on the Board of Estimate's calendar for approval for two years before we came into office. But it was so hot a question that no one would touch it. The last time it came up under Wagner, it was put aside without date. Meanwhile, the federal government was pressing the city. If you're not going to do it, they said, give us back the money. So John simply went ahead. We proposed that the project be built outside the ghetto, *in a white neighborhood*, and the Board adopted the proposal. There's a lot of opposition, but that's his way of leading. Wagner's was quite different. He had superb political judgment; it wasn't that he was indolent. His technique was to let conflicting pressures cancel each other out over a period of time unless one pressure group was able to build up a big enough head of steam to indicate to him that he wouldn't lose too much politically if he moved. After all, he *was* elected three times. His way may turn out to have been the better political technique.

"Another difference between Wagner and John, of course, is that Wagner had a political structure behind him, and that made it much easier to be Mayor. When he did decide to move, he could pick up the telephone and tell the Democratic City Council and the Democratic Board of Estimate, 'This is what I want done.' John is a loner. Anything this administration has got so far has been by main strength and awkwardness. But I'm quite confident you'll know at the end of four years that we've been here. I can't believe men of good will can't accomplish *something*."

I asked Sweet if he thought the



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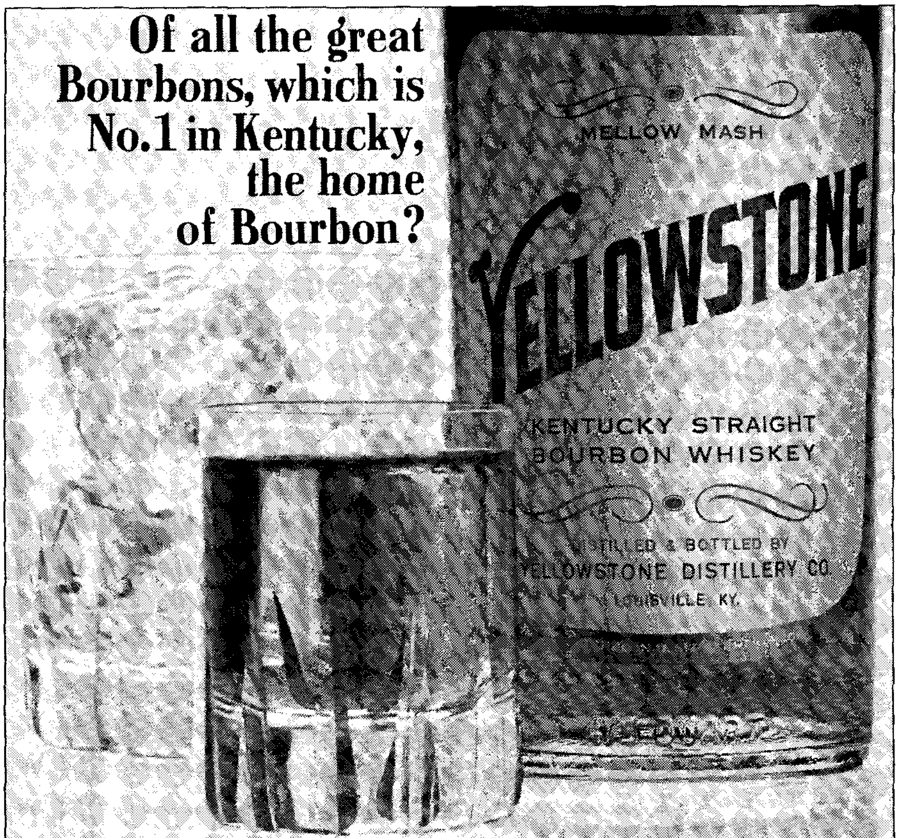

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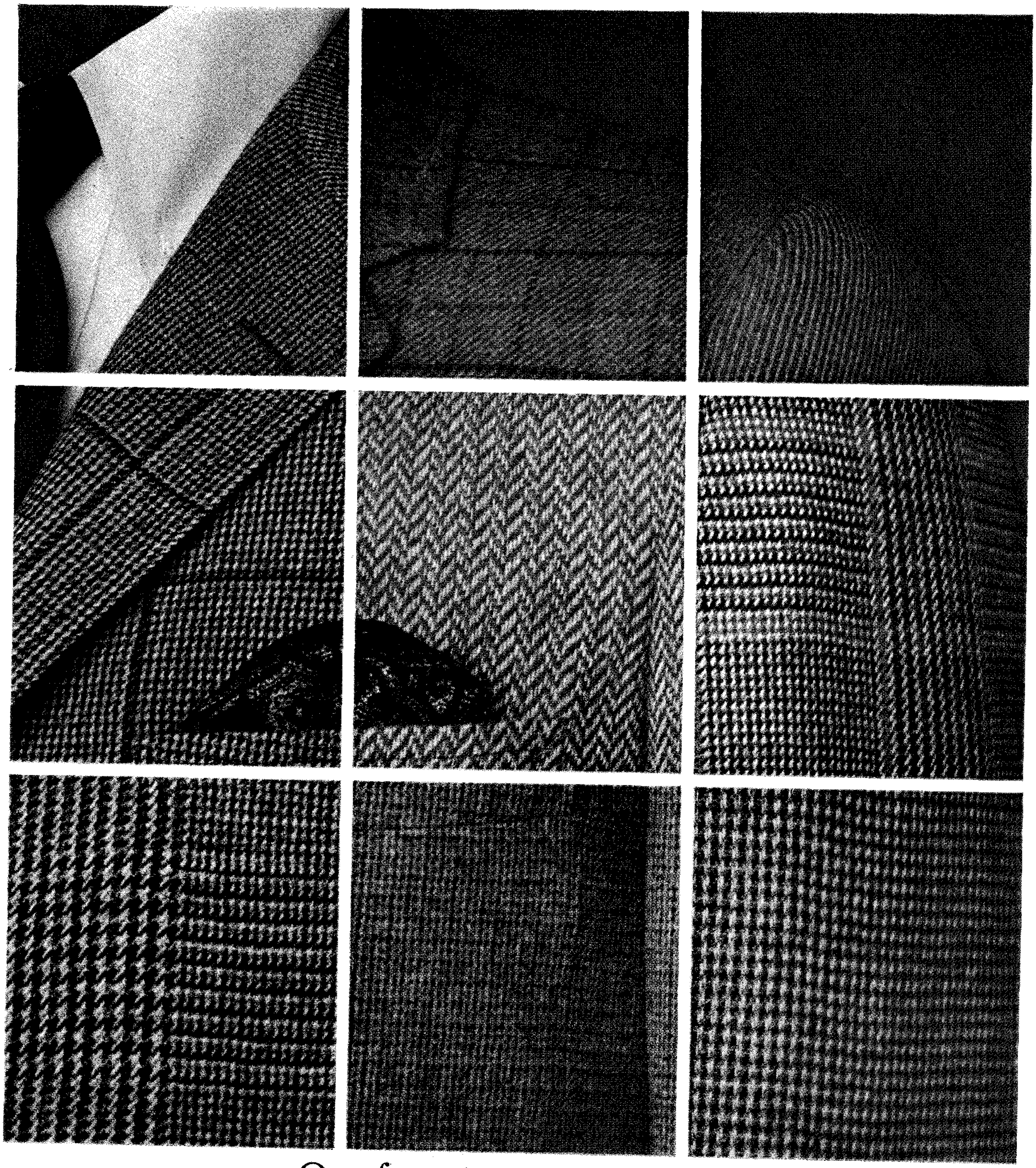

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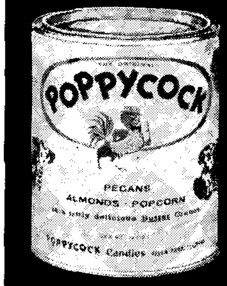
Mayor could be a more effective leader if he were more politic, less abrasive at times.

Sweet shook his head and smiled. "Oh, that's John's personality," he said. "It's part of his integrity, and this administration is going to stand or fall on whether enough people believe in his integrity. O.K., so he made some of the legislators sore during the tax battle. Maybe that was bad politically, but at least it was refreshing to have a guy who says what he thinks. In that particular case, though, I don't think it mattered how he came on. He could have sung 'The Star-Spangled Banner' on top of City Hall for all the difference his style would have made. It was an election year, and the decisions were made during those three days in Albany not on the basis of temperament but on the basis of what was possible under those conditions."

THE Mayor's style and its contrast with his predecessor's also figured in a talk I had some weeks later with a man who has been closely involved in civic affairs for twenty years or more, notably on Wagner's staff, and whose name, which he asked me not to mention in my account of the interview, is widely recognized in governmental circles as that of an expert political technician. As such, he told me, he was not impressed with the first year of the Lindsay administration.

"Lindsay's attitude and that of the people he brought in with him is that if you're intelligent and your heart is in the right place, all you have to do is take over and there'll be change," the political technician began quietly. "They're so naïve. And, being both naïve and without experience, they didn't have the sense to phase the old-timers out of the administration. Some they got rid of instantly, and others were told they were on the way out. That's why there was so much unnecessary confusion down there at City Hall." He laughed. "When Lindsay and those youngsters first came in, they didn't even know how to turn on the lights. They literally didn't know how to turn on the lights. No one from his team had contacted me for transition advice during the period between election and January, but I sure got a call the first day they were in office. They wanted to know how the lights and the phones worked.

"O.K., so they're in and the lights are on. Then they start talking about the quality of their appointments as compared to ours. Do you remember the first new man Wagner brought in,



The Executive Sweet.

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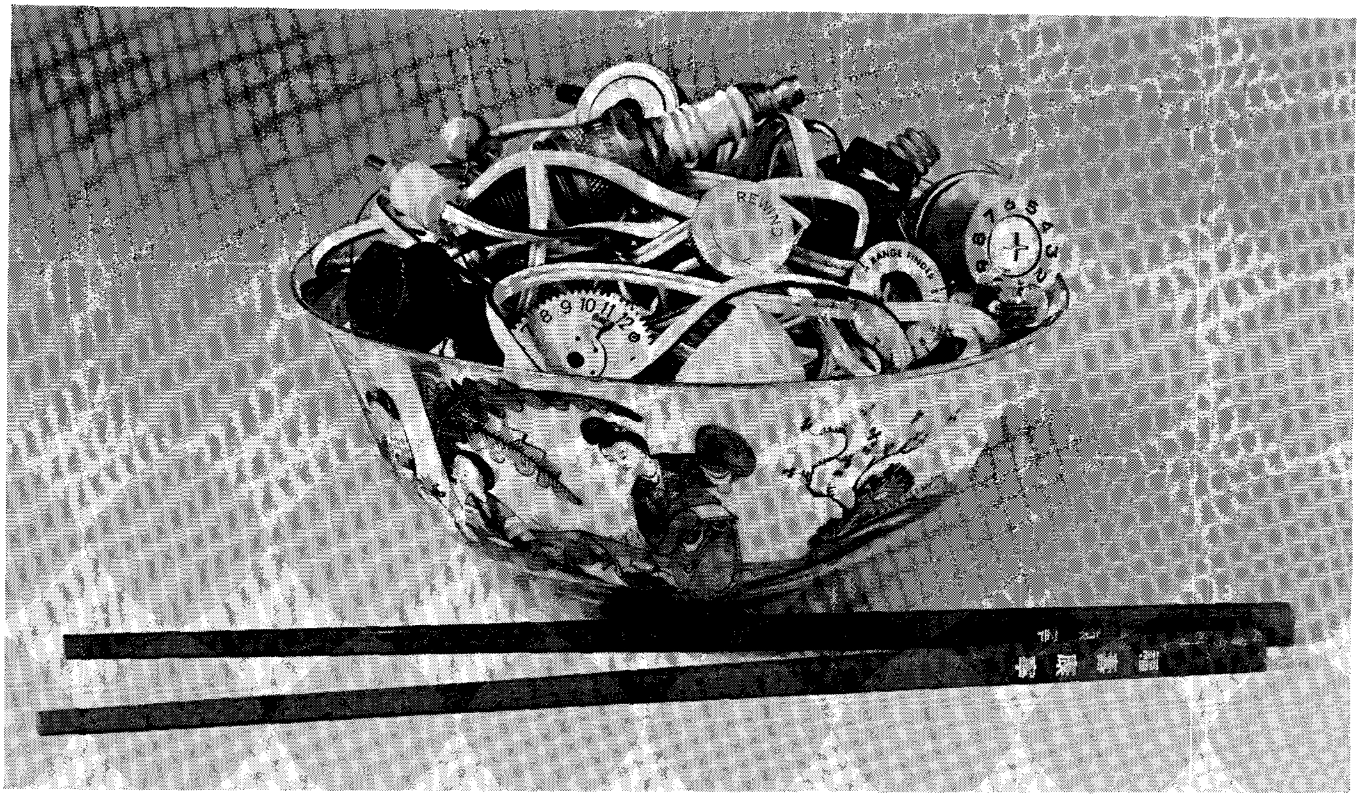
(KLH continues in its Survey of "Subjective Value"; what a thing means to someone who knows it well.)

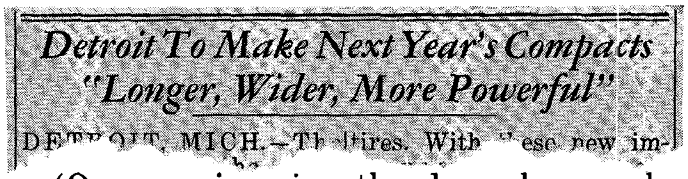
Part Two:

"CHINESE OBSOLESCENCE" ...an hour after you buy, and you're fed up again.



THE IMPORTANCE of the Style Change has reached such a pitch in some fields, one is encouraged to forget that while buying things is all well and good, *having* them for awhile also has its kicks.

With some products we're no sooner home with the "New, Improved" model than we hear it's about to be "upgraded" again. Take the typical reports of a few years ago:



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DETROIT, MICH.—Th tires. With these new im-

(One can imagine the day when such "improvements" will take place so rapidly that products will not have to be built to work at all, but merely to be sold, and then immediately traded in for the newer model, etc., etc.)

This is not to say there's *no* pleasure in buying something new. But by now, our innocence is gone. The things we buy mostly turn out "adequate": good enough so we don't dislike them particularly. But then we don't like them particularly either. We just get so we give up thinking about them one way or the other.

It's like the greyhound who chased that rabbit around a Florida track every day for years. One day, with an immense burst of energy and expectation he actually caught it, only to find it was plastic all along.

He never raced again.

That never getting satisfied feeling is what we've called "Chinese Obsolescence." Its root cause is something known as "planned obsolescence" but whatever it's called, for you, it's back around the track after the plastic rabbit.

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We should say at this point that KLH, the sponsor of these thoughts, is neither a Dutch airline nor a Top Twenty radio station but makers of stereo equipment in Cambridge, Mass., and we by no means wish to imply that we see anything inherently wrong in style changes or non-durability. (For example, we would avoid any lady whose idea of well-dressed was to wear Marie Antoinette gowns when she went to the movies. Same for a Chinese restaurant advertising its fare as just the thing to give you that filled-up feeling.)

It depends what you're talking about. We build our stereo sets so you can buy one this year and not hate yourself next year because you didn't wait. Superficial changes and perishability wouldn't seem to have much to commend them for audio equipment or TV sets or electric razors.

A thing should satisfy you enough in the first place so you stop running after every rabbit that comes along. Still, how many are there that do? It's anybody's guess, but it's worth finding out. By name.

CIRCA 1925

We all know of *some* products which have lived up to and exceeded expectations so well they are thought of as "classics," and are used and treasured for many years beyond an ordinary product's life span. (These are products with *plenty* of what we call "subjective value," i.e., age and "features" aside, they are valued by people who know them well.)

Writers will put the old Underwood standard typewriter, circa 1925, in that category, and will enjoy it long after it's been "obsoleted" by electrics or portables or fancier standards. Why? "It feels like a *real* typewriter," or words to that effect.

People will talk that way about their old Singer Sewing Machines, as well as Land Rovers of any year; the 1949 Lincoln Continental; Victorian houses; and the 11th Edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Doubtless you know of others from your own experience; old or recent things that haven't left you feeling there must be something better, somewhere. If so, we hope you will share that knowledge with us and others out there who'd like to *believe* again. For our part, we will gladly send you the results of these questionnaires. Thank you.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Why are we starting with question 9? Because a few weeks ago, we asked 1 through 8. If you missed those and you'd like to see them, check below. Likewise for a KLH catalog. One more thing. In keeping with the Chinese motif, we have named our answer sections, Column A and Column B. We've also allowed room for you to add things we haven't listed but which you have found exemplary, or the opposite. No sense leaving out classic clunkers. We're sure everyone will be grateful to know about them, too.

9 Do you feel that any or all of these have performed for you in just the way you'd hoped they would, i.e., in such a way that you've not been vaguely disappointed in them? If yes, check in Column A; if no, Column B. That's all there is to it. Thank you again.

		A) YES	B) NO
TV set	______ (Brand & year)	☐	☐
1968 TV programming	______	☐	☐
Camera	______ (Brand & year)	☐	☐
Politician	______ (Name & office)	☐	☐
Washing machine	______ (Brand & year)	☐	☐
Automobile	______ (Brand & year)	☐	☐
Trip to Europe	______	☐	☐
Book or Record Club Selection	______ (Club)	☐	☐
Record Player	______ (Brand & year)	☐	☐
Wristwatch	______ (Brand & year)	☐	☐
Razor blades	______ (Brand)	☐	☐
Public Transportation	______ (Type & city)	☐	☐
______	______	☐	☐
______	______	☐	☐

Remarks: ______

______

______ (More remarks? Please attach your own paper.)

Name______

Address______

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☐ Please send questions 1 through 8. ☐ Please forward survey results. ☐ Please send a KLH catalog.

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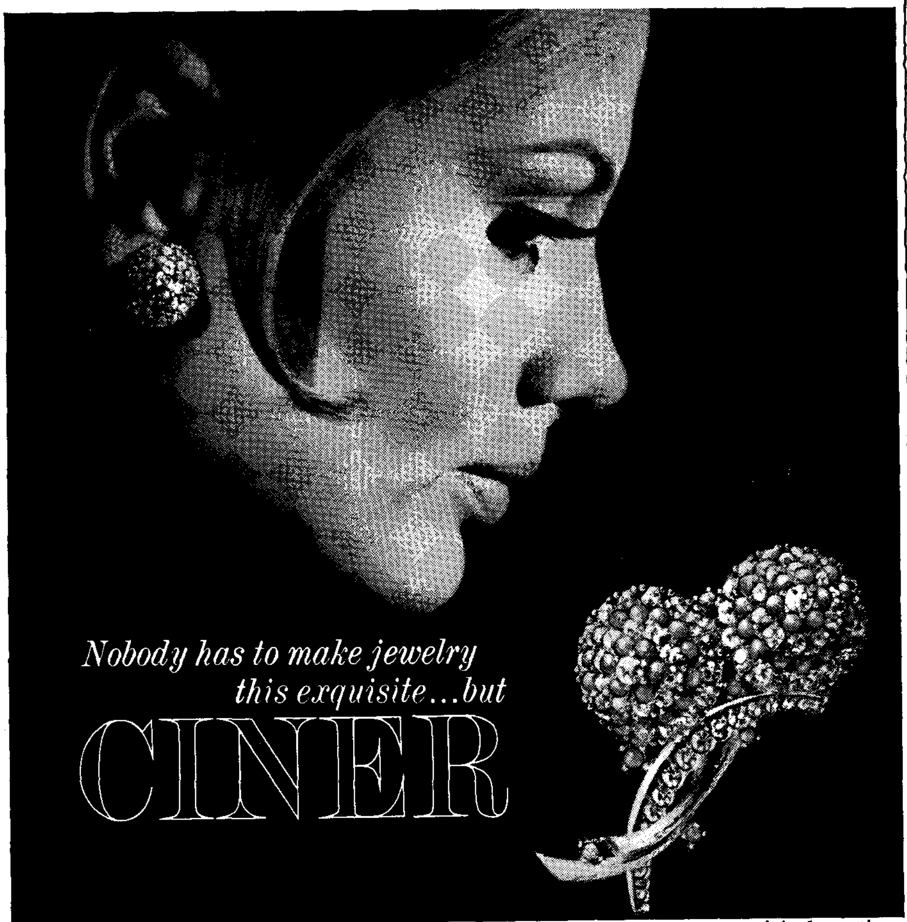
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in 1954? Dr. Luther Gulick as City Administrator. A professor, a do-gooder, without any political connections. That was an unheard-of thing at the time—bringing in a guy like Gulick. I'll admit there were a lot of things wrong with the Wagner government, but don't forget he turned the tide of municipal government in New York after O'Dwyer and Impellitteri by bringing in do-gooders and academicians. Most people are too young to remember, but when Jimmy Walker was Mayor, if you went out to Belmont Park on a weekday afternoon there'd be a line of cars with city seals on them—the cars of heads of departments. Wagner put professional career men in the key agencies. But the impression the Lindsay people give is that Wagner's administration was entirely dominated by political interests. Good Lord, the grip Alex Rose has on John Lindsay is a lot stronger than any individual had on Wagner. I'm not saying Lindsay hasn't made good appointments. His top ones have been excellent. But look at many of the middle-echelon appointments. They're as political as ever, except this time more Liberal Party hacks have the jobs. And another thing the Lindsay people say is that they're the first administration to get involved in long-range planning. I can show you files of long-range-planning programs in the Municipal Reference Library that go all the way back to the beginning of the Wagner administration. But we never had the money to implement them."

The office we were in was comfortable, thickly carpeted, and quiet. The political technician continued to speak without passion as he went on, "And Lindsay himself is a very grating, ungracious man. I attended a meeting he had with Negro leaders who had worked in his campaign. They wanted to find out whether his administration would have more than a few token black faces. Lindsay started off with a complete lack of finesse. He blasted them out of their chairs. 'How *dare* you guys do this to me—put pressure on *me*? I'm your friend. I'm suffering! The city is suffering!' It was embarrassing. For a man who's had experience, after all, as a legislator, he has so little understanding of how to get things done. It's a matter of give-and-take. But he feels that if you're not for him you're automatically against him. Any sophisticated man in politics knows that isn't the case. Everybody has his own interests to take into account, and if you want something from

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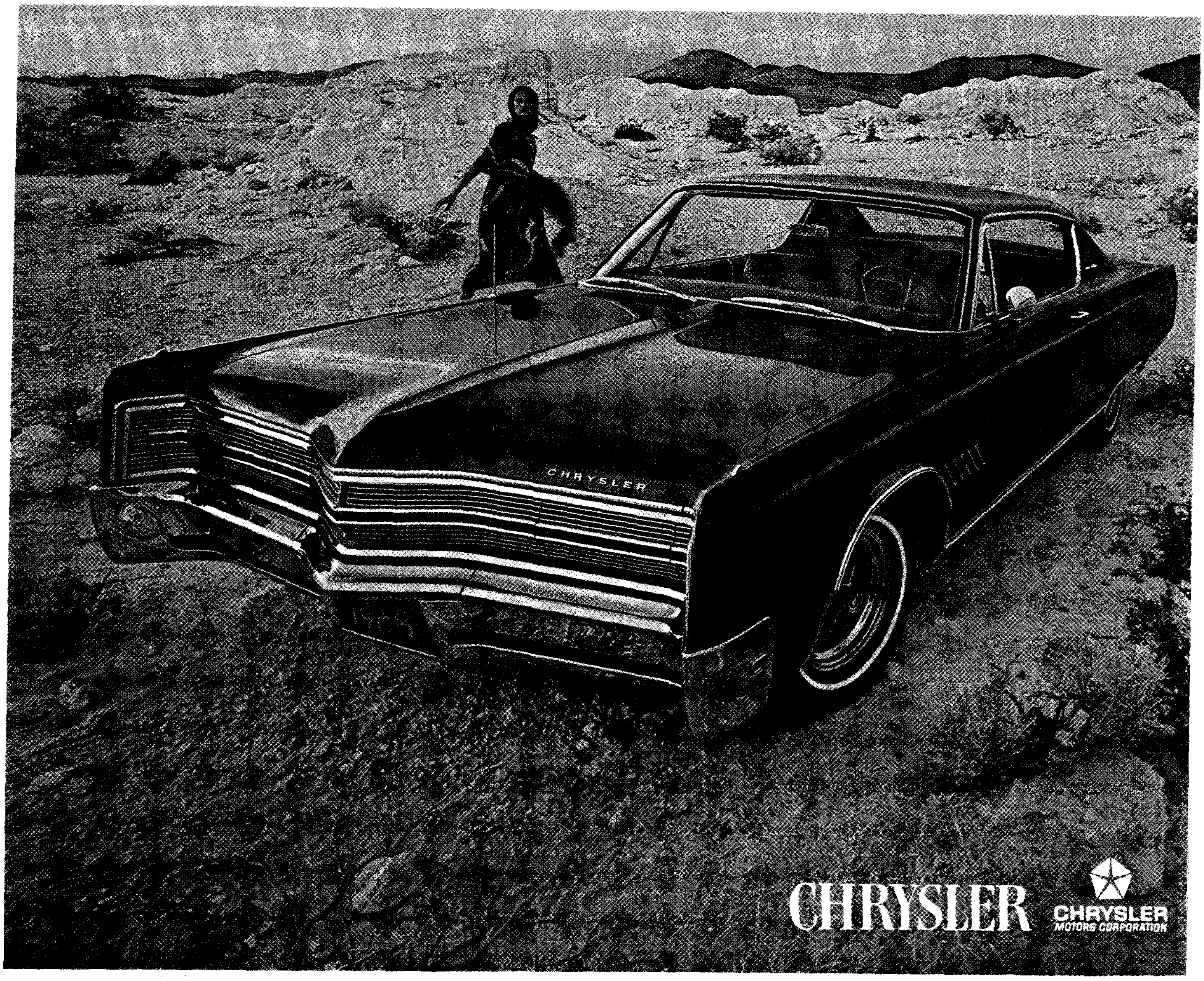

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somebody, *you* have to take those interests into account, too. I was in Albany during that last stage of the war about his tax program. I will grant that Lindsay fought very hard for the City of New York, as a Mayor should, but he showed a lot of petulance, too. It was not his finest hour. You know, to me this is the tragedy of John Lindsay. He will go down the line for the city, but a Mayor needs more than determination if he's to be effective. He must have finesse. I knew he didn't have it. That's why I didn't vote for anyone for Mayor. I got to the booth and I walked away."

"Where do you think Lindsay will go after being Mayor?" I asked.

"I don't see the Presidency for him, I'll tell you that. Charisma is fine when you're a candidate, but it's not enough once you're in office—especially the office of Mayor. The cruellest thing about being Mayor of New York is your extreme visibility. As the Mayor, you cannot hide. Not ever. So performance as well as personality is essential. Now, Wagner had hardly any charisma at all, but he could go into a room with a group of politicians and get something done. I have grave doubts Lindsay will get much done."

I interrupted to say, "Lindsay claims that the way to accomplish change in the city is to make decisions quickly and forcefully, the implication being that Wagner was the Great Delayer."

"You can overdo that instant decision-making," the political technician replied. "Dilatory tactics are sometimes much wiser. Take the Lower Manhattan Expressway. When it was proposed eight years ago by Bob Moses, everybody agreed that an expressway was necessary in order to alleviate the tremendous traffic problems downtown. And Moses had the money—ninety per cent of the funds were to come from the federal government. It was a great bargain for the city. The federal planners had approved the idea, and the State Department of Public Works had approved it, but then, as usually happens with physical planning, the local people involved suddenly emerged. About two thousand people and eight hundred businesses would have to be relocated, and no provision had been made for them. There was a lot of screaming at the first large-scale public hearing, so Wagner got his colleagues on the Board of Estimate to hold up the expressway. And Wagner told Moses he had to take care of the people being displaced. Four or five months later, Moses came back with a plan for low- and middle-income

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housing for those who'd be displaced. But meanwhile the Regional Plan Association, among others, had suggested that the expressway might be depressed, so that we wouldn't have a Chinese Wall down there. Moses said that would cost too much, and if we waited any longer we'd lose the federal money or he would take it and use it for some other project. Wagner cooled Moses down and arranged for another delay, to find out whether the cost of depressing the route would be prohibitive. Whichever way it finally goes, there's sure to be a lot less dislocation of people and a much better plan than if Wagner had been an instant decision-maker. So being a strong Mayor, if you don't also have finesse, isn't necessarily the way to make it.

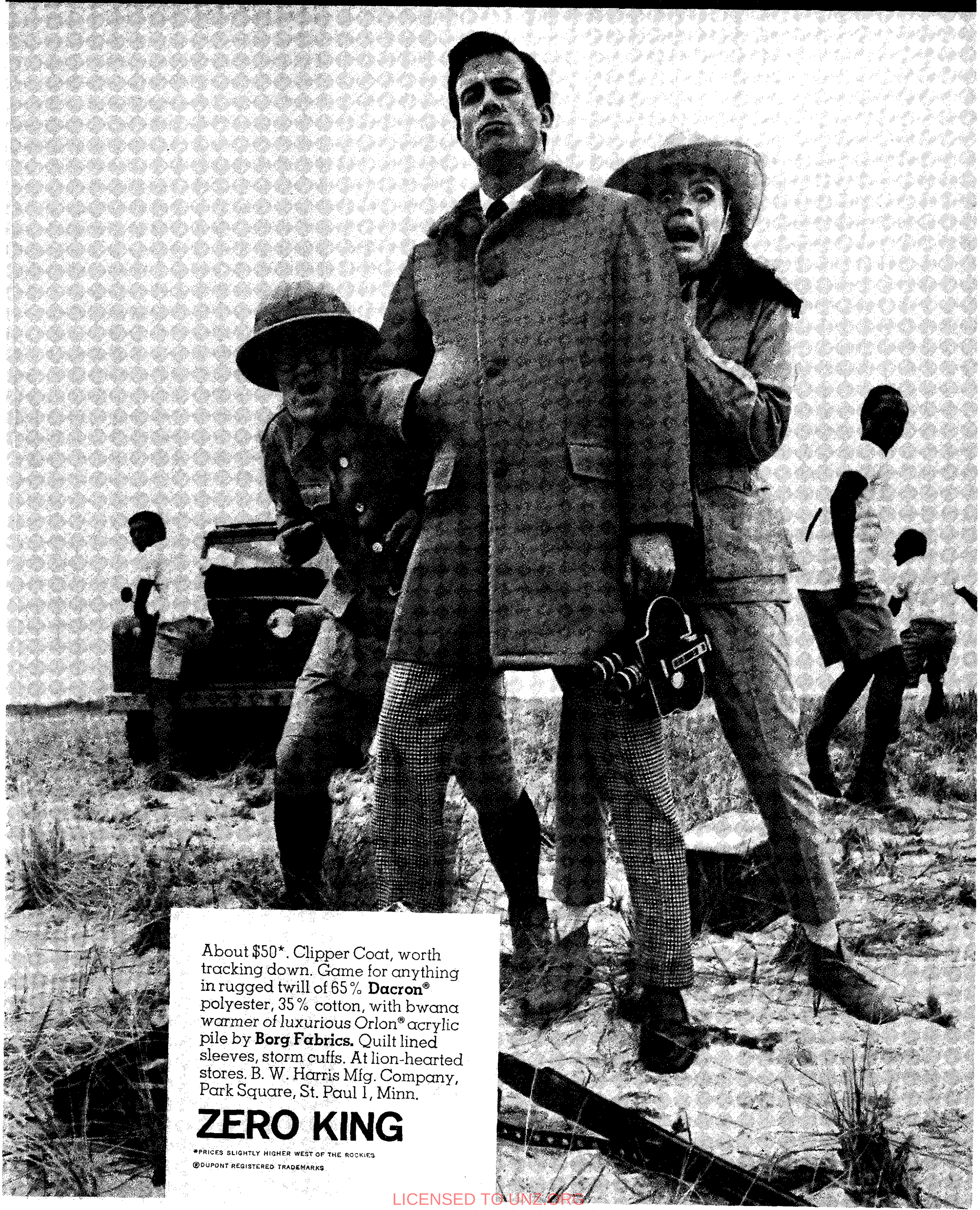
"O.K., I'll grant Lindsay's done some good things. Like shaking up the police hierarchy. I never thought the cops should be above the Mayor's control. But much of what's been going on is *surface* performance—what he likes to call a sense of movement. That'll wear thin in a while. People will want results, not a show. Yes, he has held out a hand of hope to those in the ghettos, but that may turn out to have been a cruel hoax."

The political technician filled and lit a pipe. "Well, we'll know in about a year," he said. "I have one key index to go by: What will the condition of the non-whites in this city be in 1968? If Lindsay has failed there, he has failed the city. Public-school enrollment—not only elementary-school enrollment—is now more than fifty per cent non-white. That's a significant statistic. It could presage a largely black city, a city of the black poor. If he can change the employment picture so that non-whites can start moving up, and if he can change the school system and the environment as a whole so that middle-class whites will stay, he's made it. I hope he does, but I just don't think he's sensitive enough to the nuances of New York. There's no city in the world like this one in terms of the cruelty of its contrasts and the subtlety with which you have to play interests against each other to accomplish anything. And maybe—maybe—what you most need as Mayor of this city is an acute consciousness of your capacity for making mistakes. Wagner had that. Lindsay does not."

The political technician looked out the window. The only view was of another office building. "Of course, no matter what happens, the city will keep moving along," he said. "The babies will get born. All the grubby things that

the other coat:

every man a hero.



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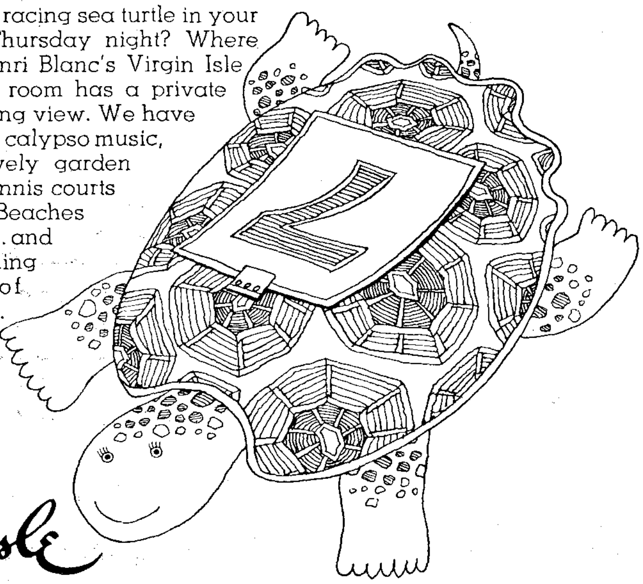

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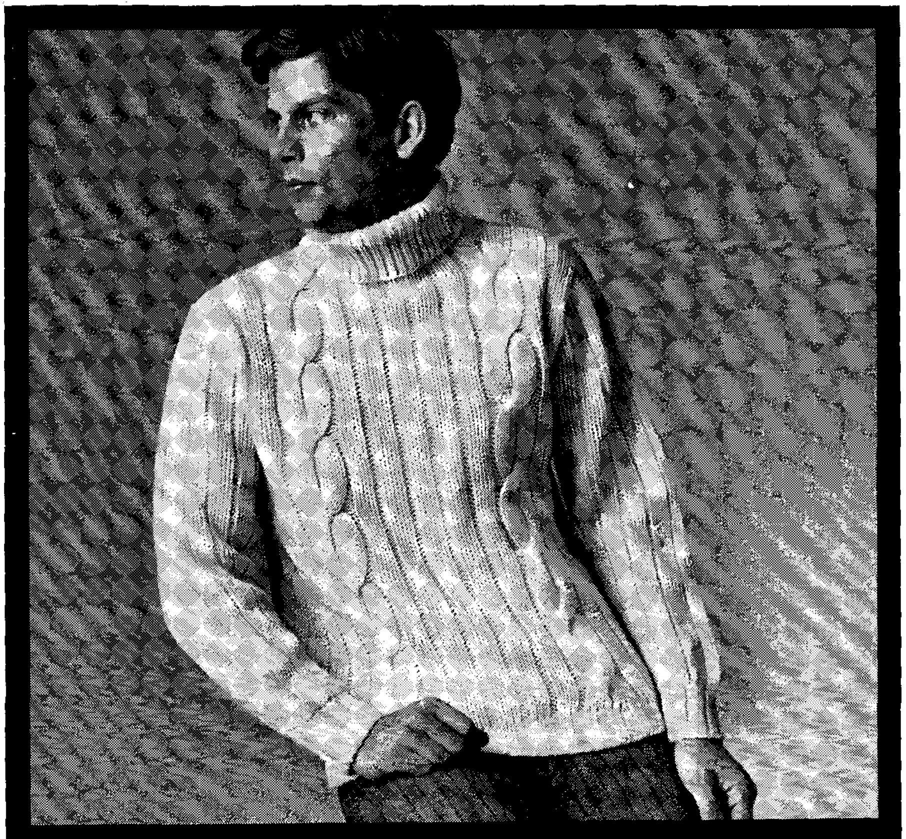

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city workers do will keep getting done. The garbage will be collected. No matter who's on top, things do keep running. Good Lord, under Impellitteri, who was almost no Mayor at all, the city ran. It'll be here after Lindsay's gone."

I MENTIONED the political technician's reservations about the Mayor and his administration a few days later to Jay Kriegel, a fairly recent graduate of the Harvard Law School, who, as an assistant to Lindsay, had acquired the reputation of being one of the brightest of the bright young men at City Hall. Kriegel, a slight, restless man of twenty-five, responded to my remark wryly. "It's amazing the number of men on the inside of the Wagner administration who tell us what grand fellows they were," he said. "Why didn't things move when they were there? As for John's personality, do you know where I first met this 'grating, ungracious' man? I spent three weeks in Washington, with some other law students, helping to draft sections of the 1965 Voting Rights Bill. Lindsay didn't know us from Adam, and he could have treated us summarily. We were mere law students. But very quickly we were on a first-name basis with him and were barging into his office whenever anything occurred to any of us. I was impressed by that, and also by his ability to listen. He picked things up very fast. And he's still amazingly open and accessible. A Javits or a Kennedy can travel around the world and select a crisis on which to expound in the Senate. It's a lovely life. This poor guy has a crisis every day. And the pressures! The other night when I left his office, he was a hundred phone calls behind, and he still had the usual phenomenal amount of paperwork to get through. That much he's learned—how to get used to full-time pressure. And I think he's also come a long way as an administrator since he started. Before long, he'll really be on top of things."

"What do you think the likelihood is of going from a sense of movement to real change?" I asked.

Kriegel looked at me as if I were a freshman who had asked the professor a silly question. "If you break New York City's five boroughs into five cities, my friend, you have four of the eight largest cities in the country," he said. "And the Borough of Richmond, which we look on as a piddling country town, would be fifty-second in population. So it's a rough government to move. But John has the temperament

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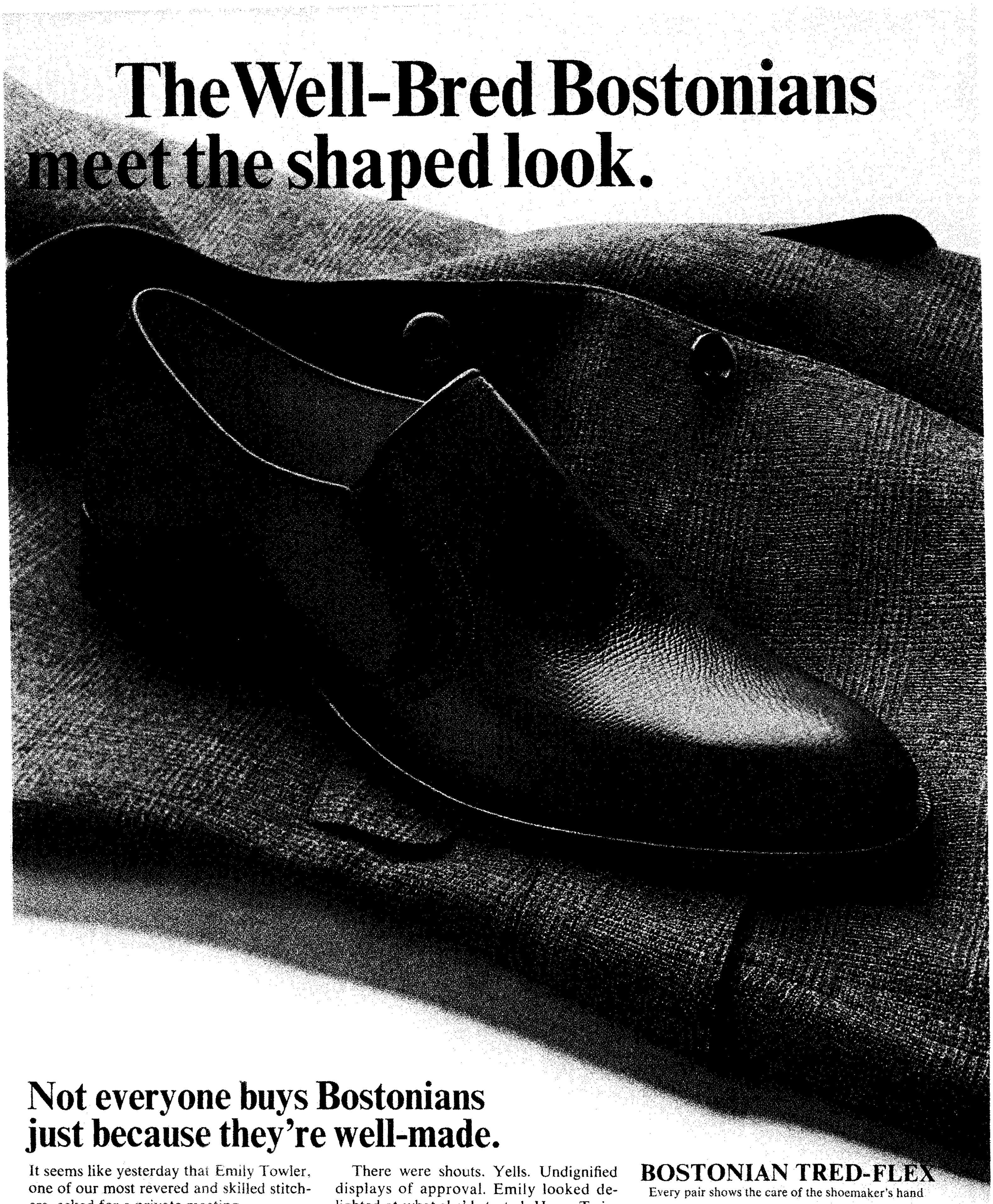

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to move it. There are people who think he's naïve. To me, that quality in him is the mark of an honest Puritan. I've been on some tours of dangerous neighborhoods with him during tense periods, and he's the kind of man who, if you tell him he can't walk down this street because it isn't safe, goes ahead and does it. He figures he's the Mayor of the damn city, and if the streets aren't safe for him, are they safe for anybody? And he wants action, all the time. If you're in the field and a decision ought to be made right there, he can get awfully mad if you take the time to check back with City Hall. I once said to him, 'Yeah, but if I make a mistake, the press will clobber *you.*' 'Hell, so what?' was his reaction. 'The main thing is to show that the city government *can* act quickly.'

"And I agree with him about the importance of his being out in the field a lot," Kriegel said. "For one thing, it's an extension of his whole feeling about being Mayor—that he ought to be into everything, not some magisterial being waiting to step in at the supreme moment. For another, until we do get the reorganization plan through, and until program planning begins to show results, he hasn't got much to give these people except himself. There are years of neglect to make up for. Of course, opening up a few more play streets and getting the Sanitation Department into a ghetto neighborhood is not in the same league with new housing and schools and jobs. He knows that. And he knows the people in the neighborhoods know that. But at least he's out there finding things out. And, because of his lead, so are the commissioners. It's important for them to know what government can do, even now. They can change things if they know what's out there that has to be changed. And another reason I like to see John on the streets is that getting away from City Hall is a great way for him to clear his head."

A light flashed on one of the phones on Kriegel's desk, and he took the call. "No, I don't appear on any radio or television programs," he said softly. "The Mayor speaks for me."

I asked Kriegel how long he thought he would stay in the administration.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm a Democrat. My first touch of politics was working for Bill Ryan in 1960, down in Washington. But I think I'll be around a while. I think we're on the way up. The first six to eight months were the lowest point that John is going to have. The press *had* to knock him down—the Ajax knight on

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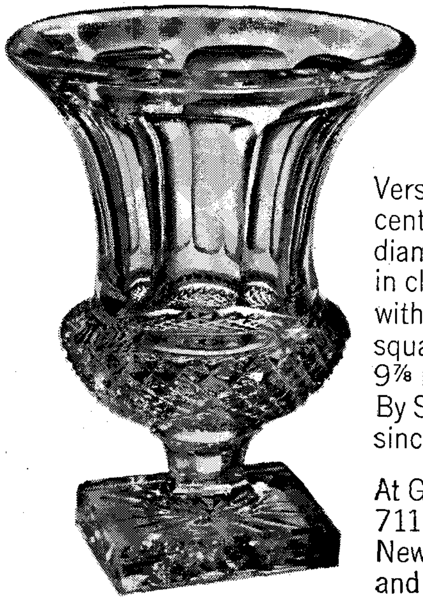
a white horse. And, in a way, he and some of his aides deserved it. They did think they could change the world right away. But we came to learn the value of planning, and of time. You have to know what to wait for. You have to learn the need to set priorities. You don't try to change the whole city at once. You decide what you're going to change first. Why, if I were to pay equal attention to everything that comes across my desk, and if I answered each letter as fully as I'd like to, I'd be doing nothing else. *That's* the way to get movement—get your priorities straight."

At one point fairly early in my observation of the Lindsay administration, I took advantage of an opportunity to acquire a somewhat different perspective on it from any that could be obtained from political figures, either inside or outside City Hall. I visited the Mayor's twin brother, David. (The Mayor has two other brothers. George, two years older than John, and also a lawyer, is chairman of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America; Robert, the youngest, is a vice-president of the Morgan Guaranty Trust. Their parents and a sister are dead.) Friends of the family had told me that David Lindsay, though quite affable in conversation, was a more reserved man than the Mayor, less given to expressions of enthusiasm, and I found this description generally accurate. His hair is somewhat darker than that of his twin, but there is a clear resemblance. David Lindsay is a member of a large law firm, and after he had welcomed me to his office, on an upper floor of Chase Manhattan Plaza, near the tip of Manhattan, I spent a minute or two admiring a spectacular view of the East River from his windows. The river and the city itself seemed serene from that height.

As a matter of fact, the city's affairs were somewhat less turbulent at that moment than they had been before the Mayor succeeded in getting his tax program through the legislature in Albany. That morning's *Times*, however, had chided the Mayor for having failed to secure the understanding and support of the business community during his tax battle. When I asked David Lindsay for his reaction to that criticism, he shrugged. "There could have been more meetings and breakfast conferences if John hadn't had anything else to do," he said. "But he did do a great deal of that. There was one fellow, though, whom John didn't have time to get to, and he gave out with a



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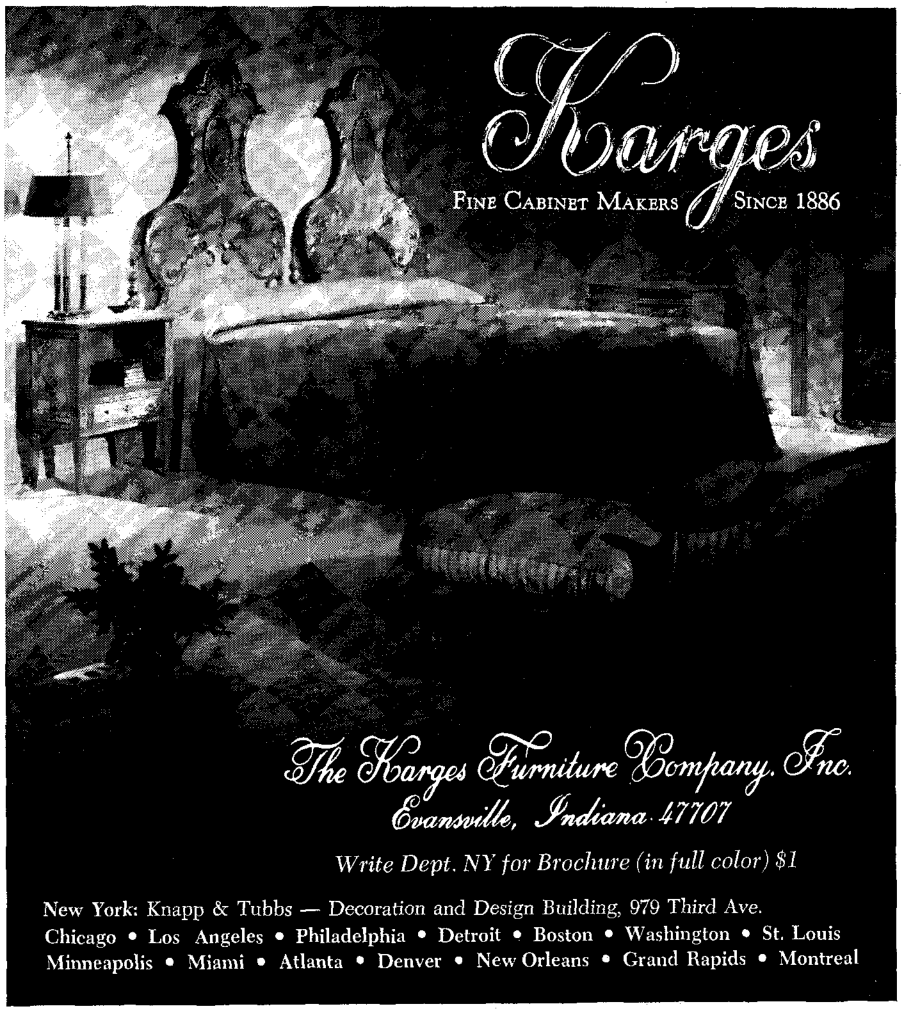

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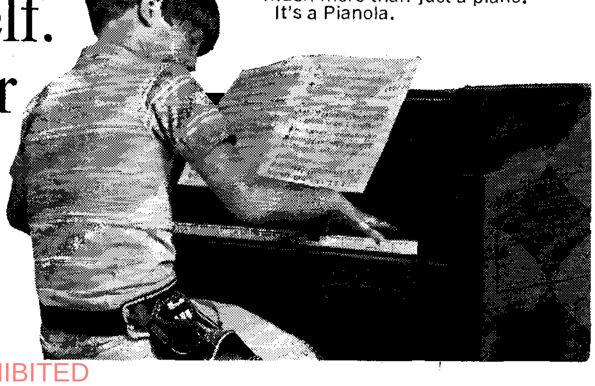

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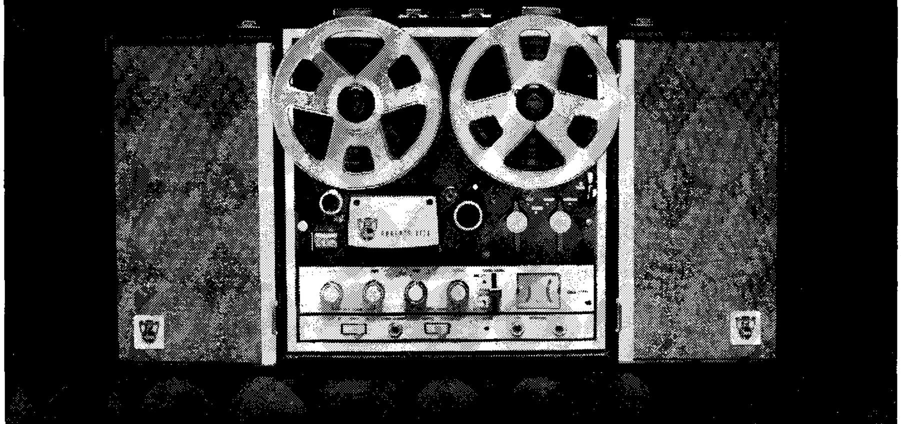

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blast considerably sharper than the one in the *Times*. And that fellow got a phone call from John: 'What's the matter—don't you have my telephone number? Have you ever asked to see me?' That toned him down—toned him right down. The tax problem is revealing, however, because it's one of many, many examples of the fact that when you're running a city there are so many issues that touch people personally in ways they can immediately see and feel. What a congressman does seems much more remote to his constituency, and, besides, you often get a long lag between the enactment of legislation in Washington and its impact on people in a particular district. There's still another factor that makes being a Mayor so difficult. While your actions do have a lot more immediate personal impact, many people in the city seem able to focus on only one issue at a time. So you may solve the financial crisis, but if the next big issue is the civilian review board, the people who don't like that say you're no good, regardless of what you've done in terms of finances."

I asked him if he felt that the Mayor had been forced to compromise too much on his tax proposals.

"What he got through is about half of what's needed," he answered. "But it's fantastic he got that much. It's always abrasive, getting taxes through. A national program usually takes two years—one for the House and one for the Senate. This program was put through in a matter of months, and during a year in which everyone was running for office. Nor do most people realize how small a staff John had to work on the tax program in all the phases it went through. We hardly have a Treasury Department in this city. It was rough in Albany in June. During those last days and nights in the Governor's mansion, there were times when if you'd struck a match the whole place would have blown up. Not that there weren't some moments of relief. One of the Governor's aides was giving Frank O'Connor a tour of the paintings when John happened by. John knew that O'Connor was surely going to run for governor, and so he said, 'Frank, you know the paintings don't go with the house.'

"John's humor hasn't been affected by all these pressures," David Lindsay said. "During the transit strike, I got a call from him one morning. City Hall was being picketed. 'Hey, Dave,' he said. 'They just hung a guy in effigy. He looks like you!' The biggest difference I've seen in him is his acute

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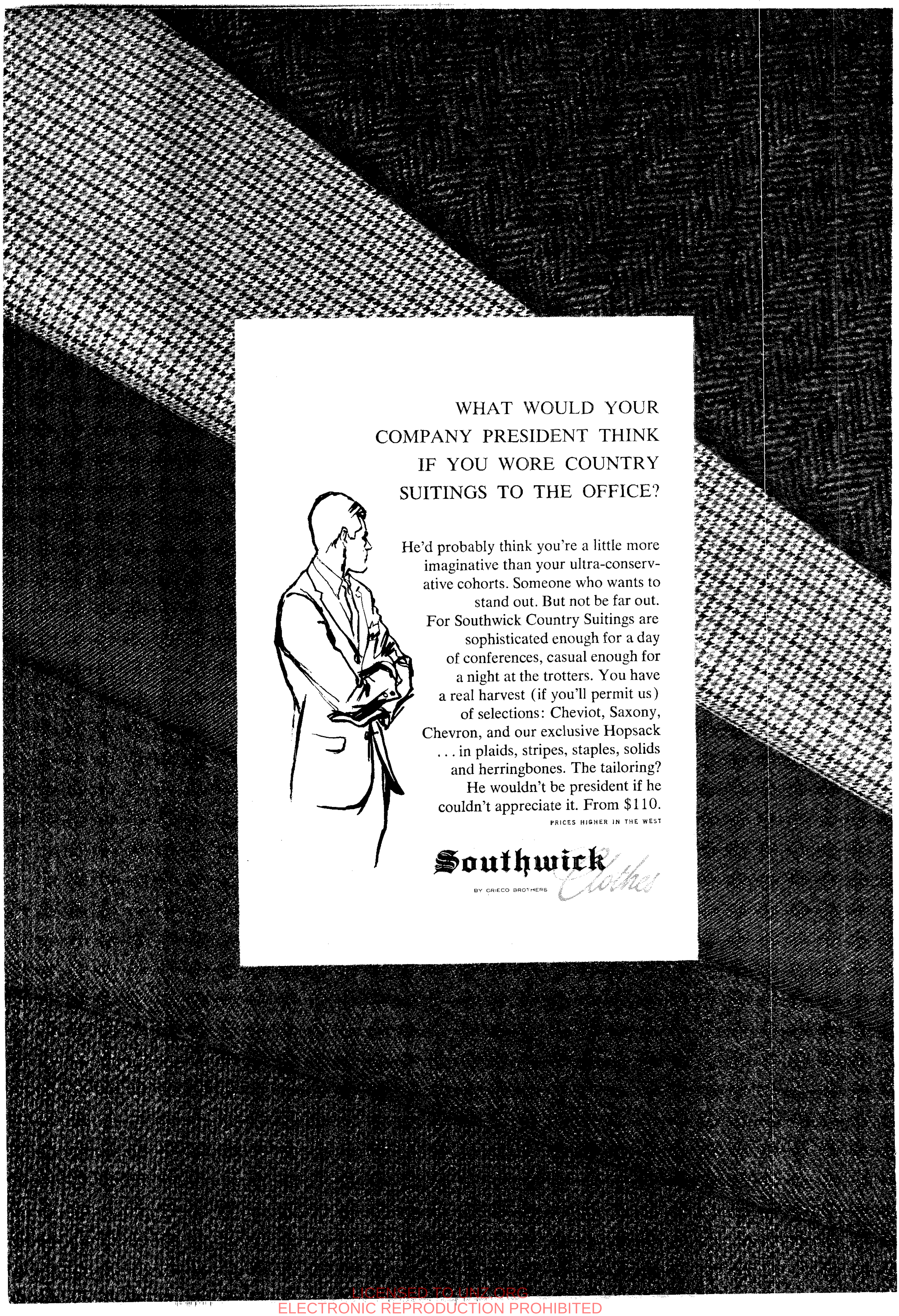

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consciousness of time these days. He's always budgeting time, even to seeing how few words he can use to get a point across to me. And that, of course, leads me to do the same, unless there's a joke I can tell him. But I don't think John's tremendous concern with time is linked to any fear of failure—I mean the political implications of failure. He wants to do the best he can, but he's not in trembling fear every day of losing the next election. Besides, losing has its own kind of victories. There are a lot of satisfactions to be had that have nothing to do with public life—like enjoying privacy and your children. John loves to read, he loves other people's company. I don't think he'd consider the end of his political career a tragedy."

I asked if this sudden turn in the conversation implied that David Lindsay thought the city couldn't be basically changed, even by the sort of energy and enthusiasm that his brother was applying to the task.

"I was talking last night with a man who had been in the Wagner administration for a long time," he said. "He told me that when Wagner started he brought some people in who had a real crusading spirit. They came in early and stayed late, but eventually they got to the point where they didn't expect to accomplish very much. It was just too hard getting real work out of all those people locked into all those jobs in the lower echelons. I think a lot can be done, but in answer to your question I shall quote Lincoln: 'With high hope for the future, no prediction is ventured.' "

LAST December and January, I watched the Mayor on television and at several public meetings, where he was asked to assess his first year in office. In all these summations, he seemed to feel a sense of accomplishment. There had been reverses, he admitted, such as the defeat of the civilian review board, but on balance, he said, he was satisfied with his first year as "a time of tooling up, so that we can start the production needed during the next three years." He spoke of his efforts to put the city on a sound fiscal basis and do away with what he called crisis borrowing. He described his new tax structure as "the first really flexible one we've had, since it rises as the economy grows" and as one that "covers the entire region of people involved with New York City." On one occasion, he said, "We've gone farther than any city in the country to modernize our municipal structure," and he

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took credit for the creation of a sense that New York was no longer in a state of decline. Of his associates in the tooling-up process, he said, "These are men who understand the most effective ways in which the federal government can be linked to the megalopolises of the country."

Watching him on these occasions, I felt again, as I had during most of his earlier public appearances, that his personality underwent a kind of truncation under bright lights. In all the face-to-face conversations I'd had with him, both when he had been a congressman and after he became Mayor, I felt that he had shown a perceptive irreverence along with a wry consciousness of his own vulnerability, but these qualities seldom came through fully in his public appearances. And so, in order to conduct my own interim reassessment, I paid another call on him—this time at Gracie Mansion, late one Friday afternoon in early February. The day was cold and overcast; Carl Schurz Park and the streets adjoining the Mansion were nearly deserted. Just as I stopped to speak to the policeman at the gatehouse, the Mayor stepped out of his black Lincoln in front of the entrance to the Mansion's new reception wing, which had been completed only a few months before. Lindsay was bareheaded, thinner than he was the last time I'd seen him, and somewhat harried-looking. He waved, signalled to the policeman to let me pass, and told me as I came up to him, "I'm running late. I have a meeting with the health people, and then I have to get this makeup off. I've been on TV, taping a show for Sunday, so I can go skating with the kids. Come in and relax."

I waited in a small room from which I could see, at the far end of the ballroom, a painting of Susan Wagner, after whom the ballroom is named. The wing, which the Mayor generally refers to as the Annex, had been appointed in eighteenth-century style, and while the results produced an impressive atmosphere of subdued elegance, I felt as if I were in a museum after hours. I read the *Times* by the dim light of a small chandelier, and it was absolutely quiet. I wondered where the staff was. It grew darker and darker outside. An hour went by. Suddenly the Mayor loped in and motioned to me to follow him downstairs to an office he uses in the new wing.

"Staff?" he said, laughing, when I mentioned the subject. "It doesn't exist. The staff consists of Mary and three people in the main house. Two

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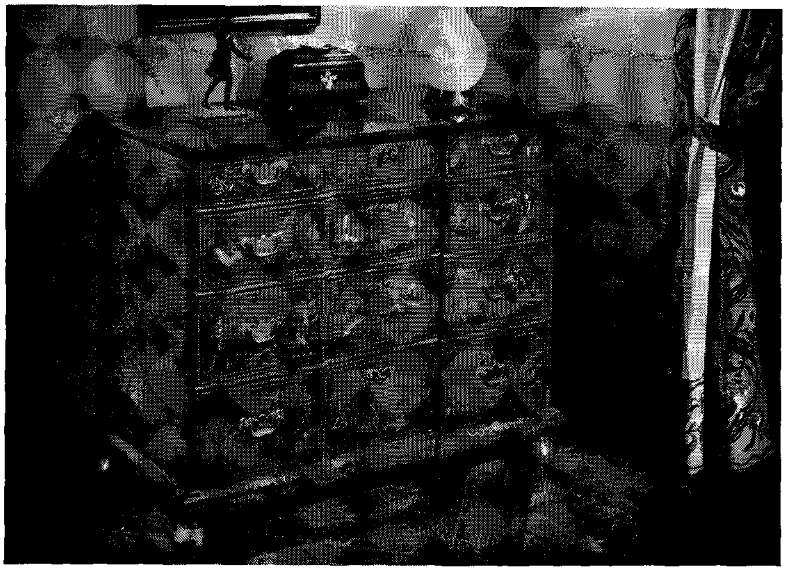

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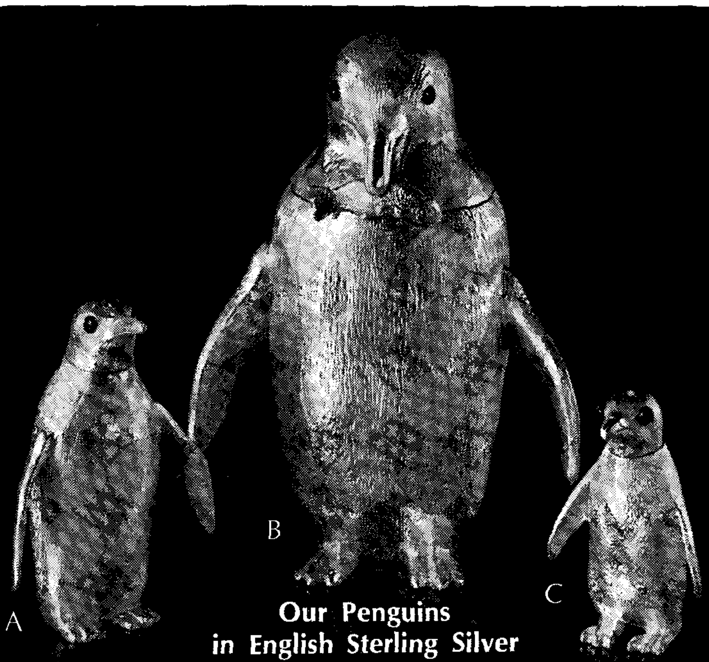

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of them are on the city payroll and one is on ours. And this is a lot of house to keep, so they kind of run back and forth between here and the living quarters." The office downstairs, a small one, was brightly lit by a brass chandelier. In a corner was a compact telephone console with direct lines to City Hall and the Police and Fire Departments. I took a seat in front of a large mahogany desk with ornamental brass handles at its sides. On the wall to the right of the desk was a cut-out picture of a turkey that had been vigorously colored in and signed by the Mayor's six-year-old son, John, Jr. Some shelves behind me were partly filled with lawbooks. The Mayor telephoned the living quarters to ask for two Scotch-and-waters and then took a chair beside mine. (The drinks were delivered a few minutes later by the Mayor's daughter Margaret.)

A year ago, I reminded the Mayor, he had laid considerable stress on the importance of getting a number of Little City Halls in operation to handle local problems in and around the five boroughs. Now David Ross, the majority leader of the City Council, had just said that Little City Halls were dead.

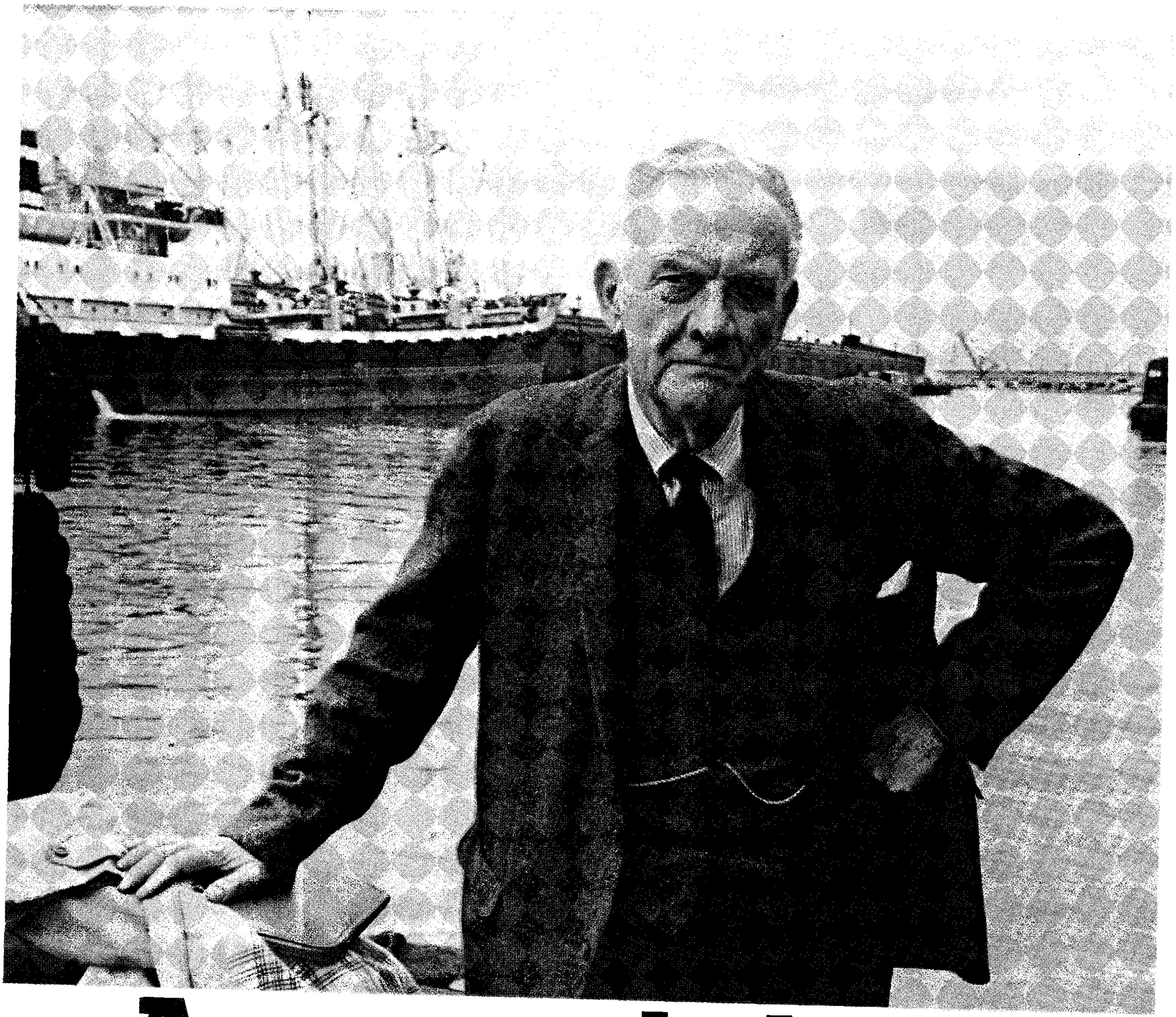
"They're not," said Lindsay. "It'll take time, but I still think we'll get them. I've told Ross that either we'll get the whole idea approved by the Council or we'll go ahead little by little and get them opened one at a time. I've got four now—set up partly with foundation help and with volunteer staffs. One way or another, we'll cumshaw them through."

"And the reorganization of the city government—the ten super-agencies—do you think you'll get all that through?" I asked.

"Well, I've been able to do some of it by executive order. But I do need legislation to do final budgeting for the ten new administrations we've planned. If we don't get it, we won't have as good a government as we could have." Lindsay drummed his fingers on an arm of his chair. "Of course, I can't be certain I'll get it all through," he went on. "The City Council has emancipated itself. It's becoming an honest-to-God legislative body that feels it can be independent."

"Is that partly because you're a Republican?" I asked.

He laughed and said, "It's wholly because I'm a Republican. But although that emancipation brings about some problems, it's not such a bad development for the future." He glanced at his watch. "Look, I have to take a few



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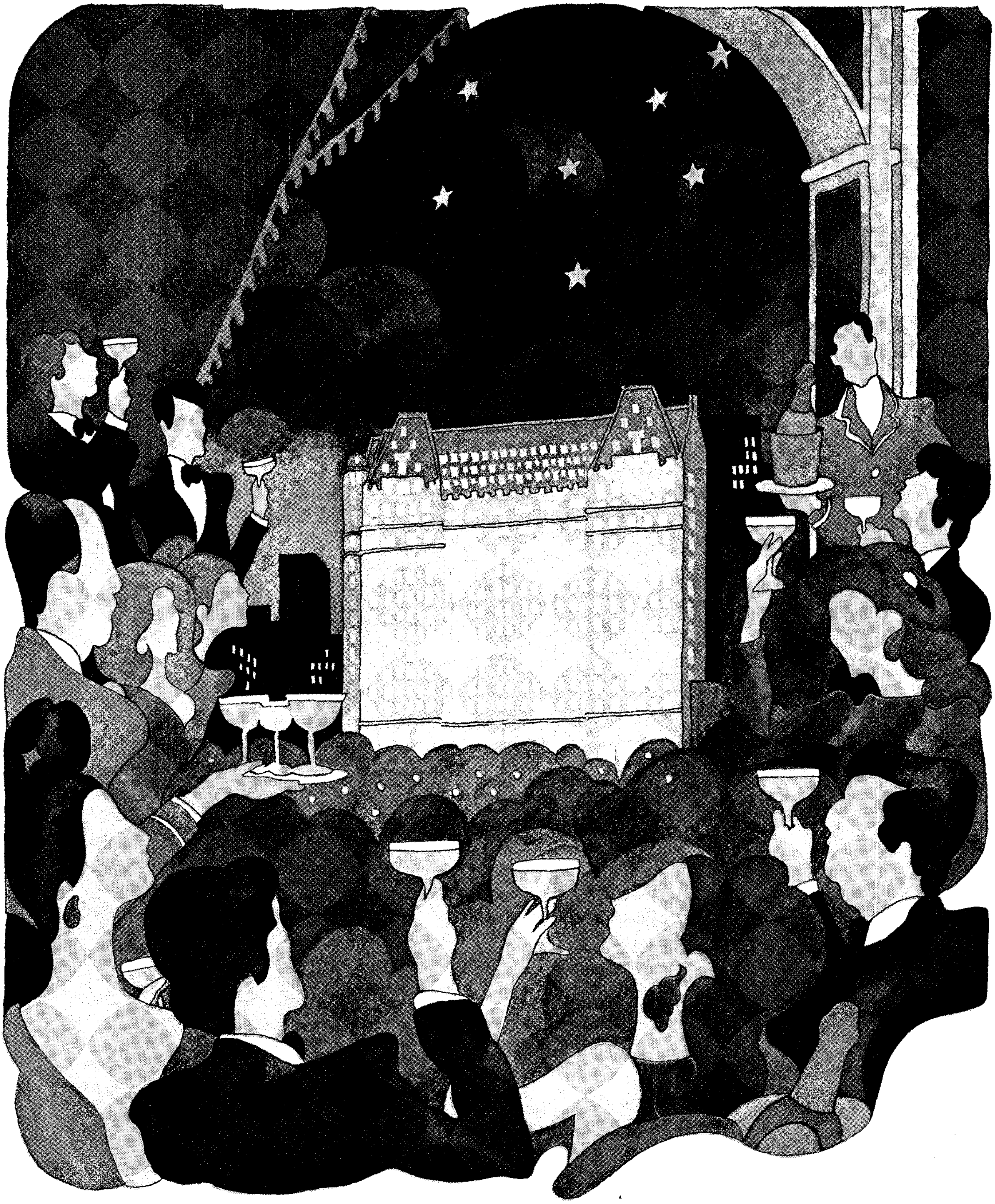

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minutes to execute a will with Mary. I'd been letting it slide, until I finally realized it had to be done."

The Mayor hurried off, and when he returned, a few minutes later, Mrs. Lindsay came in with him to say hello. I asked her what had happened to a fire truck belonging to John, Jr., that I had seen in the front hall of the Mansion on a visit a year earlier.

"The new carpet came," she said. "Since then, he's been riding the truck in circles out back. That's one problem we solved."

She left, and Lindsay returned to his chair. "Now I can die in peace," he said. "I've got my brothers all lined up to take care of the kids. Everything's in order. The only thing is I've probably done it wrong."

With some hesitation, I told the Mayor of my feeling that the public Lindsay was rather stiff at times compared to the Lindsay I had known in person. I asked if he was conscious of the difference.

He looked at me quizzically. "It's hard for the subject to comment on something like that, but I expect there's a lot of truth in what you say."

"Why does it happen?"

"If I knew why, I'd be a wiser man," he said.

Changing the subject, I asked, "What about the contention of some newsmen and some of the people in the Democratic wing of City Hall that you take the position if someone doesn't fully support a program of yours he's automatically against you?"

Lindsay thought for a moment or two, and he looked a little troubled as he said, "I'm prepared to compromise more than people think. Within limits, of course. I wouldn't have been able to survive in the House for seven years if I hadn't learned how to compromise. But, remember, I came into a situation here in which a lot of people had been used to getting their way for a long time. And I proposed a lot of things that were quite different from what had been going on, so I had to state my positions with some strength. Also, I don't know that the people who make these remarks really believe I'm all that inflexible. I know from my experience in the House that when a legislator doesn't want to do something, one way to cop out is to say that the executive doesn't know how to compromise and won't consult with you sufficiently. But I suppose I have left the impression with some people here and there that I won't meet them halfway. I hope there aren't too many who think that."

Lindsay got up and began to pace

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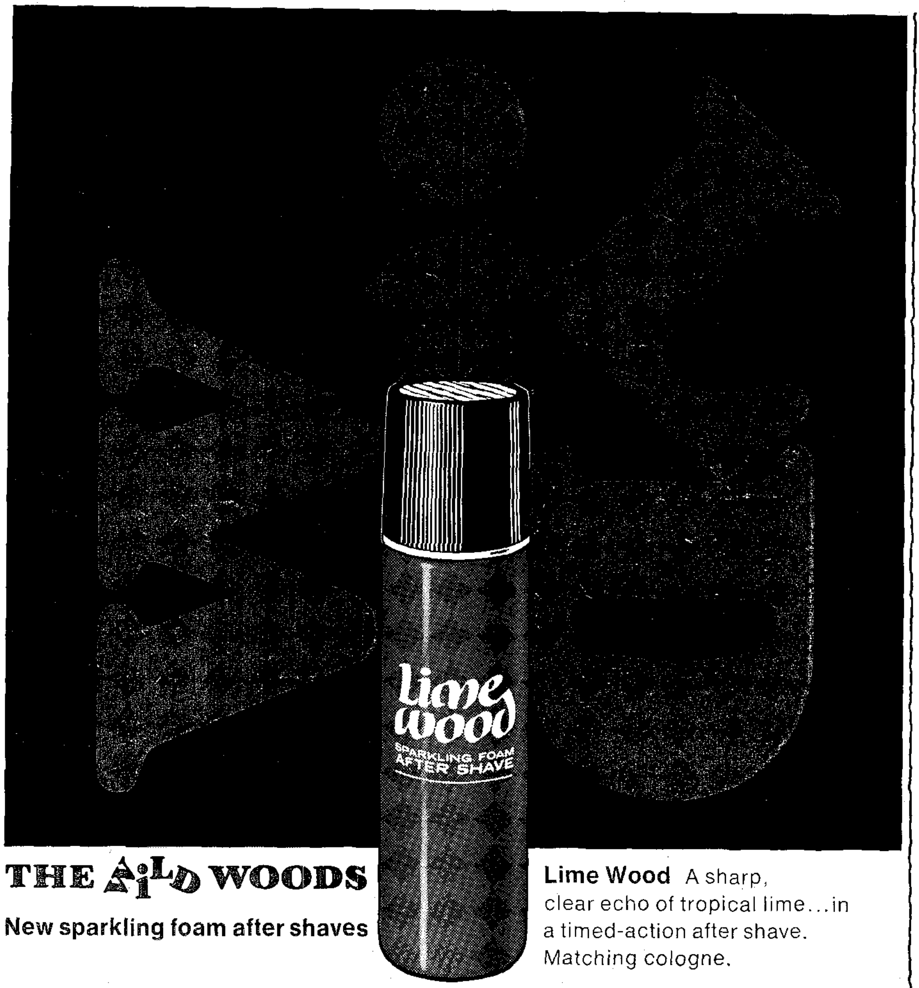

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the floor. "There are some times, however, when that charge is a lot of nonsense. Like, I saw in the press that David Ross and Mario Procaccino were complaining that I hadn't consulted with them on the capital budget. I called each one in, independently of the other, and asked, 'What is this nonsense? You know how elaborate a process is involved in setting up the capital budget before it's time to consult.' Each one of them blamed the press and said he'd been misquoted. One of them even said that, of course, a congressman wouldn't expect to go over to the Bureau of the Budget to see what was going on while the President was preparing his annual budget message. So I told them, 'Any time you think you haven't been consulted, let me know. Don't complain to the press.' "

I asked why they hadn't told the press they'd been misquoted.

Lindsay smiled wryly. "They didn't choose to."

Several of Lindsay's aides had expressed concern to me over his lack of a supporting political structure, saying he needed such a structure behind him if he were to accomplish all he wanted to in the years ahead, especially since he was dealing with an organized Democratic opposition. I mentioned this to Lindsay now.

"Sure, they're right," said Lindsay. "I'm conscious of that all the time. But I went into the campaign without even a substructure, and we created one. Now I'm trying to keep it alive. Many of the people who were involved in the storefront organizations during the campaign have set up local organizations. We call them C.I.A.s—isn't that a hell of a name?—for Civic Improvement Associations. There are about fifty of them now in the five boroughs. The people in them come from all parties, they meet regularly in tiny headquarters, and they really *are* civic-improvement associations. When I needed help, for instance, during the fight to keep the civilian review board, they came out to help organize support. And when we put public housing into Queens or the Bronx, they show up at Board of Estimate hearings on the other side from the yelling and screaming. Obviously, they don't have as much muscle as a strong political organization with a network of legislators in office would have. What it comes down to, as of now, is that my only real strength is what I have going with the people. And that goes up and down all the time."

The phone rang, and after the Mayor had answered it he told me that

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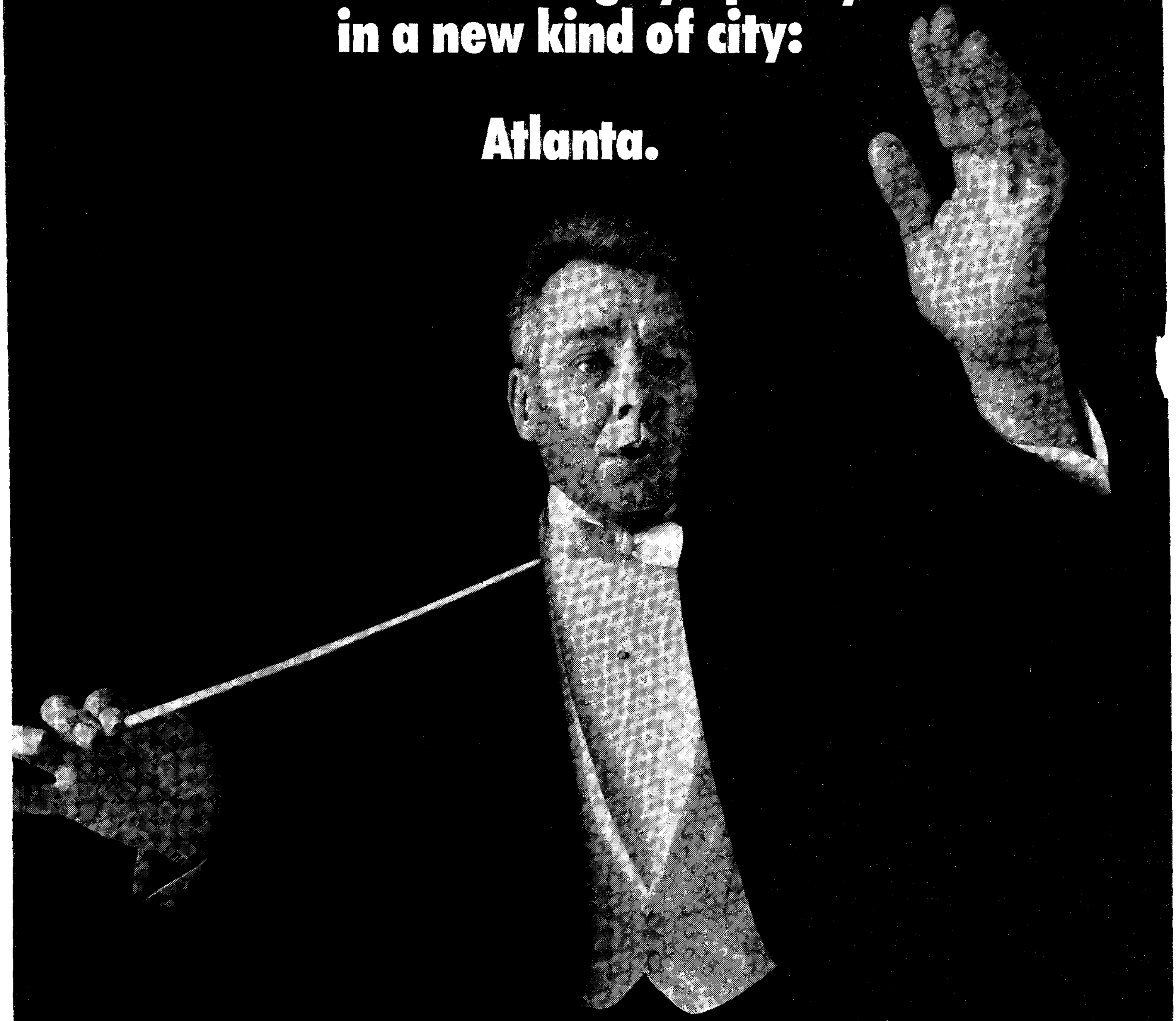

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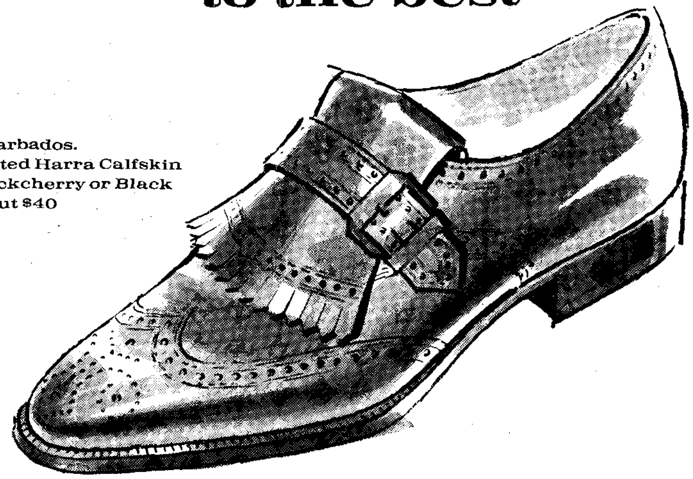

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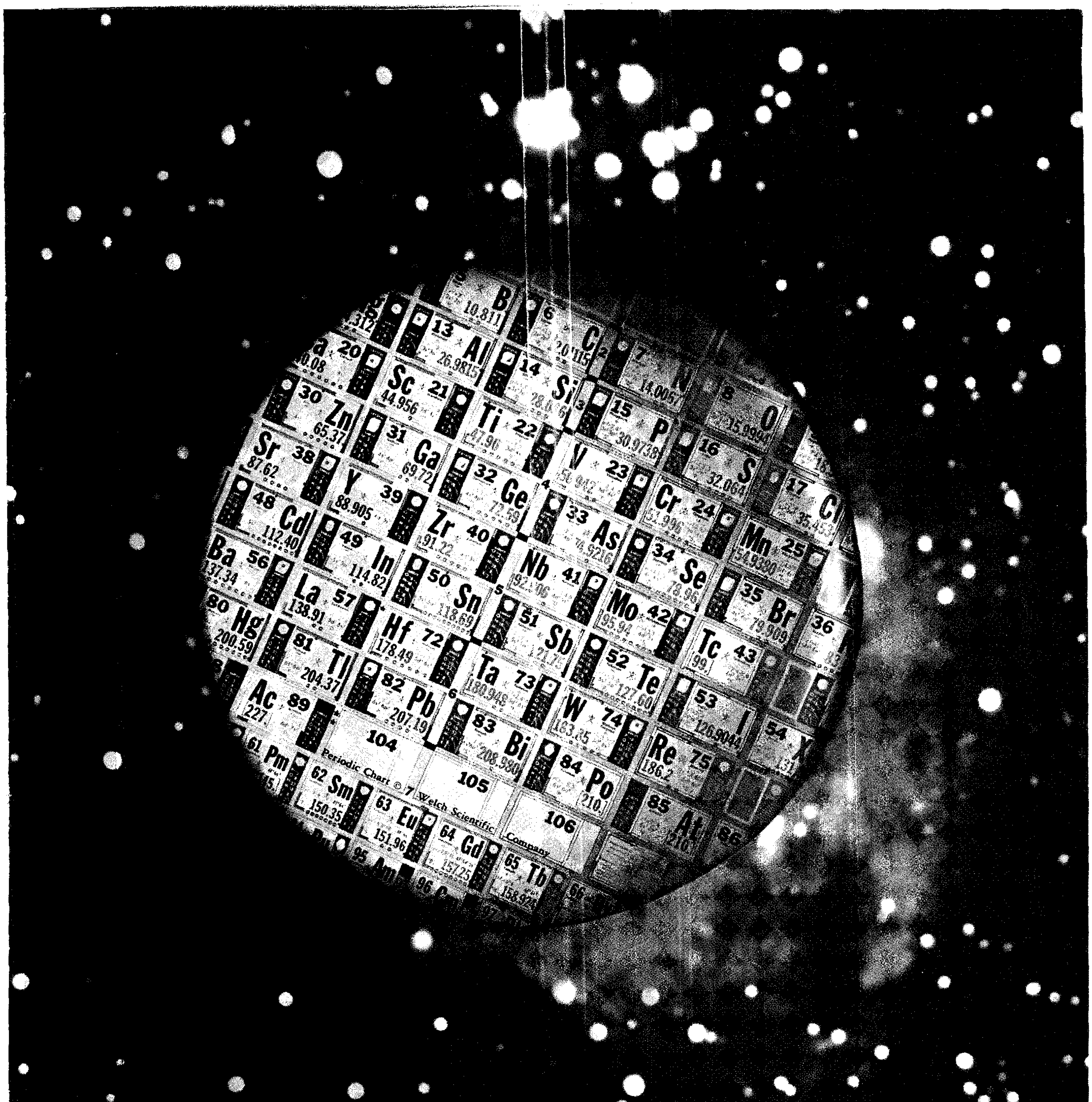
it had been his secretary at City Hall, saying that his schedule for the next day, already tight, would somehow have to be expanded enough to include a half hour with a commissioner who had pressing budget problems.

I told the Mayor that I had been struck by a statement he had made a few weeks before that the city's expense budget had increased more than a hundred and fifty per cent in the past ten years. "At that rate of increase, how are you going to be able to keep raising revenues when the city's own taxing potential is so limited?" I asked.

The Mayor looked at the ceiling. "Oh, it is indeed limited," he said. "I am constantly being reminded of that by the leaders of the City Council and other people in the government. Well, the answer has to come from federal revenues. This terrible pressure on the expense budgets of cities is like a spectre at these mayors' conferences I go to. We start to talk about long-range plans for urban development, and invariably the discussion quickly distills itself into the No. 1 problem every mayor has—the expense budget. It's comforting to go to these mayors' conferences, because the problems you think are bad turn out to be modest compared to what's going on in other cities.

"I do think, though, that mayors can work as a force to put pressure on Congress. It'll always be a fight to get the real money, but there are things you can do. You noticed, I expect, that I put twenty-five million dollars into our 1967-68 capital budget for the Model Cities program. The Congress passed that program, such as it is, but so far hasn't funded it. So my hope is that by doing this—and we're the first city to try this approach—we can embarrass Congress into appropriating the federal money that's been promised. We had another reason for doing it. Most of our money is for the three areas that need the most attention—Harlem, the south Bronx, and central Brooklyn. But Robert Weaver and his team at Housing and Urban Development have been resisting our idea of focussing on three sections of the city. They told us that, because Congress would probably appropriate very little money, we had to put all the funds we got into just one hard-core area. We had a meeting with them, and when we told them we were prepared to put up our own Model Cities money as a starter for three neighborhoods, that stopped them short. So if Congress does come through, we won't be limited to one area."

Mrs. Lindsay telephoned from the



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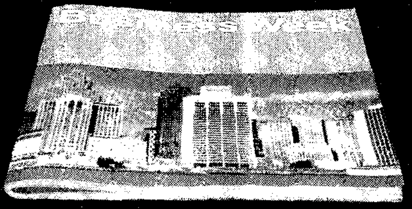

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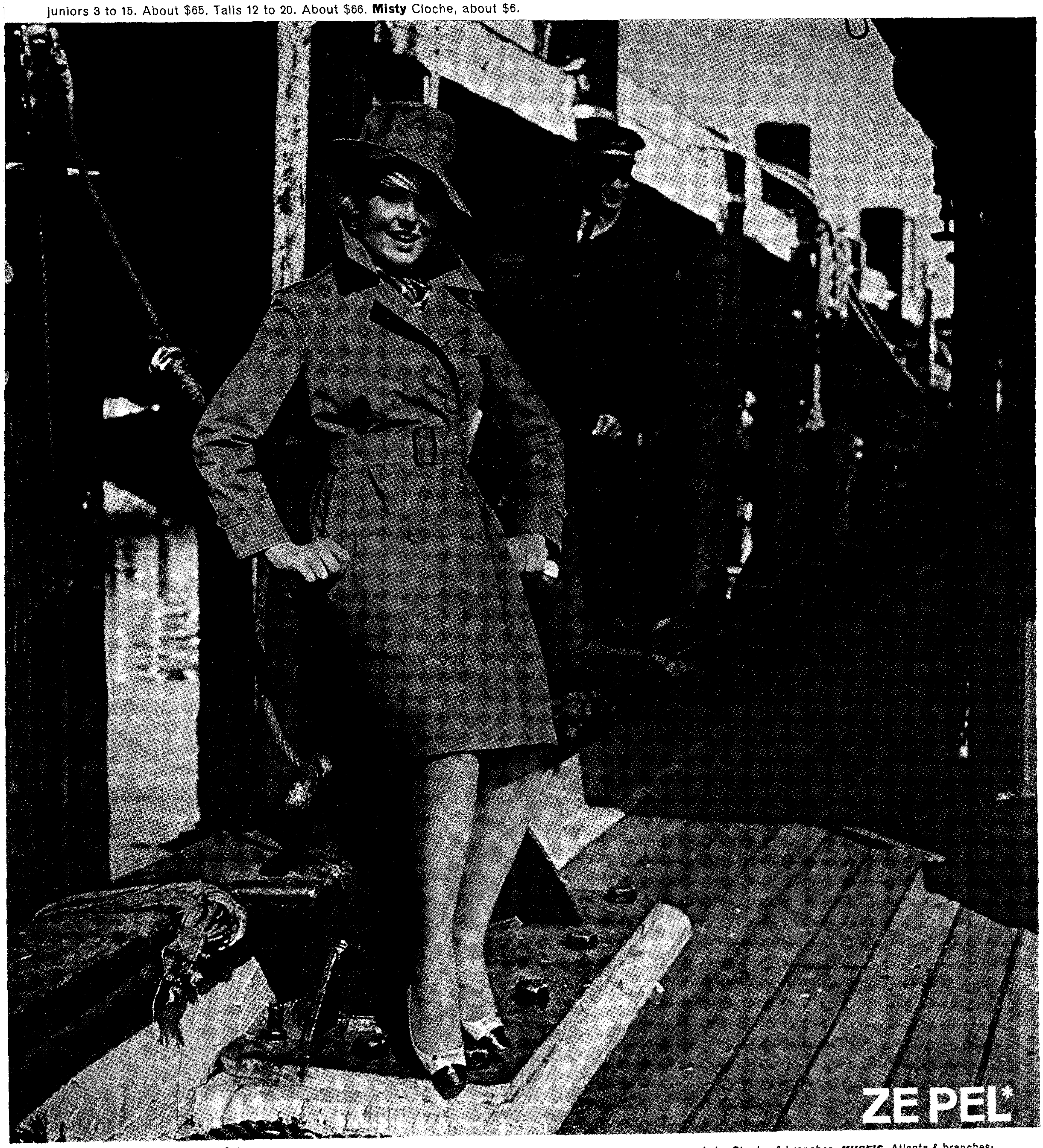

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living quarters. I was keeping the Mayor from dinner. He promised to be right over, but sat down again. "Relax," he said. "There's time."

I asked what he thought of a recent statement by Edward Costikyan, who had been the New York County Democratic leader for three years during the Wagner administration. Costikyan said that although the Lindsay team had shown an "initial flurry" of energy, 99.8 per cent of government is unchanged by any administration, and the Lindsay administration would inevitably "go out tired," just as its predecessors had.

The Mayor shrugged. "I haven't been here long enough to testify as to the truth of that. But I do think the urban situation is changing. Here and in other cities. We are getting urbanists who are real professionals and only need the money to do the job. And I detect a change in those of the young who are interested in public service. Many of them are no longer rushing into federal service. They want to be in the front line of the action, in the cities. I'm not saying there's a radical change of mood in the country insofar as the cities and their problems are concerned, but there *is* some difference in attitude. My deepest satisfaction in this job so far is that I think we've helped to strengthen that change of attitude. We've shown, I think, that there is the possibility of a first-class government in this city by the way we propose to restructure it. After all, consider the quality of the people who have been willing to come aboard. They wouldn't have come if they hadn't believed in the possibility." He paused. "It is true, though, that the machinery is still too slow. That's a constant struggle. The goddam bureaucracy can drive you crazy. Hell, even among the people close to me, some don't always move their butts as fast as they ought to. Six months ago, I gave instructions for a particular piece of legislation to be drawn up. It still hasn't been done."

"Why?" I asked.

The Mayor banged his hand on the arm of his chair. "Aagh!" he exploded. "Legal problems, communication problems, they say. What it comes down to is that it got stuck on a back burner and hasn't moved. You know that story about Eisenhower's first day in the White House? He came into the Presidential office, and Harry Truman said, 'Well, there's the desk and there's the chair. You sit in it all day long and give orders, and then you try to find out what's happened to them. Goodbye. I wish you luck.' " Lindsay

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laughed. "That's why I've had to be tougher than I thought I'd have to be. But there are times when I worry that I'm being too tough. There's the danger of being arbitrary and the danger of being wrong. There are times when you can't be sure you're going on the correct information. As in Congress, there's too much to know, so you're always skimming the surface more than you'd like to. It's particularly frustrating for a lawyer to have to do that. Lawyers like to get to the bedrock of things. Nevertheless, you do have to set firm guidelines. I believe people would rather have someone say 'This is the way you do it, and if you don't like it you can leave' than have someone equivocate because he's not sure. You've got to be tough, because you keep getting collisions between people in government, and being firm is the way to handle them."

He was drumming his fingers on the chair arm again. "This need to be firm when you may not have all the information is the reason I like to have real professionals around me. And it's also the reason I've come to appreciate good staff work. But then sometimes you can overstaff a problem. Take the towaway program—clearing the streets of illegally parked cars. That could have been talked to death. In a situation like that, you go ahead and *do* it, and deal with the problems as they come."

I asked if he had heard about Saul Alinsky's charge that the average citizen in New York City has much less to say about things than a resident of any other American city.

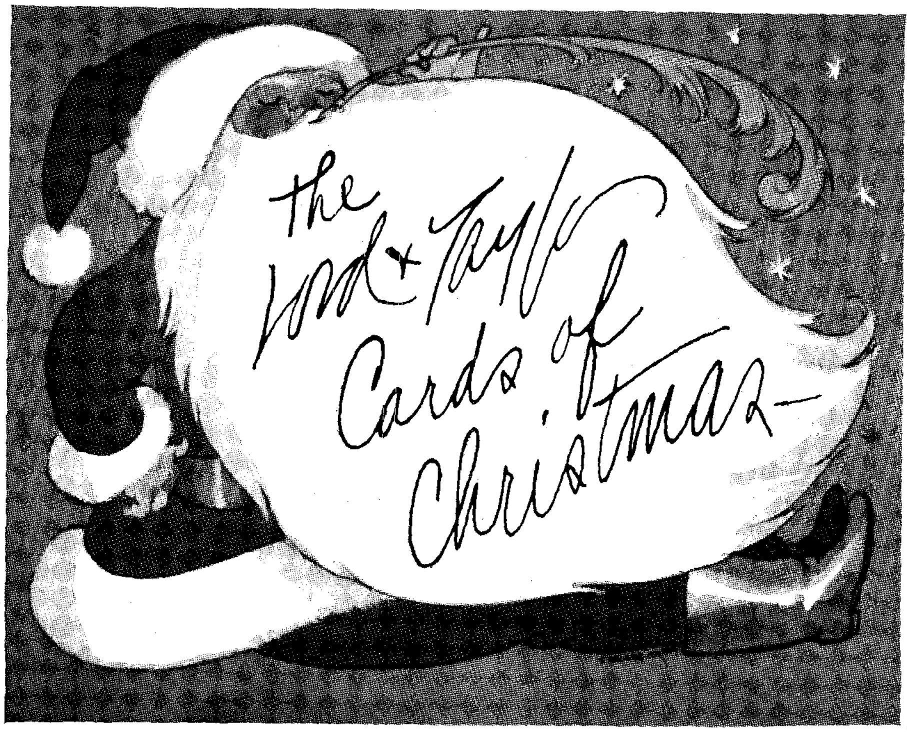
I half expected the Mayor to start talking about various community-action programs and other forms of citizen participation by way of an answer. Instead, he smiled thinly and nodded. "That's because of the size of the city. Actually, they'd have more to say if they really wanted to. I wish more people *would* start yelling and telling us what's bothering them. It is a real problem—how to excite them, so that they'll insist on having a say on how the city is run."

"After a year," I asked, "are your hours any shorter?"

"It's not so bad now," the Mayor said. "I start at seven and usually wind up about midnight."

That was the same span of working time he had described the year before, but I didn't remind him. "How about time with the children?" I asked.

"We're still fighting to have dinner together one night a week, and we're not always successful. We started din-



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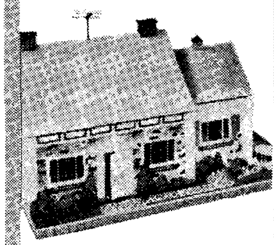

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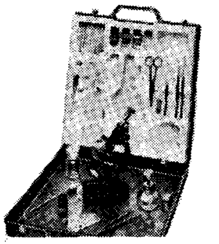

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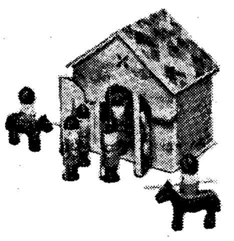

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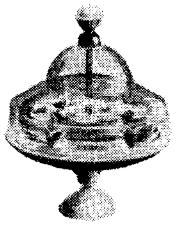

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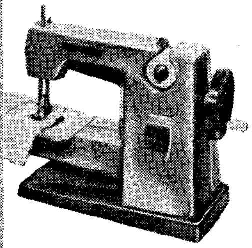

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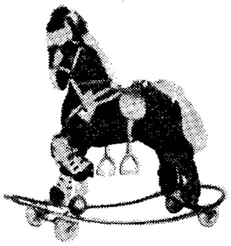

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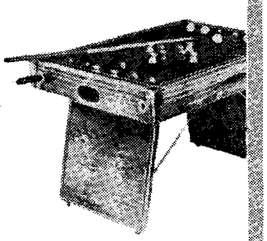

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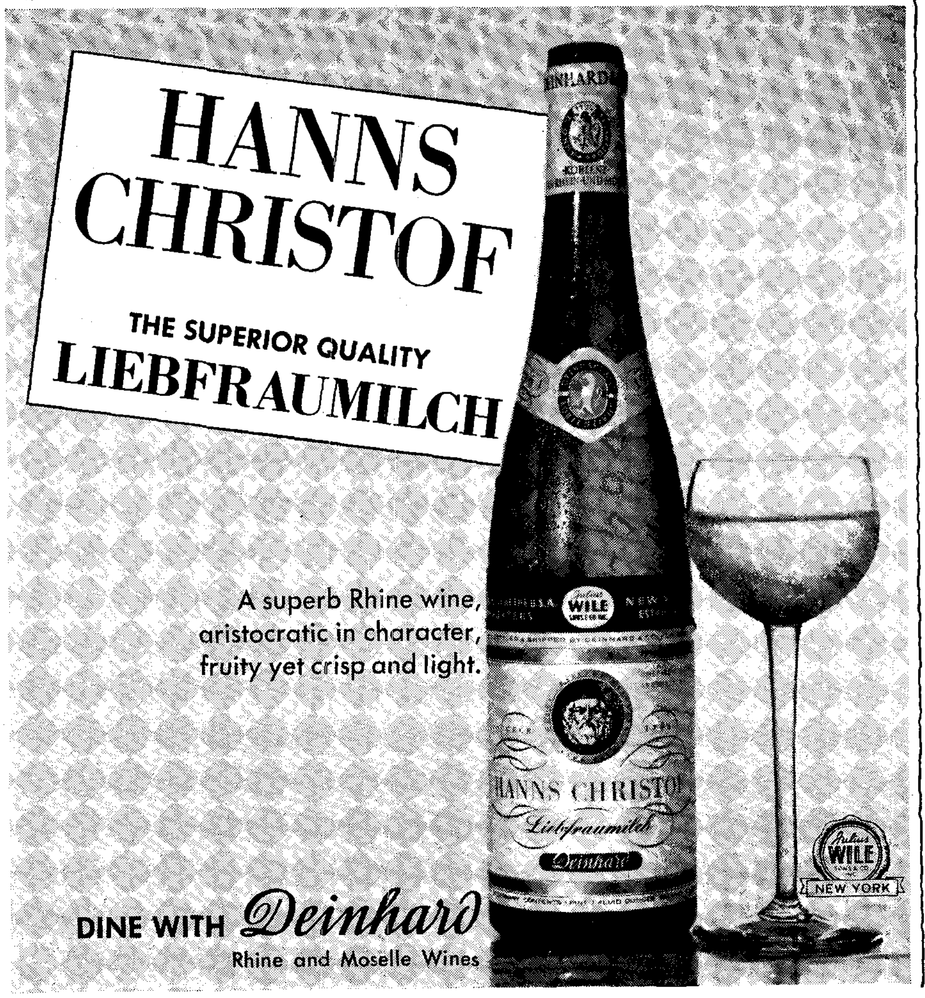

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ner the night before last. Afterward, I was going to show the kids some home movies we'd taken when we went skiing in Colorado. They love to see themselves in home movies. But just before the ice cream two fires blew. A warehouse went up in the Village, and then there was another fire in Harlem. That ended that evening."

"Do you have to go to fires?"

The Mayor frowned. "Oh, God, a three- or four-alarm fire? I ought to go. I really should go. Fires are fearful things."

"Are the children any more resigned to your being Mayor?" I asked.

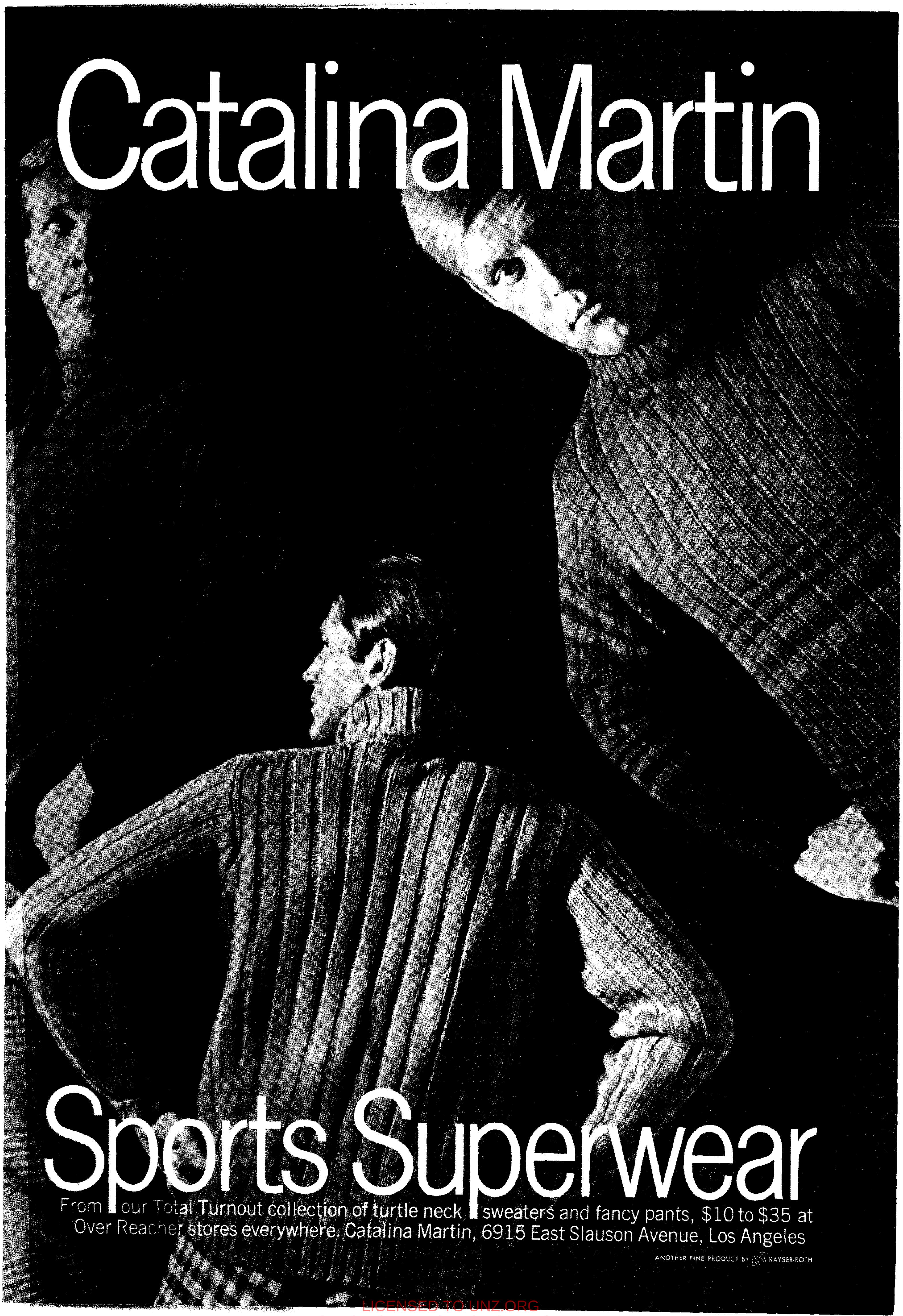
"Johnny's too young," he said. "The others are not resigned. Margie, our thirteen-year-old, hates public life. If I have to do anything official when I'm with the kids and I go in the limousine, she screams about it. Annie's somewhat the same way, even though she's only eleven. The oldest one, Kathy, who's sixteen, is away at school, and because of that she's probably the most relaxed of the three. But when she's home she gets out of here fast, and spends her time with a friend in the Bronx. Mrs. Gandhi, when she was here, told me that she sent her kids out of the country. 'They either made or lost friends because of me,' she said."

It was nearly eight o'clock. Mrs. Lindsay called again, and the Mayor stood up.

As we were leaving the office, I said, "At a meeting of the Newspaper Reporters Association, I heard you say, 'My present political ambition is to end my political days in this office.' "

The Mayor stood still and nodded. "That's about right. I can't imagine any other office as interesting as this one. I'm sure the Presidency is worse in terms of loneliness, exasperation, being misunderstood, but it has no greater problems. Except one. The President has the button, and that's a colossal difference. But after this job the interest in any other office just isn't there. Not even the Presidency. Also, I really think you ought to exhaust yourself in this job. If you try to do the kind of job you want to as Mayor of New York, you can't be thinking about any other office anyway."

DURING the next few months, there were plenty of problems, great and small, to keep the Mayor's mind from speculating about other political offices. In May and June, a strike of service workers in apartment buildings brought pressure on him both from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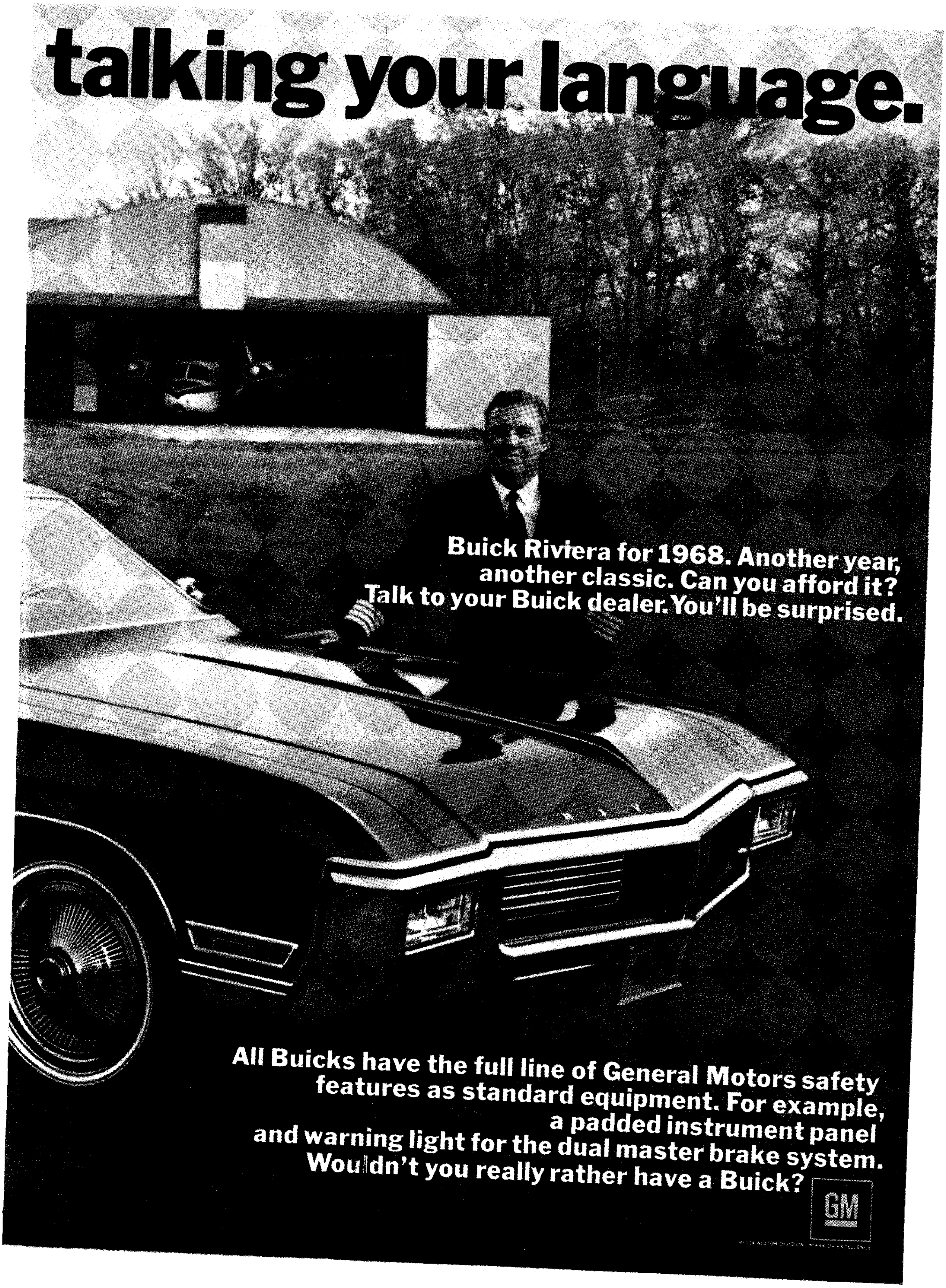
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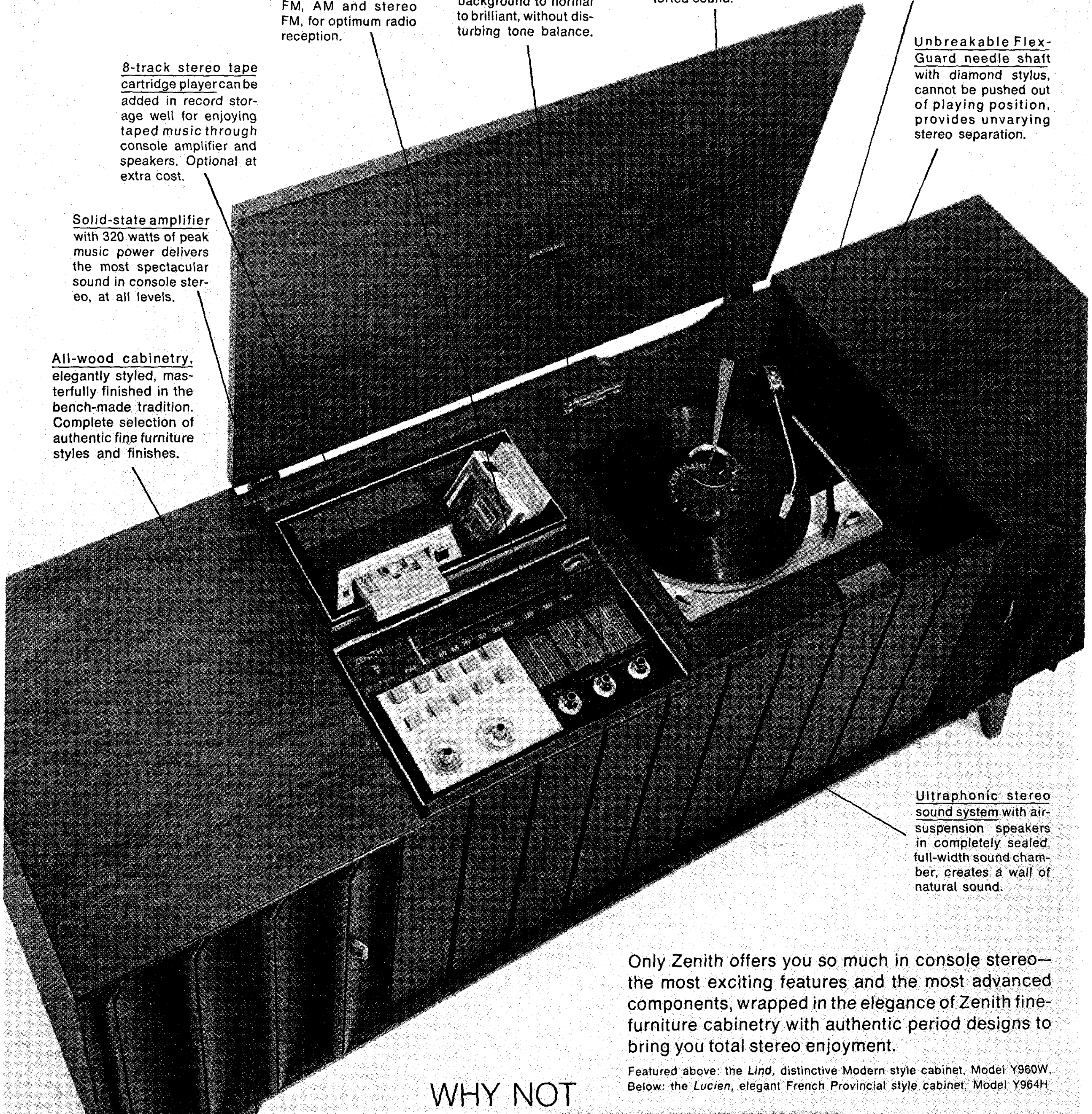

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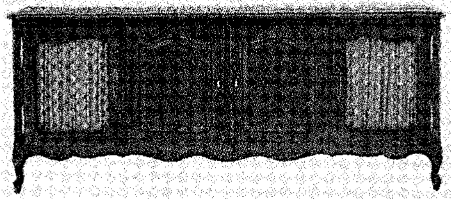

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tenants, who were demanding that something be done about the absence of elevator service and the accumulation of garbage outside their doors, and from the owners of rent-controlled buildings, who were demanding financial relief if there was to be a wage increase for the workers. Before the strike was settled, more than six hundred owners of small rent-controlled properties stormed City Hall in an attempt to reach the Mayor's office; they didn't succeed, but nine panes of glass in windows and doors were broken during the attack, and the Mayor's assistant appointments secretary, an attractive young woman in her twenties, was slightly wounded on the ankle by a rock that came hurtling through the double doors at the front of the Hall. There were also skirmishes over the Mayor's reorganization plan in the City Council and the Board of Estimate, and the two bodies cut twenty-three million dollars out of the executive budget—money that Lindsay had planned to use to cover pay increases for teachers, policemen, and firemen.

One day during the spring, I got a call from the political technician who, the previous fall, had been markedly critical of the Mayor's performance to date. "I've had some second thoughts on Lindsay since I saw you last," he said. "Why don't you come see me?"

We met the next morning at his office in midtown. "I was pretty harsh on the Mayor last year," the political technician began. "At that time, my reactions to him were based primarily on the horrendous way he handled the transit strike, just as he took office, and the way he threw his first tax package at the legislature in Albany. I must say there's been a different Lindsay in certain respects since the first of the year. When he went up to Albany on taxes during this session of the legislature, he was calm and reasonable, and showed much greater understanding of how things get done there. Why, at a dinner at the Executive Mansion, with leaders of both parties present, Lindsay praised the Governor, paid tribute to the sagacity of the leaders on both sides of the aisle in the legislature, and made a big point of how well aware he was of *their* problems. As we were leaving, a Democrat said to me, in some astonishment, 'He's practically a new man.' "

The political technician's manner changed suddenly. "However," he said severely, "there are still many negative elements in this administra-

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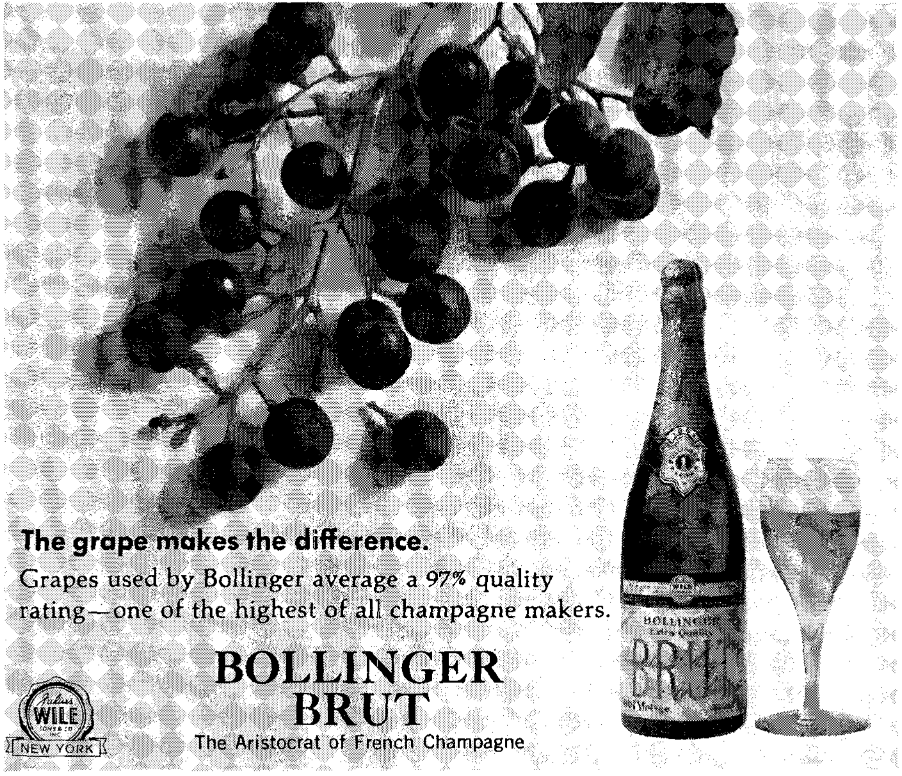

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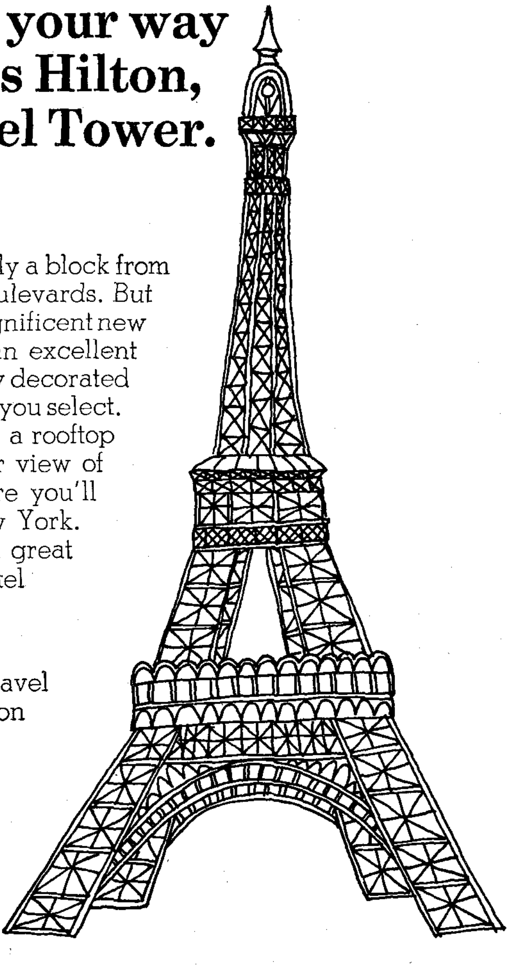

tion. I'm appalled by what seems to me an imminent and very serious breakdown in several areas. Morale in the Health Department, for instance, is at its lowest point in twenty years, because of his bureaucratic insistence on creating those umbrella-like super-agencies. The people in the Health Department don't know *what* their functions are going to be. And, from what I hear, there are similar morale problems in other departments because of all this reorganization that's in the wind. For that matter, I have worries of my own about Lindsay's plans to reorganize the city government. Super-agencies are going to mean super-bureaucracies. Bureaucracies feed on themselves anyway, and this could become monstrous."

After a pause, the political technician continued, "I will say that Lindsay himself has become more relaxed. That grating suspiciousness has largely gone. I think Lindsay now realizes that everybody *is* out to get the Mayor—any Mayor—and that everybody *does* have his own angle, and you might as well learn to live with it."

"But wouldn't realizing that make him more suspicious rather than less?" I asked.

"What I mean is that now his suspicions are more realistic. It's always easier to cope with problems you *know* are real. You see, he wasn't ready at first for the trauma of being Mayor. Now he's got used to it, and gradually he's also acquired more confidence in his own judgment—especially, I think, since the end of last year, when Bob Price, on whom he used to depend quite heavily, resigned as Deputy Mayor."

"Nine months ago, you said you felt there was little chance of Lindsay's going on to higher office—particularly the Presidency—after finishing here as Mayor," I said. "He seems to feel that way, too. He talks about exhausting himself in this job and then going back to private life."

The political technician smiled. "No matter what he says, I don't think he intends to leave public life after having been Mayor. And although I felt differently last fall, I'm beginning to believe he might move up in his party, especially if he has some moderate success as Mayor. The Republican Party has been changing since the 1964 convention, when Rockefeller failed to liberalize it—and that's putting it mildly. There are twenty-five Republican governors now, many of them young moderates, and they're altering the nature of the Party. Sure, there's a lot of hard-core conservatism

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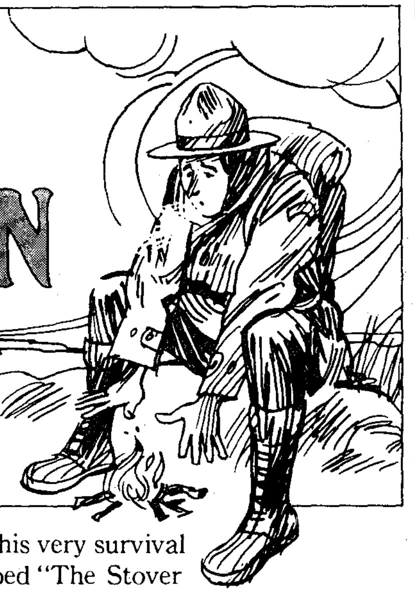
DINK STOVER'S TWO-MONTH VACATION

OR, "LOST ON THE TUNDRA!"



In which Dink, while leading his troop of boy scouts on a night hike, ends up fighting for his very survival in the Arctic wastes — but returns in time to propose a brilliant readership study (dubbed "The Stover Study"), designed to ease the minds of advertisers in a quandary over the thorny Boston newspaper situation.

The scene opens at a high-level conference in Dink's agency. Our hero has been absent from his desk for two months and it is becoming apparent to everybody in the company that something of a rather serious nature has befallen Dink. The Media Director speaks:

"I just don't understand. It's not like the lad to disappear this way without a trace. And, drat, it couldn't have happened at a worse time."

The company treasurer (who had decided six weeks ago to discontinue Dink's salary) asked: "What do you mean, C.R., 'worse time'?"

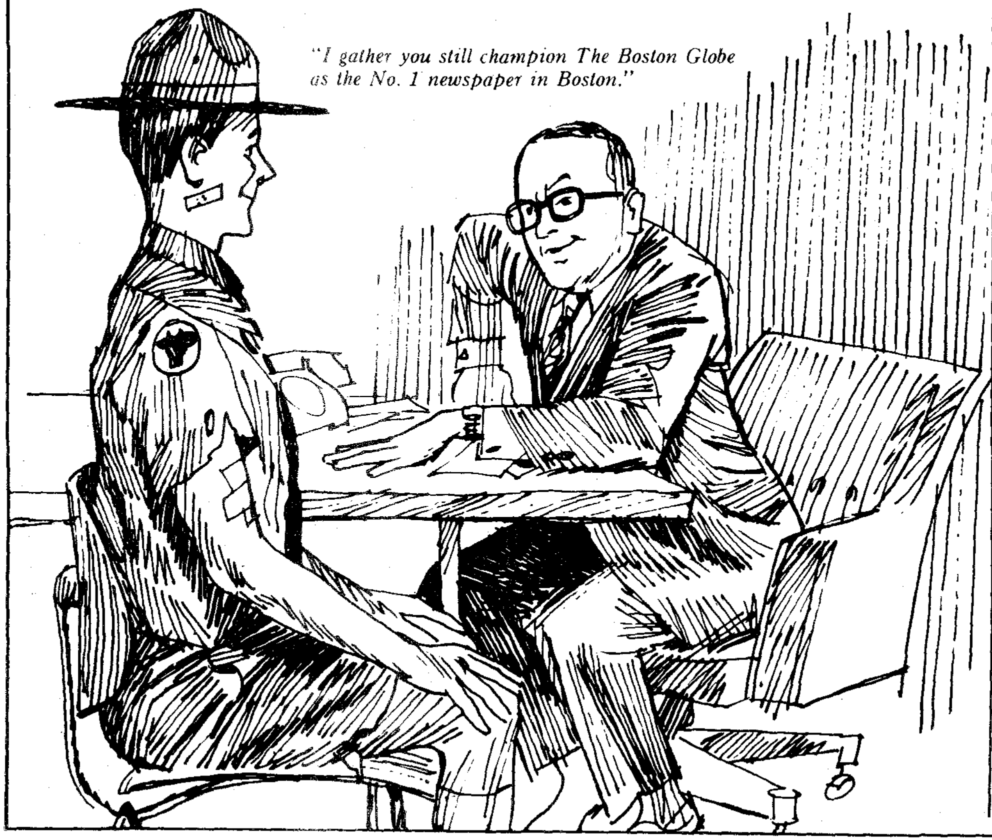
"It's this newspaper situation in Boston. Thoroughly confusing ever since last July when the Evening Traveler shut down. And, frankly, I don't know where to turn." (He spread his hands in complete frustration.)

At this very instant, 1200 miles due north, Dink sat huddled over a tiny fire munching pemmican and manfully trying to keep up his Yale pluck. How could he have made such a boneheaded mistake! As scoutmaster, he was trained to find his way through the thickest woods blindfolded. But because of a faulty compass, he became separated from the troop and wound up alone in this desolate, forsaken place. Tearing off his Pathfinder Merit Badge, he threw it on the frozen tundra in disgust.

All at once he spied some dark specks on the horizon. Was he (worst luck) taking leave of his senses — or was that really a rescue party approaching?

"Stover?" a voice called. "Hold on, man."

"Praise be, help at last!" Dink exclaimed happily, retrieving his Merit Badge. "And none too soon . . . "



"I gather you still champion The Boston Globe as the No. 1 newspaper in Boston."

Two days later, a rather gaunt Dink (still wearing his tattered scout uniform) sat attentively beside the Media Director's desk.

"It's bully to have you back with us, son. Sometime you must tell me all about it. But now to business—have you had a chance yet to brush up on our thorny Boston problem?"

Dink smiled cannily. "I have, sir."

"Let's call it 'The Stover Study.'"

The Media Director regarded Dink's emaciated face and sighed in relief. "Stout lad. I gather you still champion The Boston Globe as the No. 1 newspaper in Boston. But some of the claims we heard about that other Boston newspaper..."

Dink laughed. "I heard them up north, too — on my shortwave receiver. Frankly, they left me cold." Dink continued briskly: "Here is what I propose we do. We'll make a survey of what changes in readership have occurred in Greater Boston recently. A frank, impartial study among a significant number of families. Why, it should be a great boon for advertisers like ourselves, don't you think?"

The Media Director thrust out his hand. "Put it there, Dink. You've done it again. And because this survey is your idea, let's call it 'The Stover Study'. Even publish the findings in important national magazines. Why, lad, you'll be famous!"

Dink lowered his head modestly. "I'm not looking for fame, sir, but am just trying to do the job expected of me. I shall start cracking on 'The Stover Study' immediately." With that, Dink hurried off.

* * * * * *

***Faithful readers:* What will Dink's efforts bring to light? Will The Boston Globe continue to be the overwhelming favorite among Greater Boston readers (and among media buyers everywhere)? Watch for further developments of "The Dink Stover Study" in the very near future!**

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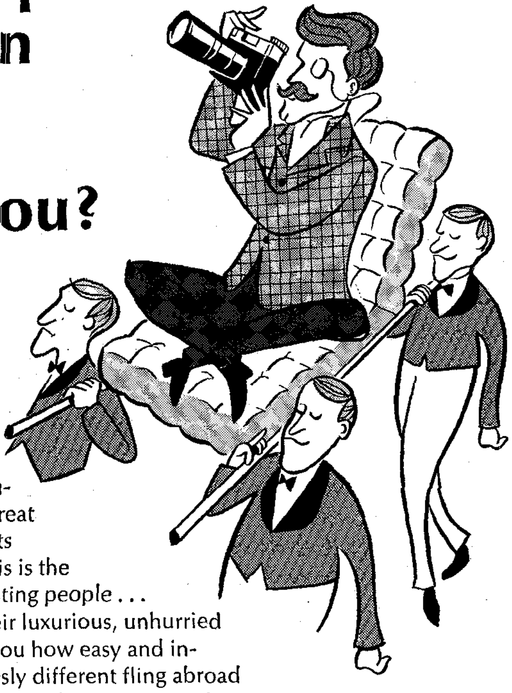

Like most travel-wise Europeans, he knows that off-season is "in" season with initiates. Prices dip, but fun skyrockets. The whole Continent lights up for action: sun-sparkled beaches, gala nightlife, great restaurants, intriguing offbeat spots most tourists simply never see. This is the best time to meet the most interesting people . . . when the poshest hotels are at their luxurious, unhurried best. Come to us and we'll show you how easy and inexpensive it is to have that gloriously different fling abroad you've always promised yourself. (Who knows, you and young Lord L. just may meet and hit it off beautifully!)

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that still has to be dealt with, but it was Rockefeller who took the conservatives on in 1964, not Lindsay. Lindsay doesn't have that albatross around his neck, and it's conceivable that at some point—who can predict?—the Party, including some of the conservatives, will be looking for an appealing moderate candidate for high office and will turn to John V. Lindsay."

"You say he'll have to show some moderate success as Mayor," I said. "The last time we talked, you didn't think he'd accomplish even that much."

"I've changed my mind about that. Now I'd say he has a good chance of getting something done. Or, rather, of leaving the impression that there has been change. Basically, he's a very attractive man. He does make his presence felt in the city. Sure, it's style more than substance up to this point, but so *what?* Very few voters go beneath the style and worry about things like all the bureaucratic problems that will come with his reorganization plan. O.K., so he'll have a success of style. That's at least some kind of success, isn't it?"

"You still think, then, that basic changes are unlikely?"

"With what he has to deal with in this city, it's going to be very, very hard to make any kind of dent in the real problems. As soon as anyone puts a finger in the dike in one place, another part of it starts breaking down."

"What if he had more money to work with?"

"He isn't going to get it from the federal government. In Washington, lip service is being paid to urban problems, and little more. That's why, under the present set of arrangements, no Mayor of New York can really make a dent. Look at congestion in this city—at how difficult it is to move around and do business. More than three million people enter the central business district of Manhattan every day, between Sixtieth Street and Wall Street. So three years ago, after ten years of debate, Congress enacted a federal transportation program that was designed to help cities with their mass-transit problems. Do you know what the mass-transit appropriation for the entire nation was for the next four years? Less than four hundred million dollars. What can you do with that? Or take water pollution. The federal anti-water-pollution program for the entire country for one year is only going to be about three hundred million dollars. And where's the federal money

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The political technician was silent for a while, apparently contemplating an increasingly congested and polluted future. Then his spirits seemed to brighten, and, with more enthusiasm than he had shown at any previous point in our conversations about the Mayor, he said, "In one respect, there *has* been substantial accomplishment in this city—the parks. Lindsay and his people have reversed Robert Moses' conception of the function of parks. They've made parks for people rather than for automobiles. That really is an accomplishment. God, those iron bars around the playgrounds Lindsay inherited! *There* was the symbol of Moses. And I'll give Lindsay credit for involving more young people in local government than I've ever seen in this city before. When I was young, at parties someone would say, 'What do you do?' I'd tell them I worked in the city government and they'd walk away as if I were some sort of hack. But now that's where the glamour is—municipal government. And there's still another thing he's done. I don't know how much political sex appeal there is in it, but he *has* devised a fairly rational tax and financial structure for the city to operate on. That's a very important precedent he set—bringing commuters into the city-income-tax system."

The political technician seemed surprised at the number of favorable things he had found to say about the Mayor, and he became stern again. "All in all, he's done more than I thought he'd be able to," he said judiciously. "However, I'm still disappointed—very disappointed—in many of his appointments. He hasn't attracted the people of stature throughout the administration that had been hoped for. His single greatest appointment was Hoving, and now Hoving has left."

TOWARD the end of June, I paid another call on the Mayor at Gracie Mansion. City Hall had been under siege again—by welfare workers, by welfare clients, and by more than five thousand members of the United Federation of Teachers, who were serving notice that they would resign in September unless their union won substantial gains in its contract negotiations with the Board of Education. Meanwhile, it was reported that a new contract for the Transport Workers Union might cost the city more than six hundred million dollars over the next two years. I made a mental note,

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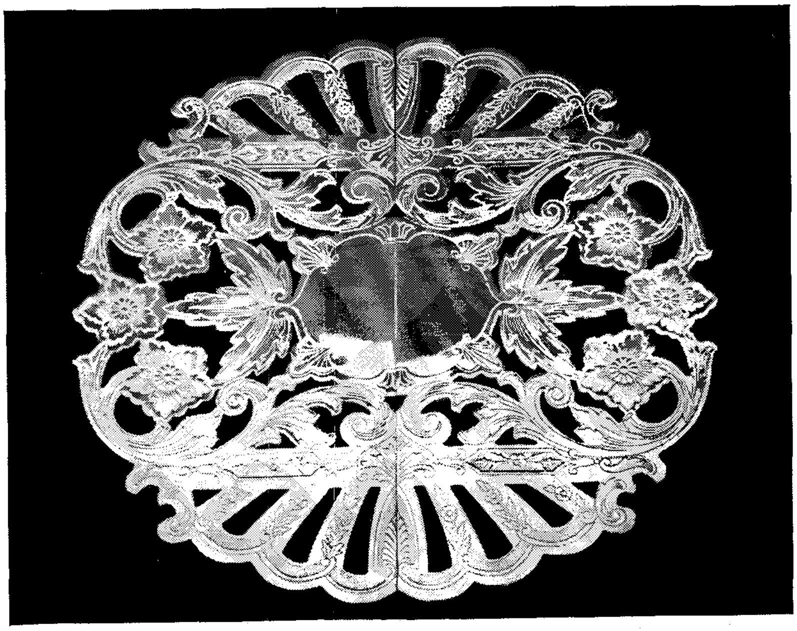

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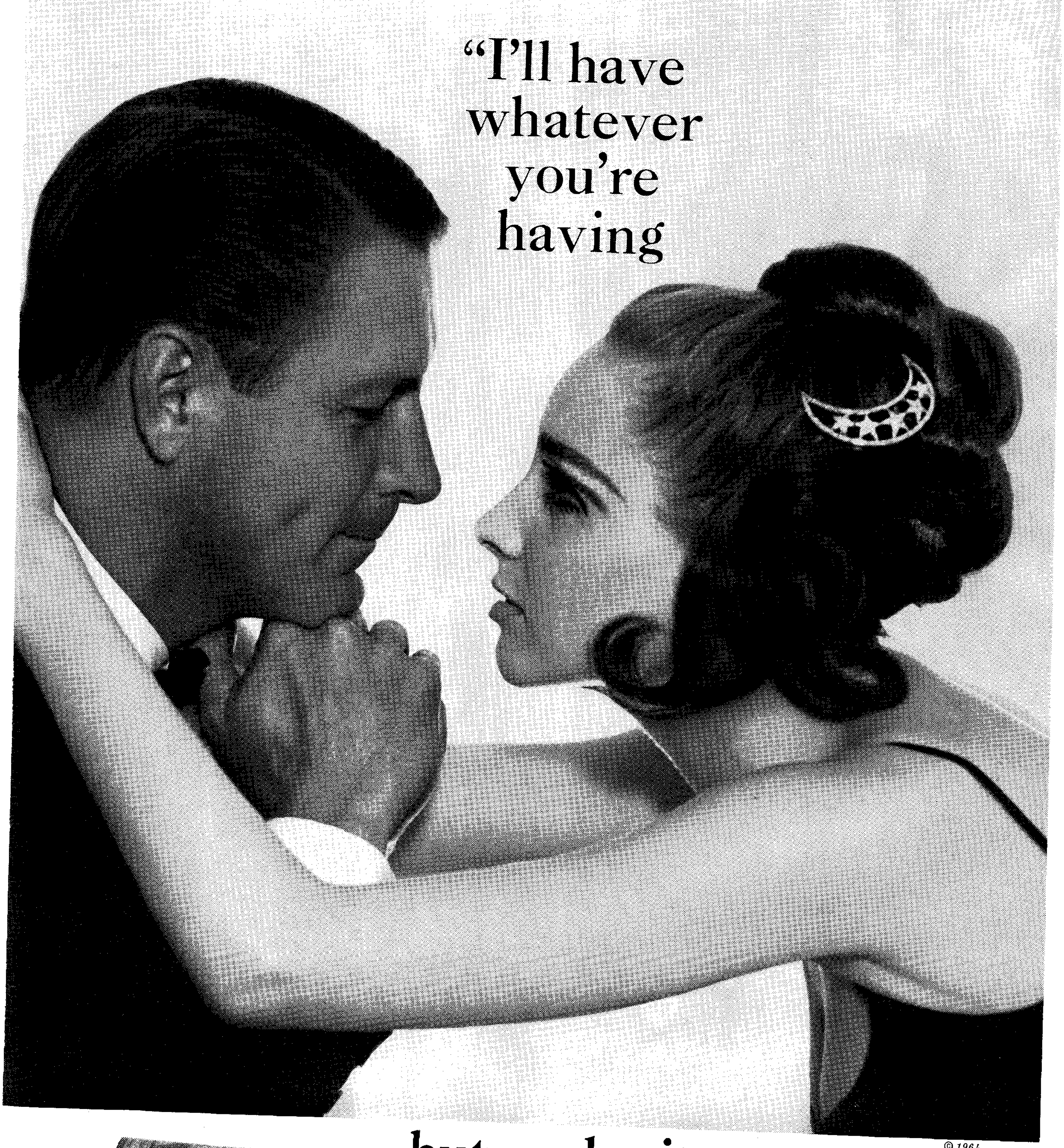
as I do every two years, not to plan to use the subways after midnight on New Year's Eve. On the way to Gracie Mansion, I had been reading a *Post* report on the annual convention of the United States Conference of Mayors, in Hawaii, where the Mayor had emerged, according to the *Post*, as "one of the strong men of municipal government" and as "probably the one mayor in the country who is recognized by residents of a city other than his own." I found the Mayor looking tanned, rested, and thoroughly relaxed, and I asked him if the trip had been a pleasant change for him.

"The change in pressure wasn't really all that great," he said, smiling. "In Hawaii, I was on the phone for an hour or an hour and a half every single morning, being briefed on everything, every bloody detail. You can't get away from pressure these days—not with the telephone. But I did get a good rest out there, a lot of sleep and swimming, and a long run on the beach every morning."

The Mayor invited me to take a chair on the long, spacious back porch of Gracie Mansion, and from there the place struck me as the kind of old, comfortable, well-kept country house that has usually been in the same family for generations. There was green summer furniture on the porch, some of it with bright-colored cushions, and from my chair I looked out onto a small grassy playground with a slide and swings. "That's not only for John, Jr.," the Mayor said, following my glance. "In the summer, I sometimes hold the weekly cabinet meetings out there on the grass. It's much more pleasant than the conference room downstairs."

Recalling that during the previous talks I had had with him he had expressed concern about not having enough time to think, I asked him if that situation had improved. He took off his jacket, sprawled on a couch, and said, "Oh, yes, I can delegate a lot of things now with confidence in areas where I couldn't before. I still have a few amateurs here and there, but there are some good professionals. Staffing an administration is like marrying a woman—you don't really know what you've got yourself in for until you've lived with her for a while. There's a great element of risk and testing in making appointments. Some of the amateurs I started with developed into pros. Some didn't. And once in a while a man who looked very professional from a distance turned out to be an amateur. But that's rare. On the whole, I think the appoint-



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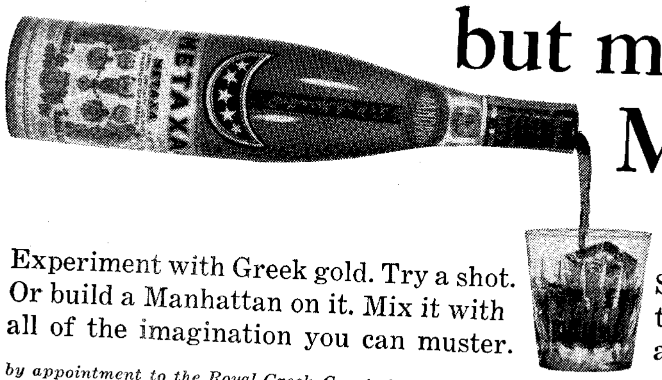

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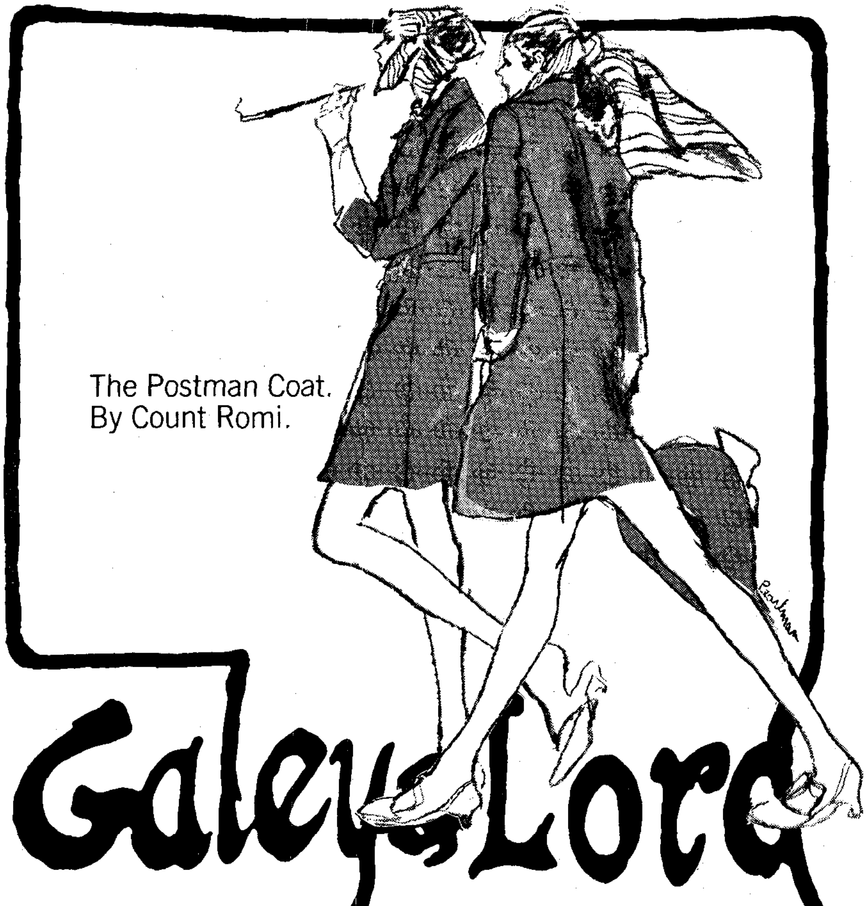

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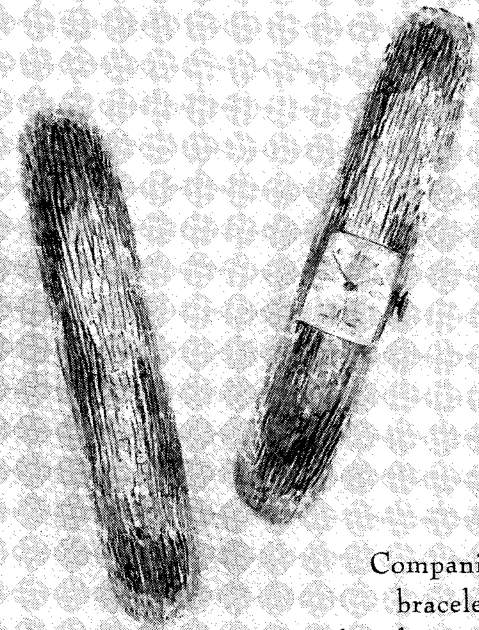

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ments have been on the plus side. There'll be some changes and a few additions, but the basic team is now pretty well set. And since I'm able to delegate matters to that team, I do have time to think, and to read. A good deal of the reading is on technical city stuff, but not all of it. I found a collection of Bernard Shaw's plays around here, and I've been zooming through that. I've been rediscovering O. Henry, and I read a story or two before I go to bed. That and the *Times*. They send me a first edition now around eleven o'clock. The only thing is, I still don't have any time to write." He shook his head. "I'm a month late with a book review I said I'd do for *Life* on a study of wiretapping."

I told the Mayor of the thesis I'd heard that his ability to be relaxed these days resulted in part from a recognition that his suspicions about everybody's being out to get the Mayor were quite realistic. He roared with laughter. "You tell the man who said that that he's not so far off base. That's the way it is, and you might as well relax and get used to it. No, I don't have much problem keeping calm now. But once in a while I still have bad moments. Occasionally, I'll wake up at three in the morning and fret and fume and toss around until six."

"What usually causes those bad moments?"

"Irritation. At the system—how hard it is to get the bureaucracy to move. At petty politics. At press-hungry commissioners."

The Mayor was called away to the telephone, and I watched the ships on the East River until he came back. Then I picked up where we had left off by saying, "A year and a half of your first term is over, and yet your reorganization plan, which you've maintained right along is central to bringing change in the city, hasn't moved out of the City Council. Don't you get irritated at that?"

He ran a hand through his hair. "Sure," he said. "But I think we'll get it through. I no longer get any negative talk about it from the City Council leadership, the way I did for so long. Now they say, 'Just give us some more *time*.' And *they're about to* give their approval for the first of the ten superagencies—the Housing and Development Administration, which I've already set up by executive order. We'll get the whole package. There will be some compromises, but compromises we can live with."

Touching on a matter the political technician had mentioned, I said, "But

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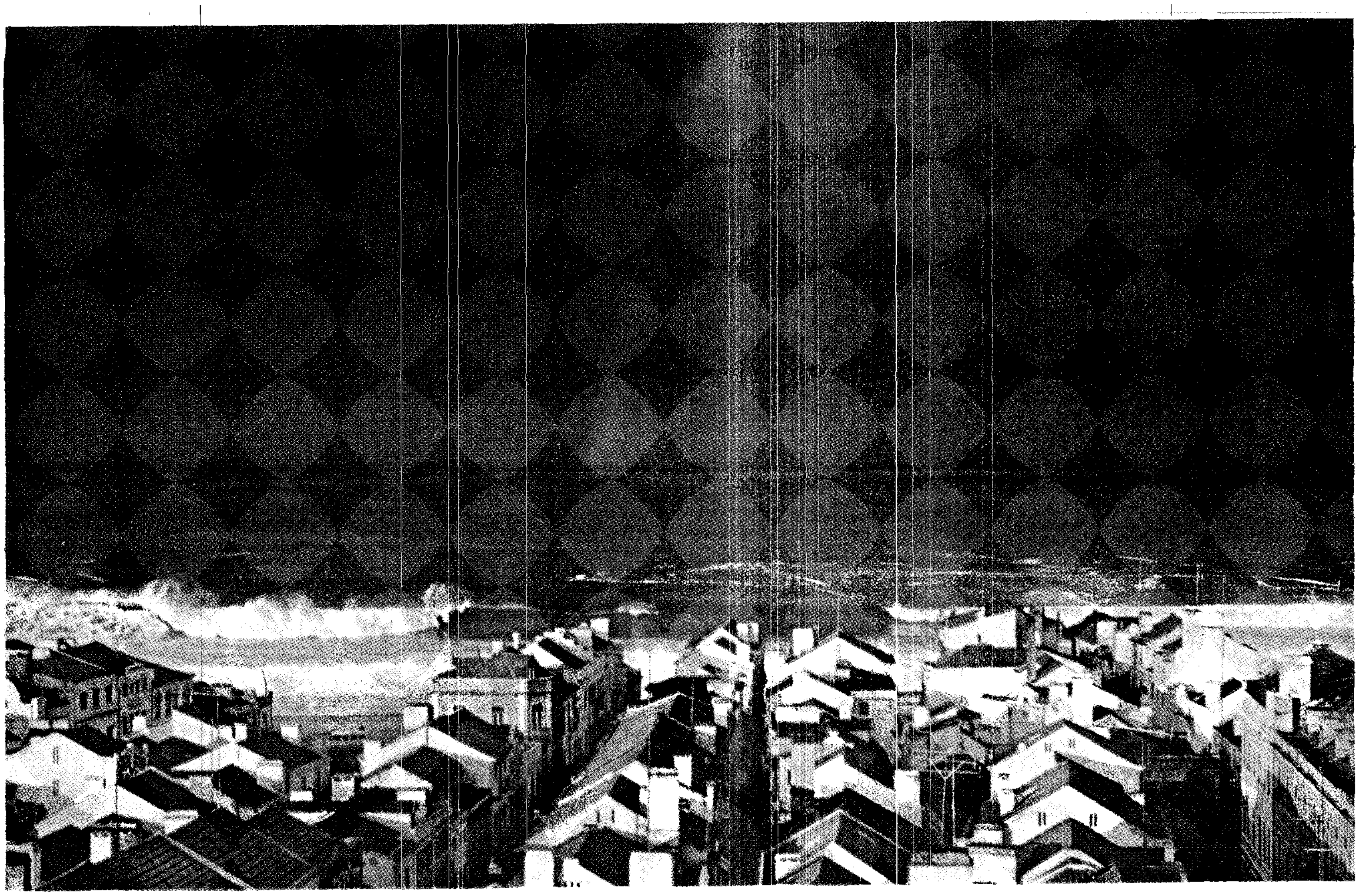

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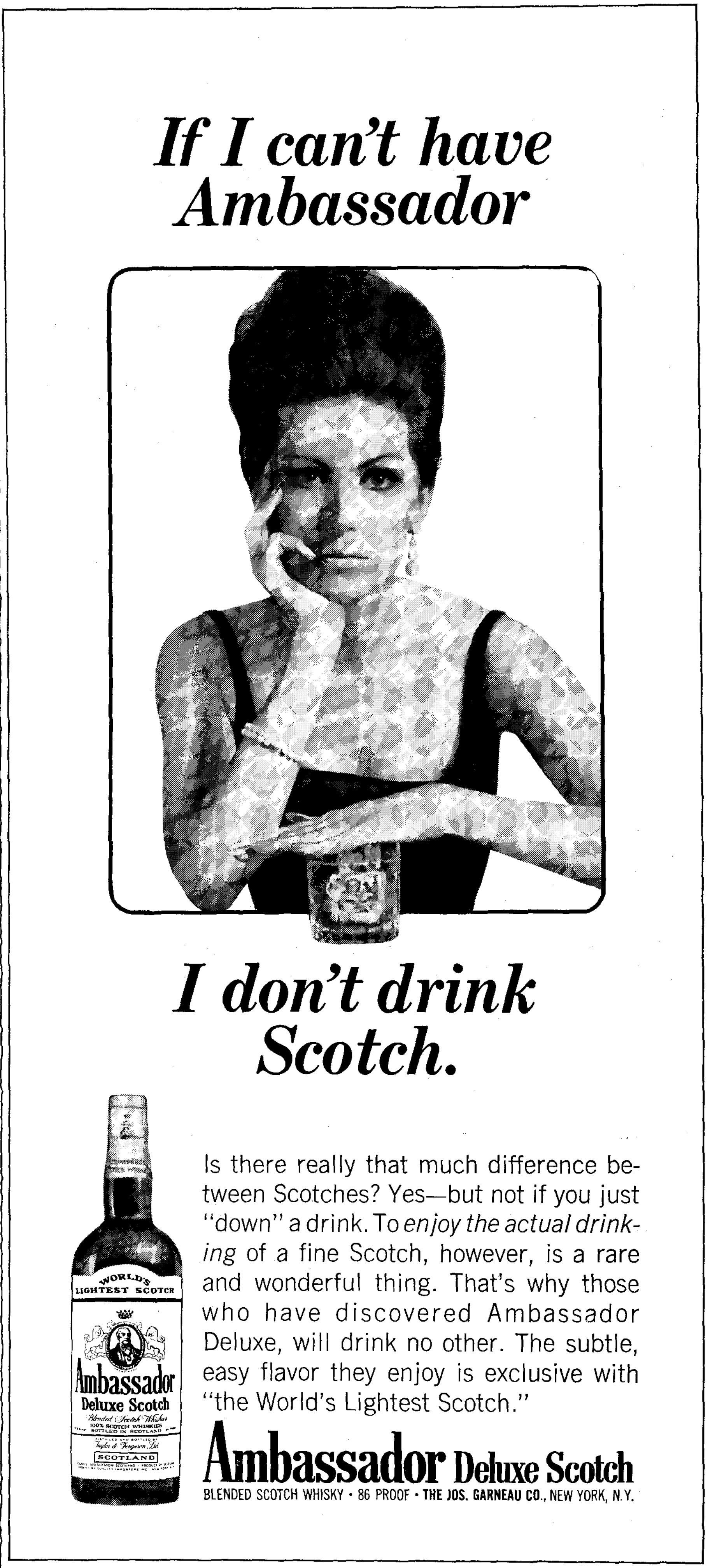
meanwhile isn't there a morale problem in the various departments as they wait to see what will happen—in the Health Department, for example?"

"What you have are certain members of the Establishment in those departments who don't want any change at all," the Mayor said, frowning. "And, of course, there is some degree of uncertainty in the middle echelons. But that's inevitable when you do any kind of reorganizing. It happened in Washington when the Department of Health, Education and Welfare was put together, and it happened when the Defense Department was changed over. But I'm more deeply convinced than ever that we've *got* to have this reorganization in the city. I had doubts myself for a while over whether the Sanitation Department should be included in the administration that will be concerned with environmental control. The plan, you remember, is for ten top-level administrations that will incorporate the functions of dozens of scattered departments and agencies. So here is the Sanitation Department—big, critical, a uniformed force that has been on its own for a long time. But the more I went into the problems of environmental control, the clearer it became that you have to talk about air, water, earth, and streets all together. And you have to budget them all together. If you burn what the Sanitation Department collects, you corrupt the air. If you don't burn it, you corrupt the earth. And, whatever you do, you need more equipment and more manpower, in an integrated system that will be able to deal with every element of the problem—in the air, in the water, and underground."

The Mayor drew a deep breath. "Or take Health Services," he went on. "That's one of the four administrations I've set up by executive order—along with Human Resources, Transportation, and Housing and Development. But I need changes in the City Charter before they can be fully functional administrations and before I can go ahead and create the six others. I'm limited in what I can do under an executive order. The Hospitals Department, for example, still administers the sick-baby clinics, and the well-baby clinics are still under the Department of Health. During this transitional period, I've been conducting a series of meetings about health—six two-hour sessions. The same sort of thing I did earlier about the different aspects of police work. At the meetings, I've had Howard Brown, the Health Services Administrator; Edward O'Rourke,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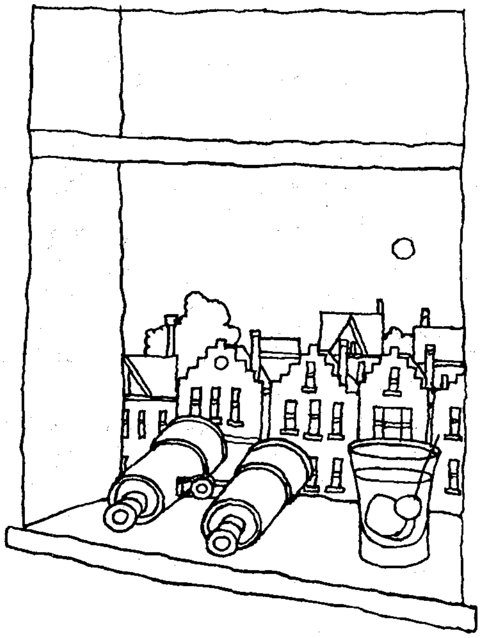

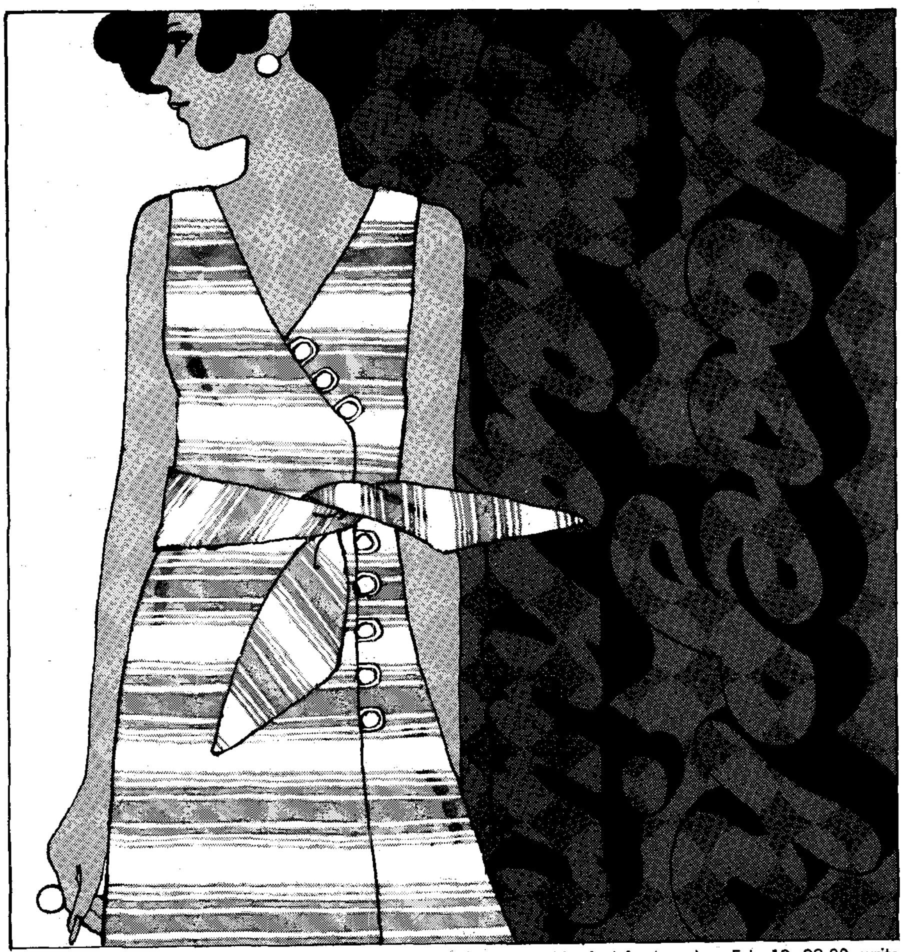

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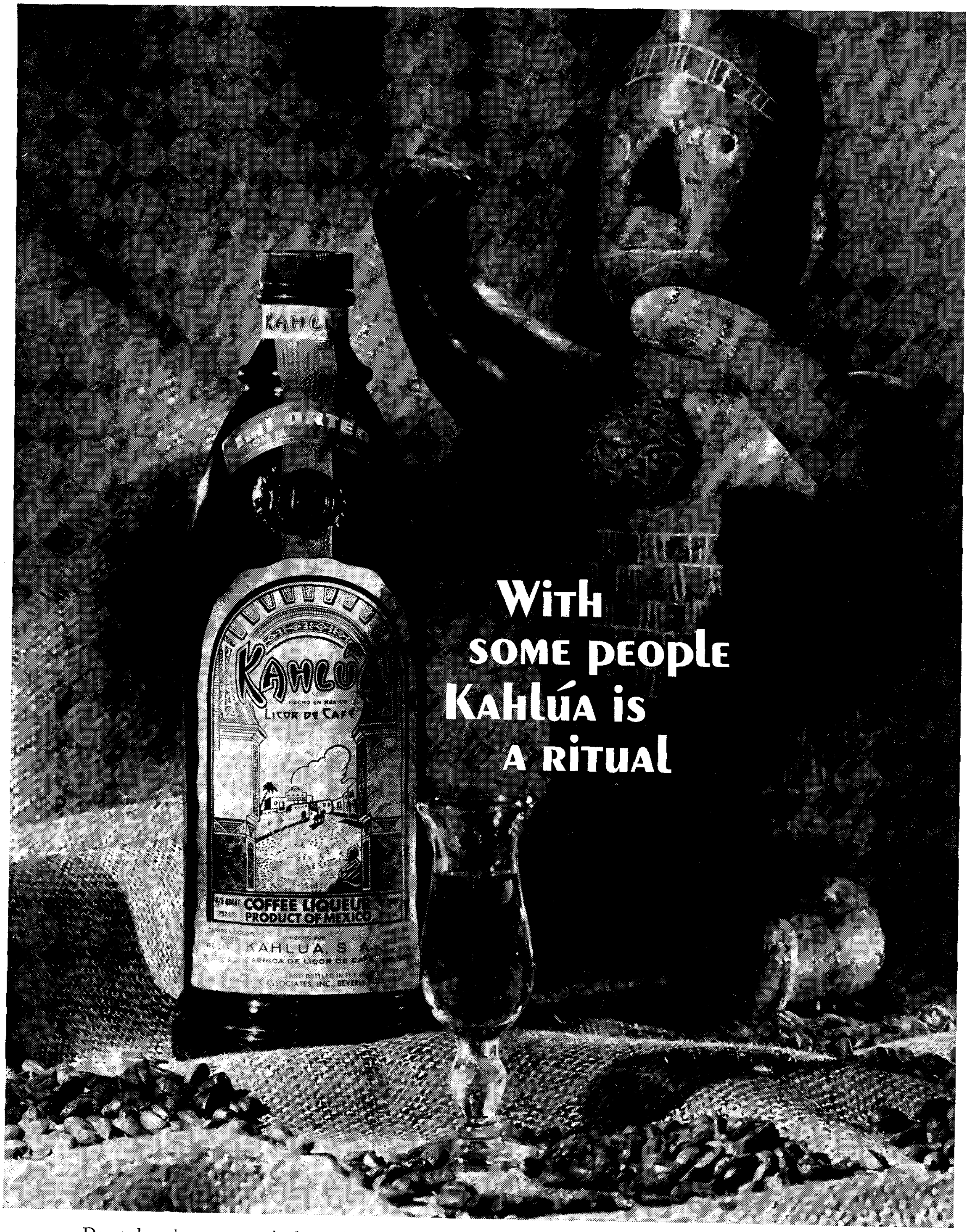
Commissioner of Health; Joseph Terenzio, Commissioner of Hospitals; Efren Ramirez, who's in charge of the narcotics program; Marvin Perkins, Commissioner of Mental Health Services; and Milton Helpern, the Chief Medical Examiner. I also have the staff aide from my office who is the liaison between me and the Health Services Administration. When the whole plan goes through, there'll be people on my staff connecting the Mayor's office with each administration. Anyway, we've had these meetings, and as they go on, you can't avoid seeing how all the departments concerned intermesh. Once you start talking about your strategies and goals for health services, you have to consider the relationships between hospitals and clinics, between medical schools and the voluntary hospitals they're affiliated with, between well-baby and sick-baby clinics, and so on down the line. In addition, the whole area of preventive medicine is related to all these other functions. I swear to God, it's been idiotic to have lived so long with things the way they used to be—all the separate sections, with separate budgets, with overlapping functions, with nobody in charge of the whole picture. The sections never met with each other, and, in fact, they were all in jealous competition with each other. You simply cannot do any real, substantive planning—budgetary, physical, sociological—under that kind of setup. A fundamental goal of health care in cities now, for example, is making that care available to poor families who don't have family physicians. That means bringing small, immediately accessible health-service centers into the neighborhoods, thereby relieving the burden on the out-patient clinics in the big hospitals, where the jamups take place now. The large hospital complexes, with full laboratory facilities and beds for people who need extended hospitalization, will be the hub of the health-service wheel, and the neighborhood centers all over the city will be the spokes. But you can't get this done, you can't get budget flexibility, you can't plan in terms of reasonable priorities, you can't assess the efficiency of each program in terms of the money spent on it—you can't do *anything* unless you have the kind of total reorganization we've planned."

The Mayor had been leaning forward, making his points vehemently. Now he sank back on the couch, and I turned to the subject of the role he had played at the United States Conference of Mayors in Hawaii. Accord-



Devoted as they are to orthodoxy, they drink it straight; in a cordial glass; after dinner. There's definitely something bewitching about the brew. Many, charmed by the versatility of this captivating coffee liqueur, are compelled to exult in such devilish concoctions as the Black Russian, Brave Bull, Kahlúa Sour. Still others swirl it into dazzling desserts. Consider the sorcery of this magical mixture from Old Mexico. And while you're at it, consider the source, because what the Mexicans don't know about coffee liqueur doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

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ing to the *Post*, Lindsay had been one of the leaders there in creating something he had described on his return as "an atmosphere of urban alliance to insist that the federal government put the problems of the cities in a position of No. 1 priority." I asked him if he really expected the pressure from such an alliance to get the cities all the federal money they needed.

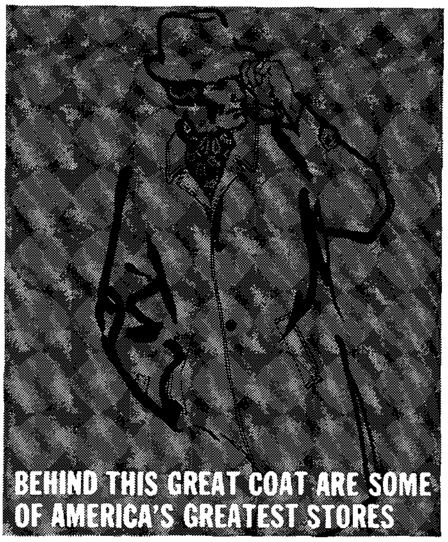
The Mayor smiled rather wanly. "The most we can do is keep the pressure on and thereby get the little bit extra that comes from continued pressure," he said. "But, realistically, as long as so big a part of the federal budget is gobbled up by the Defense Department, not much is going to change. The cities won't get what they need from Washington until there has been a change in what we do outside this country."

"Speaking of Washington," I said, "I've heard more and more speculation since I last saw you about the possibility of your running for national office."

The Mayor smiled. "At this moment, nobody knows—I don't know myself—whether I'm even going to run again for Mayor," he said. "It's hard to make people believe that after this kind of job you might want to get the hell out of public service and do something useful in the outside world. The options, it seems to me, are superb. There's writing, for instance. I'd like to try that. I don't think I could succeed in it as a full-time occupation, but I'd like to see if I could. And if I did try, I'd like to do it abroad for a while. Also, there's always the law to go back to. I'd have to learn the tricks of the trade again, but I used to enjoy trying cases. And there's foundation work, and teaching, although university life has its drawbacks—and the more I see of it, the more of those drawbacks I see. Especially in administration. I can think of nothing more exasperating than being Mayor of New York except perhaps being a college president. Another option I find appealing is television work—news, running discussion programs, that sort of thing. Really, the variety of options is enormous."

I said, "It's hard to believe that you won't run for a second term as Mayor, though, since you won't be able to make all the changes you want in your first four years."

Lindsay nodded. "Yes, that's true. Four years isn't long enough. You can just about get things started in four years. You can just about get them going down the track. But that's not such a small accomplishment—not in this city." He smiled. "Assuming, of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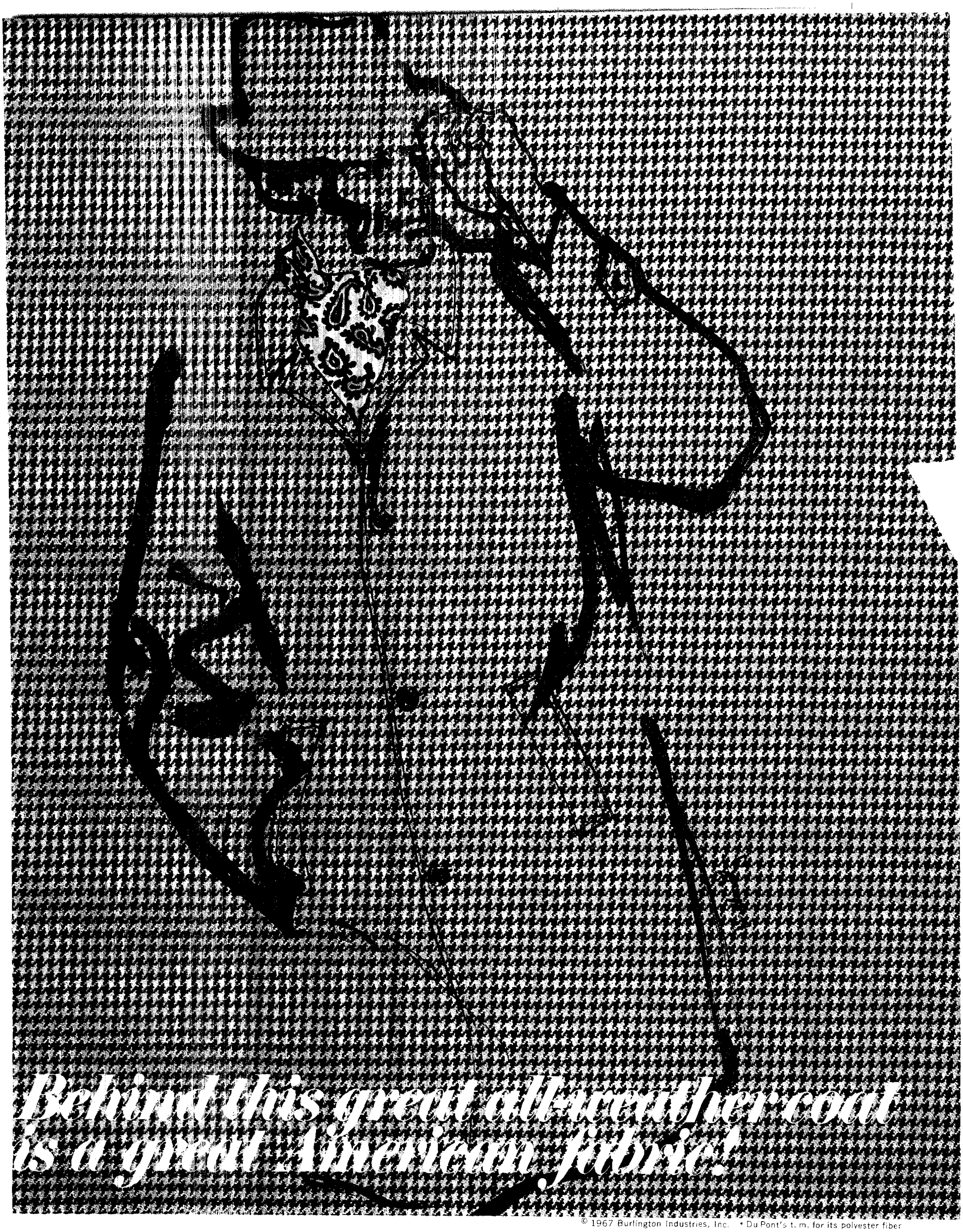
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course, that they're going down that track in the right direction."

A press aide came out on the porch to say that five members of the Israeli Parliament, who were in New York as advisers to Israel's delegation to the United Nations General Assembly, were waiting for the Mayor.

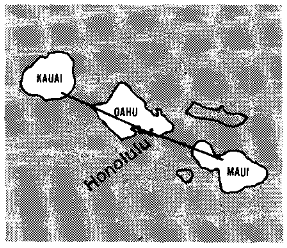
"Is this a ceremonial or a substantive occasion?" I asked.

The Mayor grinned. "Oh, there'll be a little substance to it," he answered. "We'll talk about how nice it is to be alive and win wars. I did have a ceremonial occasion a couple of hours ago, at City Hall. Some members of the Greek community gave me the Commander's Cross of the Greek Order of St. Denis. They even did the bit with the sword. One of them kept whispering for me to kneel while that was going on, but I wouldn't do it. They tapped me on the shoulder anyway, so now I'm a knight. I'm Sir John, and don't you forget it." As the Mayor got up from the couch, he added, with a stage sigh, "But they didn't give me a white horse."

I NEXT saw the Mayor, unexpectedly, in front of a grocery store on the lower East Side one hot afternoon shortly after the summer's series of ghetto explosions had reached East Harlem. In comparison with Detroit and Newark, New York's explosion had been mild. But tension remained, and a middle-aged Puerto Rican who runs a store I sometimes patronize on Second Avenue near Third Street had just told me, "If it starts down here, I'm ready. It gets dark, I stay at home with my gun. I don't care who comes in, they get it." We were standing on the sidewalk in front of his store, and his eyes left mine when a car stopped at the curb a few yards up Second Avenue and four men, including the Mayor, in his shirtsleeves, got out. The grocer gaped at the Mayor for a few seconds, and then broke into a smile.

The Mayor, seeing me, waved, and I walked over. I asked him about East Harlem. His face suddenly hardened. "We weren't getting to the kids," he said. "The agencies, the organizations weren't reaching them. Nobody's been talking to them. So we're trying to find ways to do that ourselves. The hell with the organizations. We're getting street people involved in setting up programs for the kids, and the kids are having a say in how they're run."

While we were talking, a small crowd had gathered, and now people began complaining to the Mayor about their landlords or simply confirmed



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their actual nearness to the man they had seen on television by shaking his hand. A very old Puerto Rican woman tugged at the Mayor's sleeve. He bent down, accepted her good wishes, and was still smiling as he turned away. Then he caught sight of an ugly mound of debris in front of an empty store a few doors away. Two small children were playing in the filth, and Lindsay's face hardened again. He told an aide to have the Sanitation Department clean it up.

"You looked angry just then, but you must see that sort of thing all the time," I said.

He shook his head. "Each time, it's a fresh experience," he said.

The tension in the city continued, and a few weeks later I made plans to accompany the Mayor on one of his neighborhood tours. It was to begin at a public swimming pool in the Red Hook district of South Brooklyn. The Mayor was due by helicopter at 6 P.M., but he was late. A small, restless group of Puerto Rican boys, some in wet bathing suits, waited in a park near the swimming pool for the Mayor's descent. Also present were four policemen, several newspaper reporters, a photographer from the *News*, and a C.B.S. man with a hand-held television camera.

Four Negroes in their late teens arrived, wearing neat blue jackets that identified them as members of the South Brooklyn Youth Council. I asked them what sort of work they were doing, and one of them, a tall, slight boy, said, "We work with the kids, you know. Recreation, keeping them quiet, stopping fights. It's city money, you know. But it don't make it. I mean, we just got started in July and we're through in September. You know, this should be year-round. It's too hard trying to cool things just for a couple of months. It ain't easy, man. We got no protection. We can't carry nothing but our mouth."

At six-thirty, some of the children in the park shouted, and we all looked up to see a blue-and-white police helicopter heading toward us. It appeared to be overshooting the park, but it swiftly banked and came to earth not far from where we were gathered. The Mayor, in gray trousers and a short-sleeved white shirt with no tie, jumped out. He saw the cameramen and grimaced. In what seemed an instant, the small reception party expanded into a swarm of children, teen-agers, and adults, and the Mayor moved at the center of a bulging parade toward the swimming pool. Suddenly, though, he turned,

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found an opening in the crowd, and sprinted back to where the helicopter had landed. He shook hands with each of the four policemen who had been waiting for him. Just as he was about to be engulfed by the crowd again, I heard him say to his press secretary, Harry O'Donnell, "Ask C.B.S. to cool it—this is getting to be too much of a show."

"The point of these trips," O'Donnell said to me as the Mayor moved away, "is for him to find out what's happening in the neighborhoods. If there's too much press, they get in the way of his finding out."

As the parade resumed, the Mayor, while almost automatically shaking hands and signing autographs, listened attentively to an account of the neighborhood and its problems he was being given by a tall Negro, who was later identified for me as a senior staff member of the South Brooklyn Youth Council. At the pool, Buster Crabbe had just presented the first of what was to be a series of swimming demonstrations in ghetto neighborhoods throughout the city. Sidney Davidoff, who had recently become an assistant to the Mayor, was explaining Crabbe's function to several women of the community. "He says he can teach any kid to swim in a few minutes—at least give him a few strokes," Davidoff said. "You see, Crabbe believes you can get a lot of inhibitions and frustrations out through athletics."

A blond young man in his mid-twenties had for some minutes been trying without success to elbow his way through to talk to the Mayor. Acknowledging his defeat, he delivered his message to Davidoff. "I'm Peter Hughes, of the South Brooklyn Community Progress Center. Look, it's very clear to us that because there have been no disturbances here yet Red Hook has been put at the bottom of the list for this summer. But you have to realize this is a worse ghetto than Harlem in some respects. We have practically none of the recreation or entertainment facilities Harlem has. And the people here—ask anybody—have to walk half a mile to get to the subway. There's only one good bus route, and that just skirts the area. We've got only four working traffic lights, and there's a terrible sanitation problem with some of the houses—toilets backing up. The streets aren't cleaned nearly as often as they ought to be, and we even have electricity lines running overground."

Davidoff promised to see what could be done, and I asked Hughes whether the neighborhood had been organizing

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1 oz. Galliano
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Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
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Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

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(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
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½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

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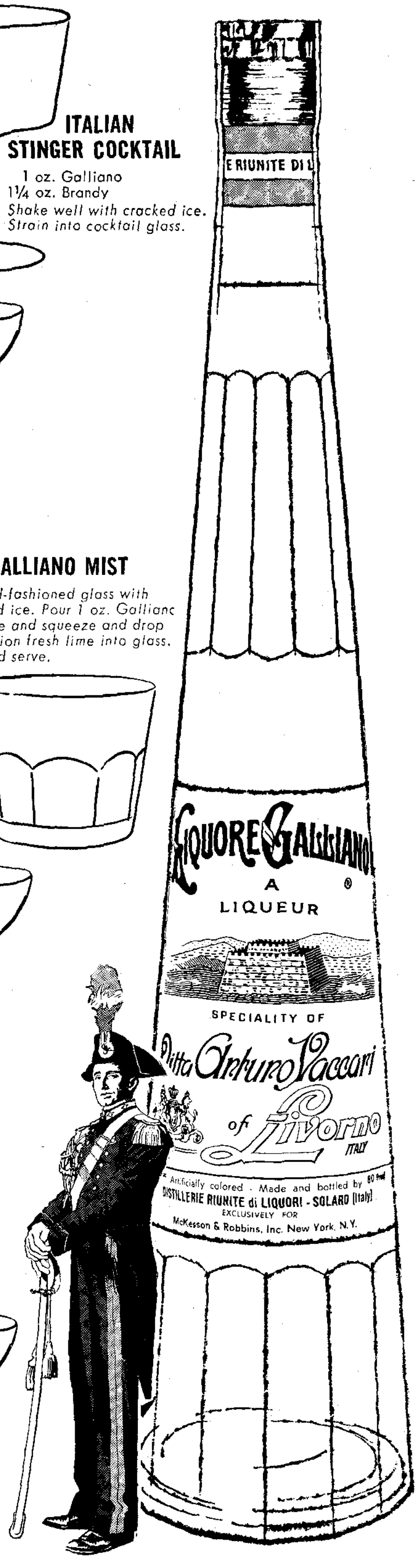
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itself to protest. "That's just the problem," he said. "It's hard to get any kind of organization going. These people don't know how to organize around a problem. They don't know how to bitch, and that's why they're at the bottom of the list."

I worked my way back into the crowd and caught up with the Mayor as he was leaving the pool. Looking up from a conversation with a teen-ager, he saw the *News* camera pointed straight at him. "Damn those cameras," he muttered.

With his arm around the shoulders of the tall Negro who had been assigned to brief him, the Mayor walked on to a nearby housing project, listening to a list of the neighborhood's needs, including more sprinklers for hydrants and more measures to combat drug addiction. Meanwhile, I got a briefing of my own from one of the other representatives of the Youth Council, who told me, "Since they built the Brooklyn-Queens Expressway, this neighborhood has been cut off from the rest of Brooklyn. No movies, no market to speak of. I tell you, the community feels that nobody thinks about it anymore, that it wouldn't matter what happened to us here. Him coming in here, that's a good thing. It gives them a little hope."

I asked him how long he thought the hope would last.

He shrugged. "Well, now, that's another thing," he said.

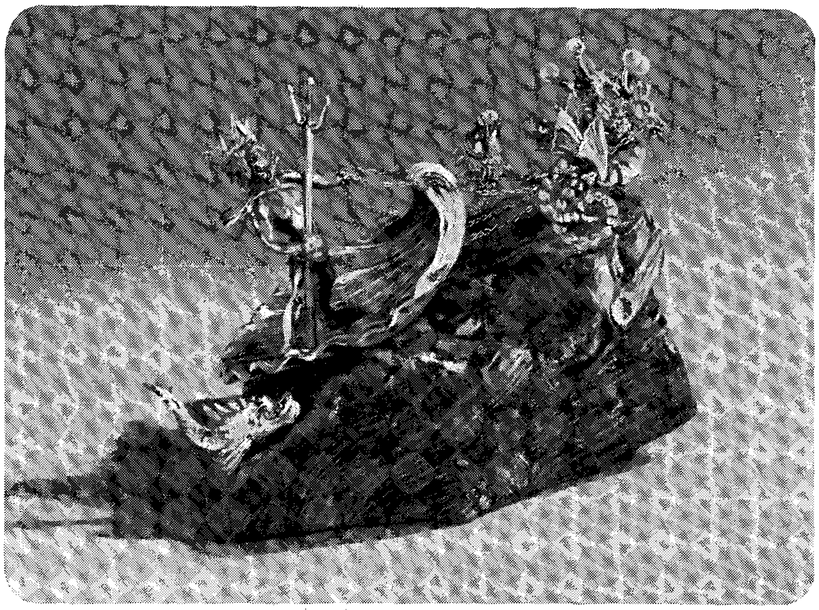
From the Negro and Puerto Rican section of Red Hook, the Mayor and his party moved on by car to Park Slope, a largely Italian enclave, consisting in the main of well-kept stores and two- and three-family houses. The Mayor got out, and in the first three blocks of his walk there he was noticed by only one man, who stopped, did a double take, and just managed to say "Hello" before the Mayor's party had passed.

"There are Negro kids who come to school here," the Youth Council official told Lindsay. "They always come into this neighborhood in a group. They have to. To protect themselves."

"What are the churches doing?" the Mayor asked.

"They try different things to bring the different elements together, but somehow they don't do too good a job."

By now, the Mayor was at the center of another parade. Park Slope had awakened to the presence of the city's chief executive. People yelled greetings from cars, others stepped tentatively toward the Mayor from



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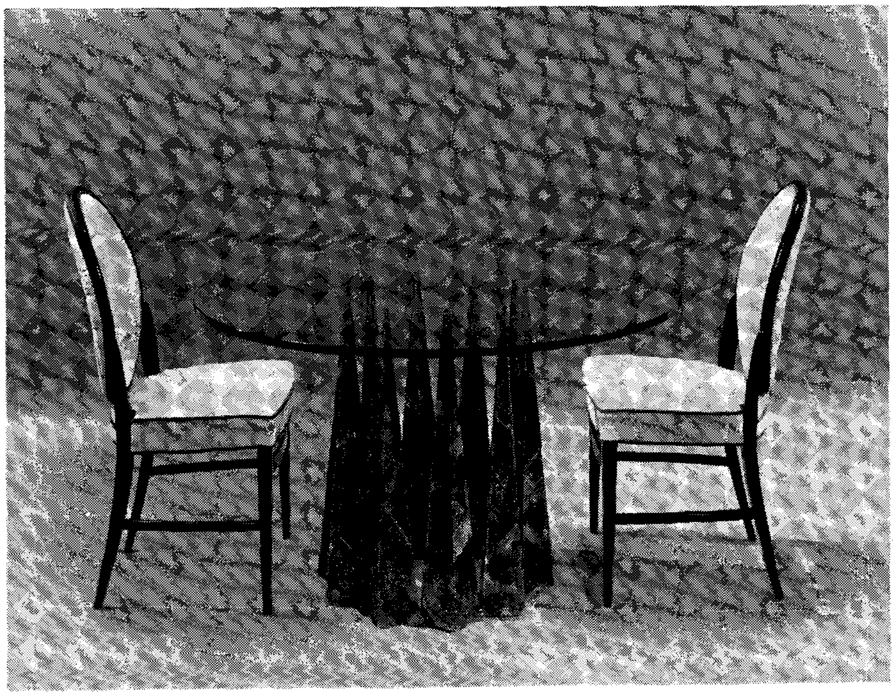

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The Magnificent Five are: Firebird, Firebird Sprint, Firebird 350, Firebird H.O. and Firebird 400 (shown).

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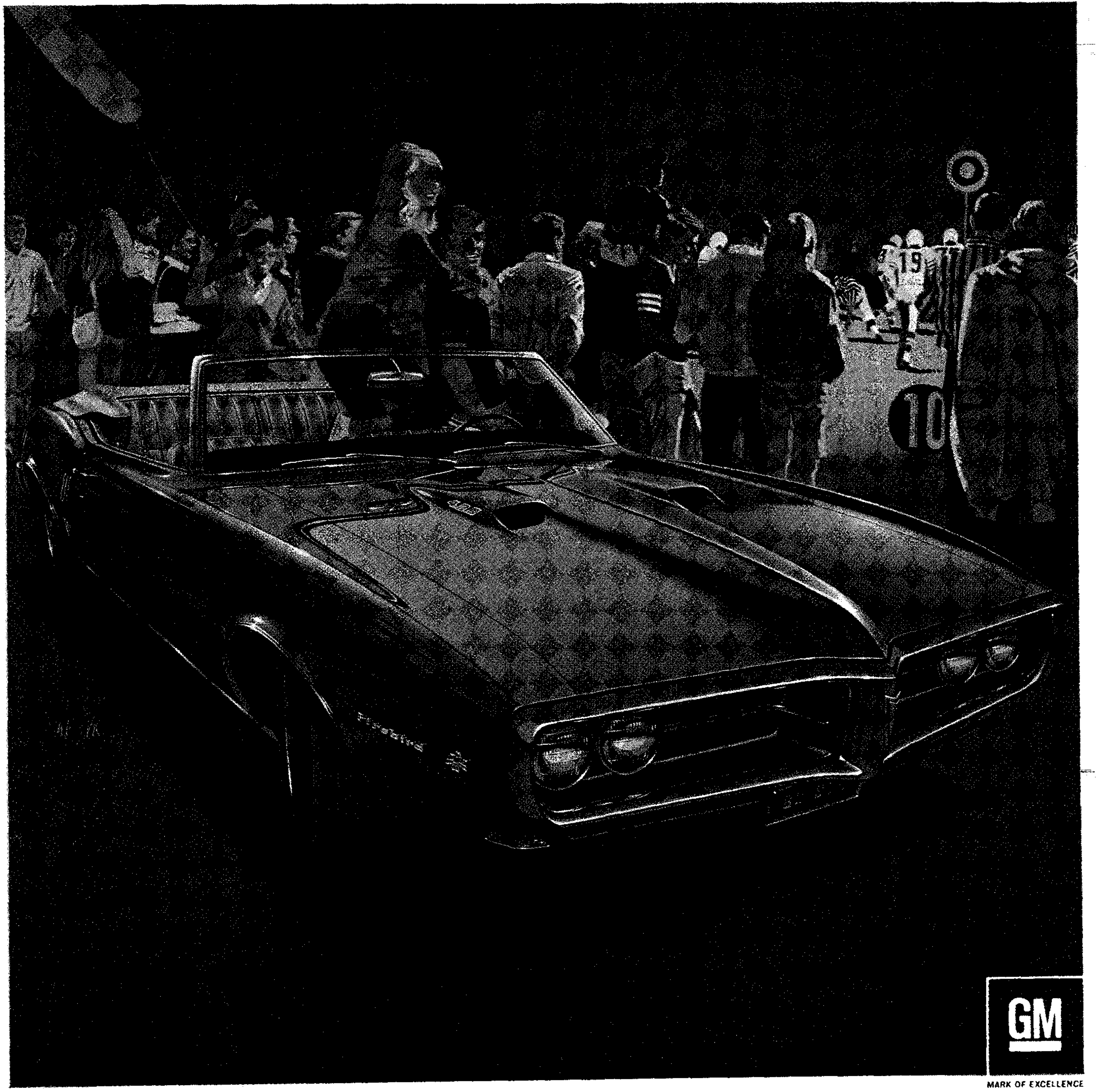

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doorways and had their hands shaken, and children skipped alongside the swelling procession. Seeing a park, the Mayor strode in, and was guided by a group of elderly men to the area in which they play boccie. "The dirt is no good. It's too dusty," one of them complained. "And we need lights, for at night." At a glance from the Mayor, an aide made a note about dirt and lights.

I was standing next to the Mayor's Negro adviser from the South Brooklyn Youth Council, and I asked him, "Is this park kind of exclusive?"

He looked at me and smiled coldly. "*I* wouldn't come in here all by myself," he said.

As the Mayor moved back out to the street, a short, swarthy young man with dark glasses and long hair, carrying a half-full quart of beer, stepped in front of him. Lindsay grinned. "A Brooklyn hippie!" he exclaimed.

"Yeah. The difference between us and them Greenwich Village hippies is they smoke pot and we drink beer," the young man said. "Have some of my beer, Mr. Mayor."

Lindsay took the bottle. He saw the *News* photographer, looked hard at him, and said, "No shot—O.K.?" The photographer nodded, and the Mayor of New York took a swig from the Brooklyn hippie's bottle.

As the Mayor stopped to shake hands and talk with a group of middle-aged men in front of a bar, I told Davidoff about Lindsay's comment a few weeks before that East Harlem had erupted at least partly because no meaningful contact had been made with many of the young people in the streets. "That's right," Davidoff said briskly. "The official anti-poverty groups—and not only in East Harlem—had not been in touch with the most rootless of the young, for the simple reason that these kids are not part of the community structure. For that reason, we've been focussing this summer on sixteen satellite centers around the city. They're satellites of Youth Board offices, but they work pretty much on their own. The money comes from the federal Office of Economic Opportunity and some private corporations, but the policy is made by the neighborhood young people themselves, under the guidance of supervisors who also live there, or used to. The supervisors don't necessarily have social-work degrees. In fact, most don't. The mistake we made in East Harlem was that we'd figured any trouble would come in border areas. Therefore, the satellite center there was at a Hundred and Nineteenth Street, where Puerto Ricans and Ne-

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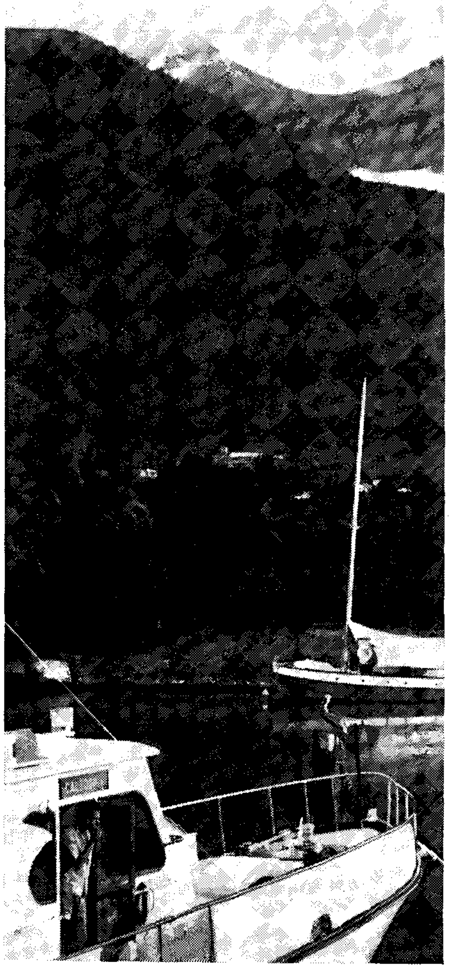

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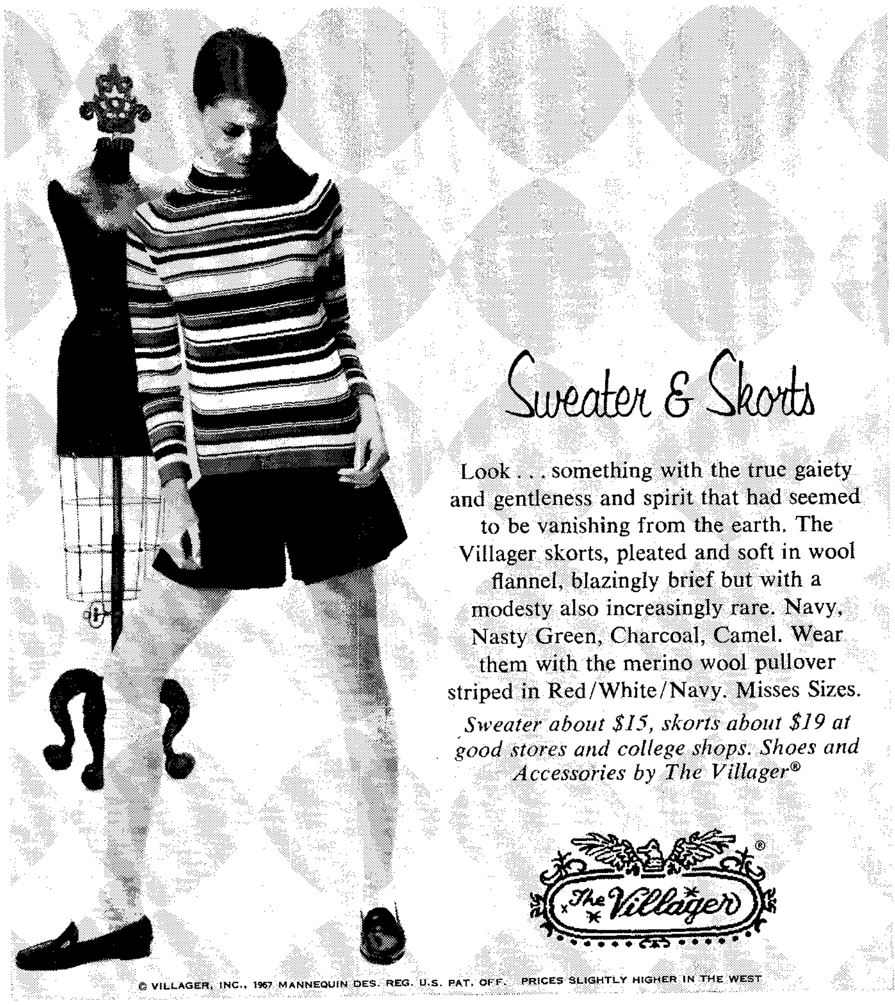

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groes come together. But the disturbance was entirely within the Puerto Rican area. Two days after it happened, we had an emergency satellite center on a Hundred and Twelfth Street. Through that, we're reaching a much broader base among the kids."

"How long do the centers operate?" I asked.

"Well, we didn't get any of them going until July 10th. Bureaucratic procedures—the courier between Washington and New York seemed to have got lost. I don't know where we'll get the money after the summer, but somehow we'll keep at least some of the centers open through the winter. We've got to."

I caught up with the Mayor again. As he strode along amid a crowd of youngsters, he was stopped by an old woman, who grabbed his hand. A young woman with her said, "You really turn the kids on, Mr. Lindsay."

"They're the brightest of the crowd," the Mayor said. "They really know what's going on."

A newspaper reporter broke in to ask, "Mr. Mayor, do you really think these walks will continue to keep the city cool?"

Lindsay sighed. "I don't know," he said. "I really don't know. I'd have to be a bigger fool than I usually am to make predictions about that. Obviously, the thing to do is to rebuild the city the way it ought to be rebuilt."

"Hey!" A storekeeper rushed out into the street, shouting. "Hey, it's the Mayor! How about that?"

FOR the rest of the summer, there was peace in the streets, but a conflict between the United Federation of Teachers and the Board of Education prevented the city's schools from opening, according to schedule, a week after Labor Day. Midway through the second week of that battle, a non-stop bargaining session at Gracie Mansion that had lasted twenty-six hours appeared—mistakenly, as it turned out—to have settled the dispute. On the following Saturday, which was the first day of fall, I went to see the Mayor at the Mansion.

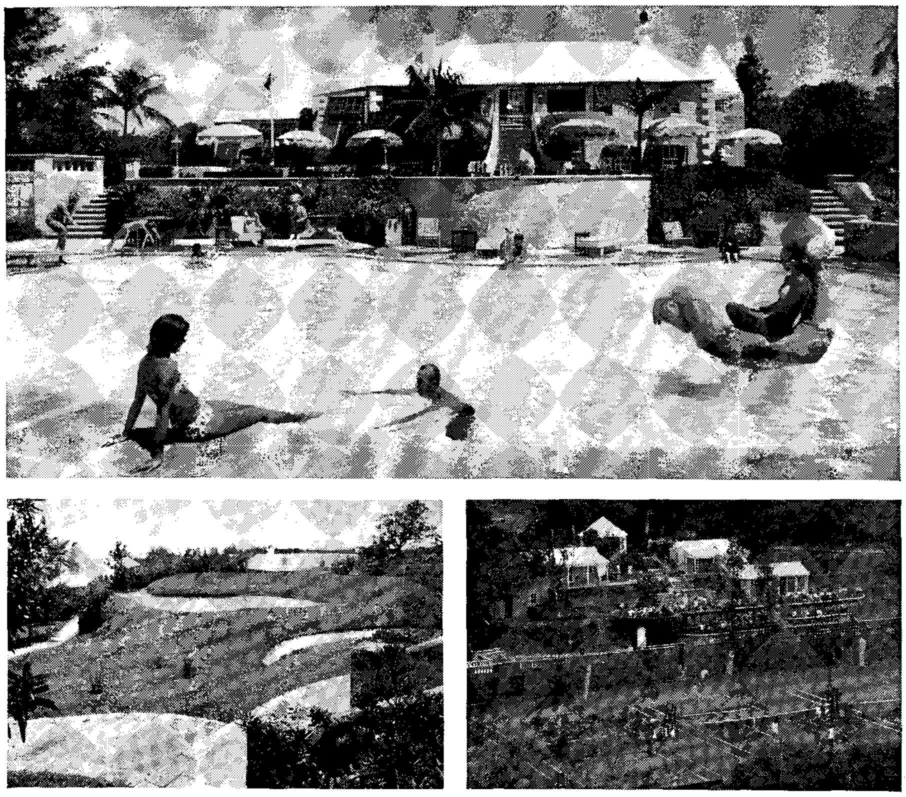
Except for a policeman who escorted me to a downstairs conference room in the Annex, the Mansion seemed deserted. A few minutes after I arrived, the Mayor, in a short-sleeved blue sports shirt and gray slacks, came into the room, turning at the door to say goodbye to an assistant. "Stay loose," he said. The Mayor then led the way to his office. I remarked on how quiet it was, and the Mayor grinned. "Yes, it's great," he said as he sat down and stretched out his legs behind his desk. "I got the teachers out and the Board out, and I sent the family away, and now I can get some work done. Of course, the place may get crowded again. Snags have developed in turning the oral agreement into a written contract."

I asked him if, during the tense negotiations earlier in the week, he had looked back at all to his stormy initiation into municipal labor wars—the transit strike with which his administration began. I reminded him that at that time he had been accused of being unnecessarily rigid, and also of being ignorant of such elementary knowledge of labor relations as the difference between mediation and arbitration.

The Mayor shook his head in exasperation. "I don't know where that one started," he said. "Of course I knew the difference. I took a course in labor law in law school, and as a lawyer I'd been involved in some labor cases. Anyway, the transit negotiations and what's been going on here this week are not comparable. I mean in terms of the issues, the unions' internal politics, and the kinds of mediators and their roles. Besides, the transit dispute was very unfamiliar and difficult terrain for me. I didn't know anyone involved at all well. I have got to know the transit people now, and I've been meeting with them since early August. That's why I feel more comfortable about the renegotiation of the transit contract later this year. In the school situation, the issues and the people were quite familiar to me. And in the past year and a half I've learned more about my own capacities in this sort of conflict. The other day, I was telling a city official who's going to have to deal with a municipal union soon, 'I'm a bad guy to deal with unions when I get angry, because then I become pompous and get their backs up. And I've got news for you—you're worse than I am.' That shook him up. 'Nobody ever said that to me before,' he told me. 'Well,' I said, 'it's the kind of thing your best friends won't tell you.' Actually, sometimes I get pompous deliberately."

I asked him what he meant by "pompous."

He laughed. "You know, when I lecture them about the public interest and insist that the needs of eight million New Yorkers should transcend narrow self-interest. They don't like it at all, but sometimes it has to be done. However, if you're doing it deliberately your timing has to be right. It can be especially useful during a first lock-in session—when you've got them all to-



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gether, with the understanding that no one can leave. Then I can crack heads on both sides, and when I leave the room they're all mad at me and it's easier for the mediators to be the nice guys who'll smooth things over. But you can't do that sort of thing after exhaustion sets in."

I told the Mayor I had heard that when Albert Shanker, president of the teachers' union, interrupted one such speech by shouting, "How much longer do I have to sit and listen to this lecture?" Lindsay answered sharply, "This is the Mayor's house, and I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head."

The Mayor smiled. "That's right, that's what happened," he said. "But you have to be firm with both sides. Later that night, Alfred Giardino, the president of the Board of Education, was on his way out to make a television appearance. I pulled him in here, called Channel 13 myself, and told the producer that Giardino wouldn't be there."

The phone rang, and Lindsay questioned the caller about the possibilities of getting talks going over the weekend to clear up the new complications. When he hung up, I asked him how much it had disturbed him to see so many of his top-level aides leave his administration—Deputy Mayor Robert Price, Parks Commissioner Thomas Hoving, Buildings Commissioner Charles Moerdler, Human Resources Administrator Mitchell Sviridoff, and, most recently, Walter Washington, the Chairman of the City Housing Authority, who had gone to Washington to head that city's new municipal government.

Lindsay said, "I'm not disturbed. That kind of turnover is normal, particularly as this city becomes a place where talent in handling urban affairs is developed. The more we get recognized as a city that is learning how to deal with its problems, the more often we'll get raided. Take Walter Washington. One reason he came here was that the White House had turned him down for that job in Washington. But when he started moving around here, he became a candidate again. I'm not saying that's the only reason the White House changed its mind about him, but his visibility in New York may well have been a factor. Sure, some people go. But suddenly other people you want, and never thought you could get, become available. I'm not worried about keeping a good team together for the next two years."

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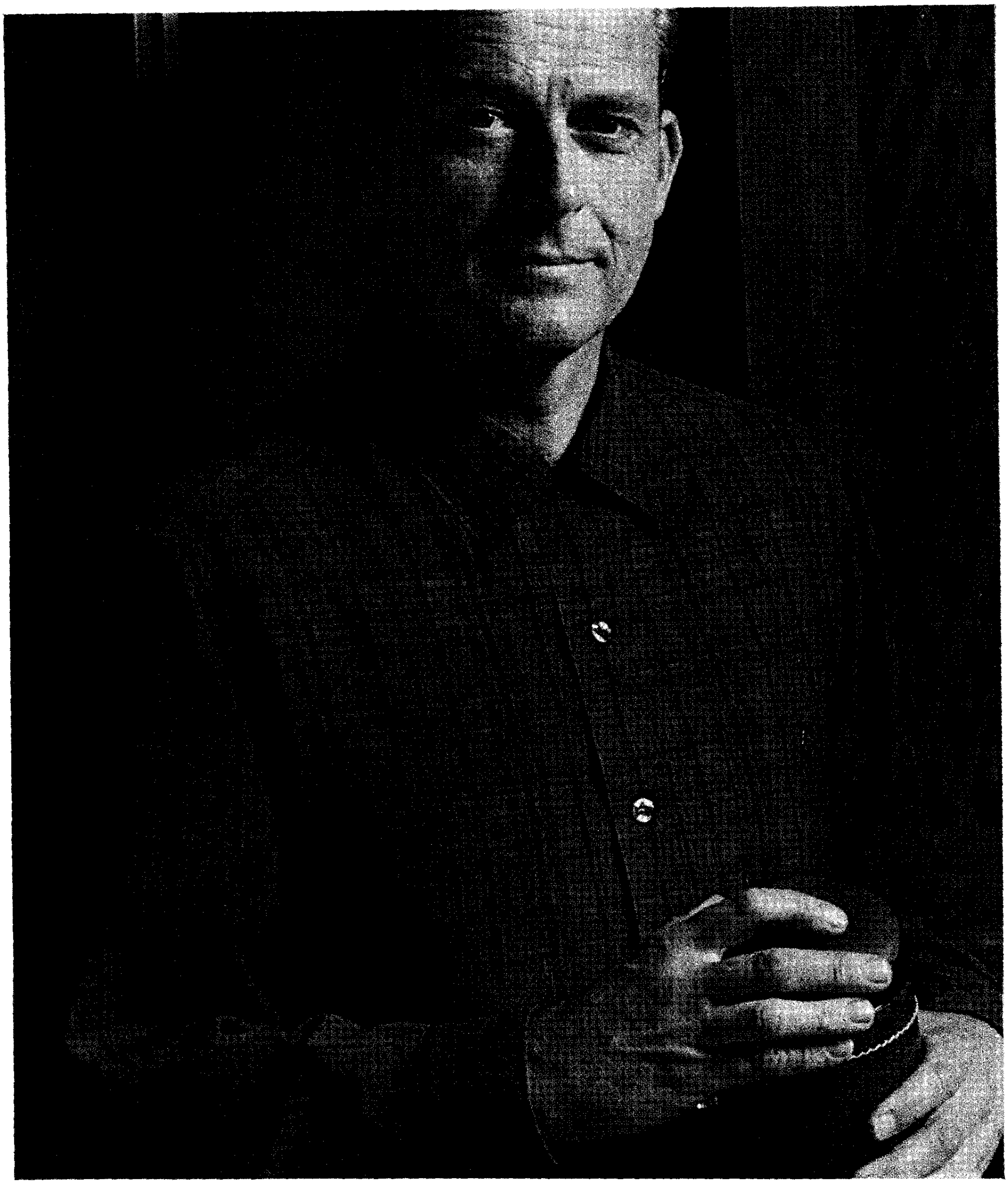

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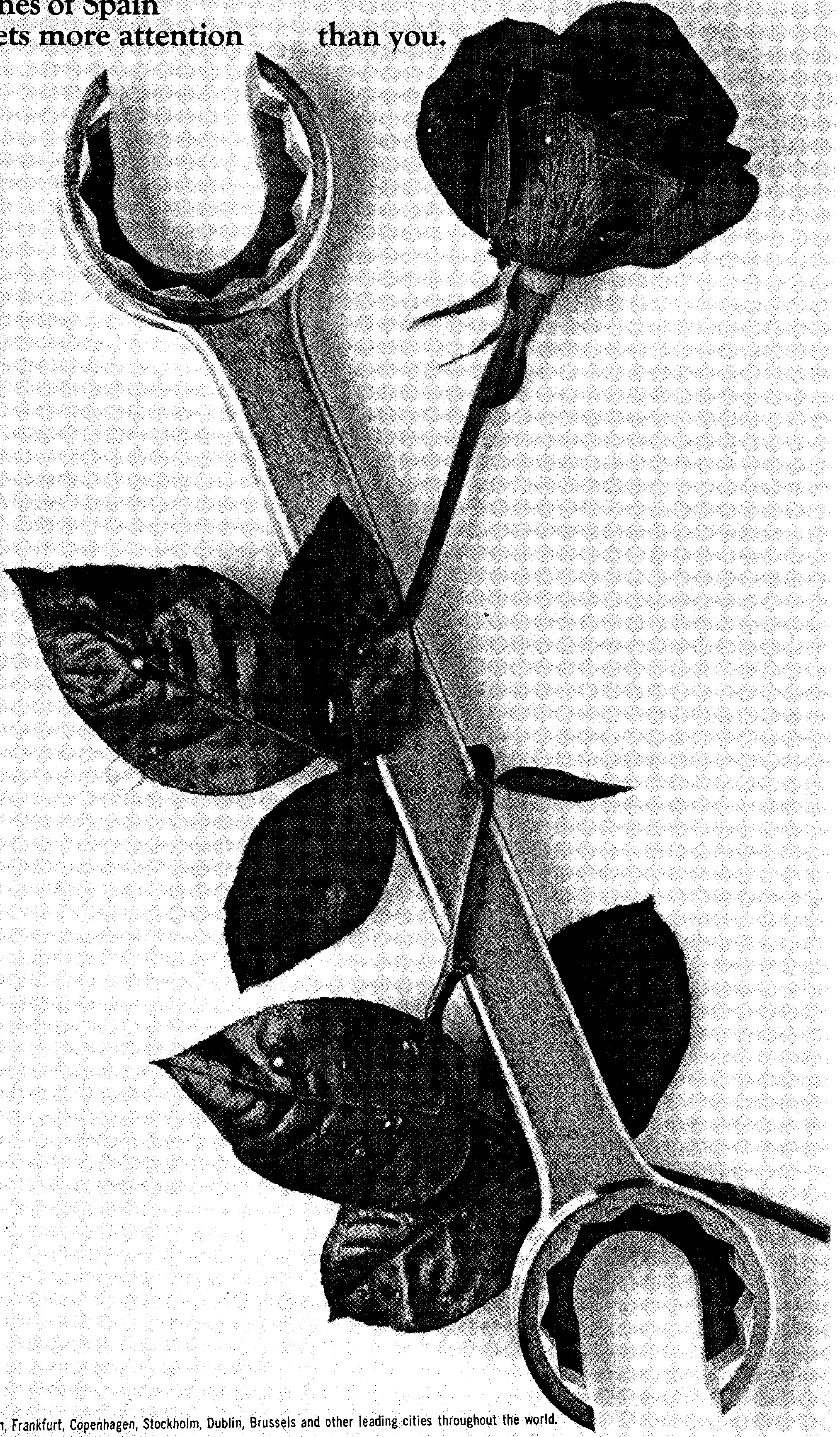

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eye on what was happening in City Hall, I said, were of the opinion that Robert Price's departure from the team had been particularly significant, because up to that point there had been a widely held assumption that Price's capacity for making quick, clear decisions was essential to the Lindsay administration. After Price left, it became clear that the Mayor was making his own decisions.

"I've heard that said, of course, about my having been very dependent on Bob," the Mayor said. "But nobody seems to know that there were increasing disagreements between us—on how you pick people for the administration, on policy, on how you run a government. Bob tends to be a fixer. I don't mean that pejoratively. I mean he looks for ways to manipulate problems so that they'll be smoothed over for a time. That's good in the short run, but it's not the way to build a whole new structure of government. You see, there is a difference between government and politics. Sure, they're intertwined, but government can't be *all* politics. It can't be entirely a matter of keeping yourself in the clear. Occasionally you have to take stands on pure, lofty principles even though you know the stands are just wrong politically. The civilian review board was an example of that. So was the city income tax. There were ways in which we could have patched up the city's fiscal problems for a year or so without the income tax, but they wouldn't have rung true. Not for the long run."

"In one of the first talks I had with you after you became Mayor," I said, "you told me that in order to build in long-range terms you first had to restore confidence that the city can actually be governed. Have you created enough of that confidence to build on?"

"I haven't taken any popularity polls," the Mayor said. "But, according to what my own antennae tell me as I move about, I think we've come a considerable way. I still get heckled and screamed at in middle-class white areas because of my plans to scatter public housing in those neighborhoods, and for other reasons, but the protest isn't as intense and violent as it was. The reaction in the ghettos is good, but there's also a great deal of skepticism there. And with damn good reason. They want us to *show* them that something's happening. Last Thursday, I sent everybody on the City Planning Commission and all the building guys to Brownsville, which is one of the sites we've selected for a Model Cities program. I made them stomp around,

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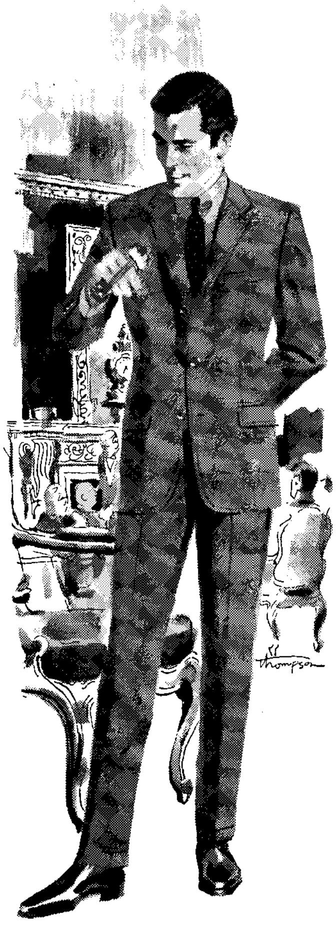

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building by building, block by block, so that they'll really be prepared for next Tuesday's cabinet meeting, which will be entirely about Brownsville. Which buildings should be coming down *now*? How fast can we move on our own financial commitment, even before we get any federal money, to put up some low-income housing there? The trouble is, speed won't help if it's just imposed. We've got to have the participation of the people in the area, and that takes time. But, with the amount of pressure I'm putting on my departments, we are going to have visible change in the next two years in Brooklyn and the Bronx and Harlem."

The Mayor stopped, frowned, and then said, "I say this cautiously, though. There shouldn't be any more talk. It's time to *do* things. People need to *see* change."

I told the Mayor that in recent days I had noticed an acceleration in his administration's use of systems-analysis techniques in making policy decisions. A long-term contract with the RAND Corporation to strengthen the city's planning and budgeting processes had been announced, and that morning's *Times* had reported the setting up of a city "war room," for which wall charts, known as issue maps, would be prepared with the assistance of computers and would list the objectives, the available resources, and alternative ways of using the resources in respect to at least a hundred problems about which the Mayor requires accurate and complete information in order to arrive at solutions. According to the *Times*, an official of the company that constructed the first issue map—one on air pollution—had said that until now the Mayor's basic sources of information had been "the New York *Times*, New York *Post*, *Daily News*, pressure groups, and unsystematized reports from commissioners." I asked the Mayor for his reaction to that assessment.

Lindsay banged his hand on the desk. "I'm outraged over the damned thing, and I've sent word that if there are any more damn-fool statements like that the whole thing's off. Sure, it's a pretty good program, and RAND will be of help, but these are tools, like any other tools. I don't care how good the war room is and how many issue maps we get up, I'll still be the one who has to make the decisions. The whole thing reminds me of when I started my first year at Yale Law School, in the summer of 1946. It was right after the war, and everything was being doubled up. The faculty, however, had not been geared to that

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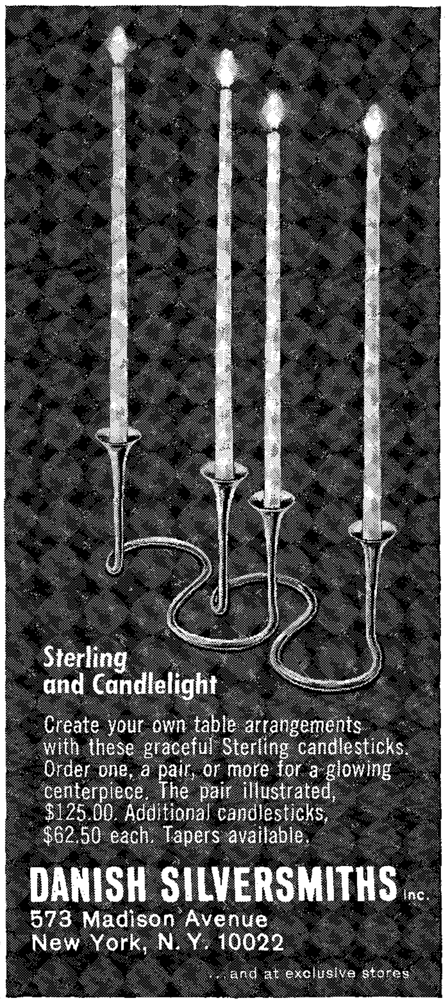

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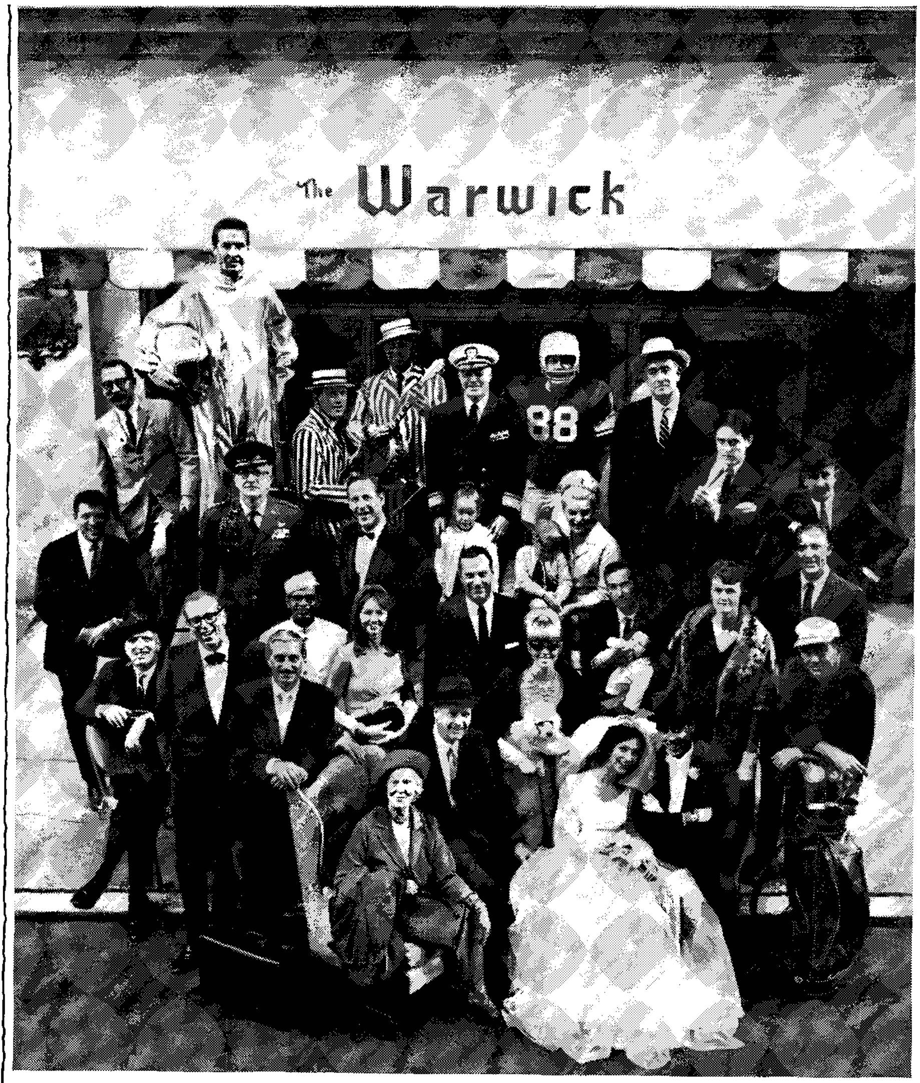
kind of pace, and so the first team of professors was in Europe or around the country on exchanges. For us, they put in a second team. I was disappointed, and in one course—a required course on research—I was appalled. It was the damnedest experience I'd ever been through. The teacher spent the summer on the most elaborate system you ever saw—a big sort of model of a book, with wires and pulleys and arrows and cards in eight different colors. We had to take each problem apart and assign a different color to every part of it. All research had to be done on specified color lines. Toward the end of the course, I was almost ready to quit in boredom and despair. And then, the last week of summer, the man who normally taught the course came back. In his first hour with us, he picked up all this stuff and went through the whole routine. It wasn't until he was well into it that some of us caught on to the fact that it was a performance like Robert Benchley's treasurer's report. Gradually, he got the thing so balled up that he was all tangled up in cards of different colors, some of them sticking out of his pockets, others under his feet, and still more clutched in his fists. When the bell rang, he took the whole thing—the book, the wires, the cards—and dumped it on the floor. From an inside coat pocket he took out a batch of crumpled papers and said to us, 'I use the backs of envelopes myself.' That restored my faith."

Laughing, the Mayor rose. He had to change into tennis clothes, he said, because he had an appointment at twelve o'clock with Fred Botur, whom he calls Tennis Consultant to the Mayor, at Botur's West Park Racquet Club, on Columbus Avenue at Ninety-seventh Street. As we walked out of his office, he reverted to the subject of systems analysis. "Of course, in a big show like this, you need all the data you can get," he said. "In the Police Department, for example, after a few months of systems analysis, tied in with budget processes, we got twenty-five hundred more cops on the streets. But no matter how much data I get, I'm always the one who has to follow through, and there are some decisions that I simply have to make by using my antennae."

"What about the statement that the war-room planner made about the inadequacy of your present sources of information? How are you going to answer press questions on that?" I asked.

The Mayor looked at me thought-



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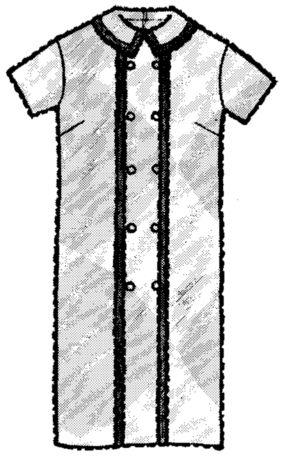

the clean

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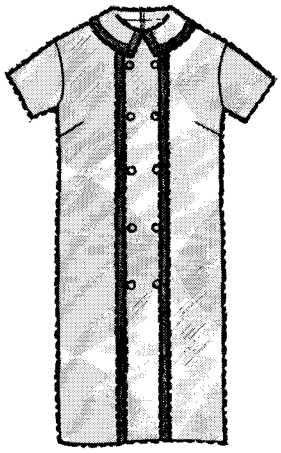

look

Very simple, but with the disarmingly starched-pinafore look of Summer things. Wool twill, straight as an arrow, and narrowly piped around the collar and down the double-buttoned front with White against Navy, or Navy against White.
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fully for a few moments, and then said, "I'll say I pulled this fellow out of a computer and I may have to stuff him back in."

After the Mayor had changed into tennis whites, he headed for his car, carrying a business suit on a hanger. I rode along with him to the courts. During most of the ride, he was talking on the telephone to Jason Nathan, the Housing and Development Administrator, about plans that some insurance companies were making to invest in the rehabilitation of ghetto neighborhoods in the city. As we got out of the car, I asked the Mayor what he thought about Charles Percy, the junior senator from Illinois, who has developed a national low-income-housing plan, and who is a long-shot possibility for a place on the 1968 Republican ticket.

"Oh, he certainly has substance," Lindsay said. "Of course, he's a bit of a Boy Scout, but aren't we all?"

Still smiling at the remark he had made, the Mayor began to warm up with Botur. I stayed for a while and watched as Botur, with easy precision, placed shots to develop the Mayor's ground strokes. The Mayor plays intensely, hitting and running hard. "Just relax—easy, easy," Botur said when Lindsay slammed the ball into the net. "Under the ball, under the ball. Get your racket back." On his next return, the Mayor ran Botur back to the baseline with a hard forehand drive. —NAT HENTOFF

(*This is the second of two articles on Mayor Lindsay.*)

•

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Q—Will the nuclear generator at Plymouth be very noisy?—A.M., Brookline

A—Very quiet, according to Thomas Lane of Boston Edison Co., for whom the generator will be built.—*Boston Globe.*

If it ever gets noisy, you'll know.

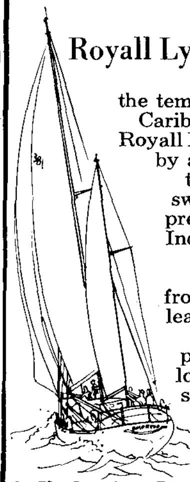
•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Huntsville (Ala.) Times*]

WASHINGTON (AP)—"This seems to have been a very good week," said a smiling President Johnson.

The Magic of the Islands



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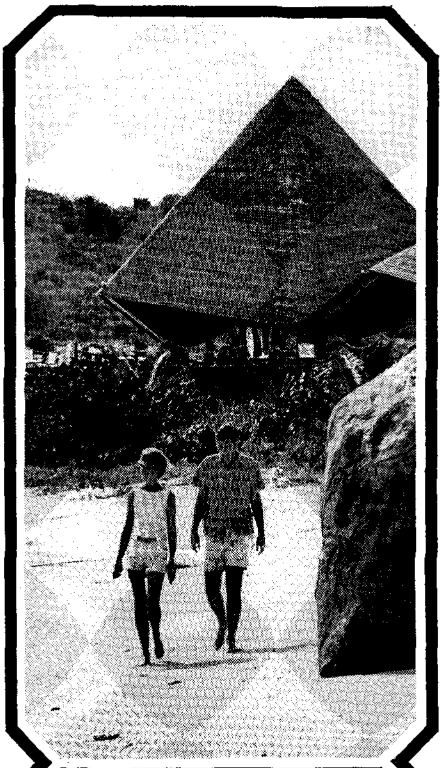

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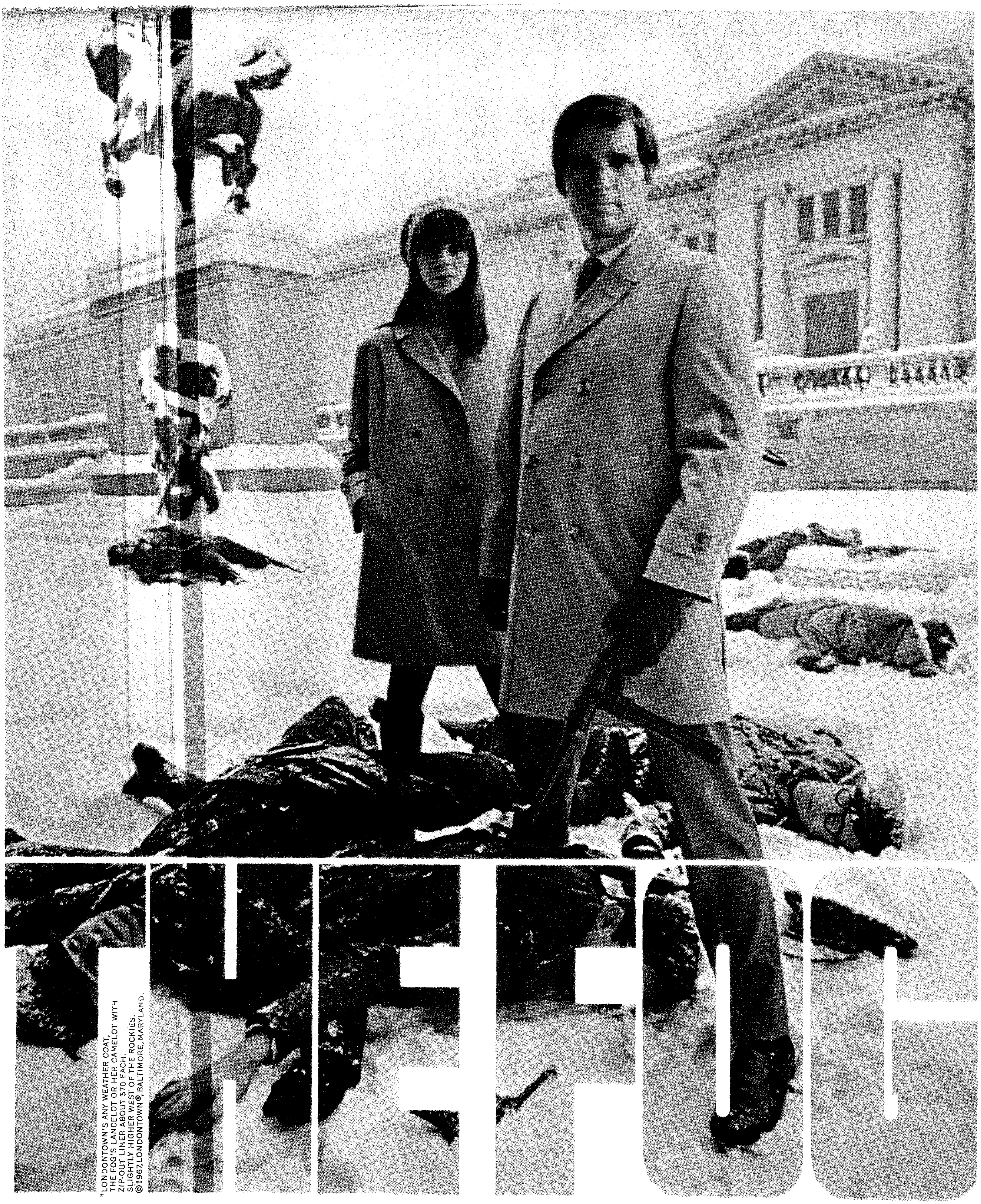

THE EVERY LITTER BIT HURTS AFFAIR. For a few chilling moments, it seemed The Fog and his companion, rather than the Peoples Police, would be strewn about the Town Square.

Interrupting his mad attempt to rescue Tanya Mukluk (a tightrope walker with Capitalist leanings), they captured The Fog and Tanya, and were about to dispatch both on the spot, when...taking full note of their matching double-breasted Maincoats,* Comrade Klutzi lowered his gun and leaned within karate range to give the material a little feel.

A fatal error.

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"Let there be no climate where Evil may flourish."

---

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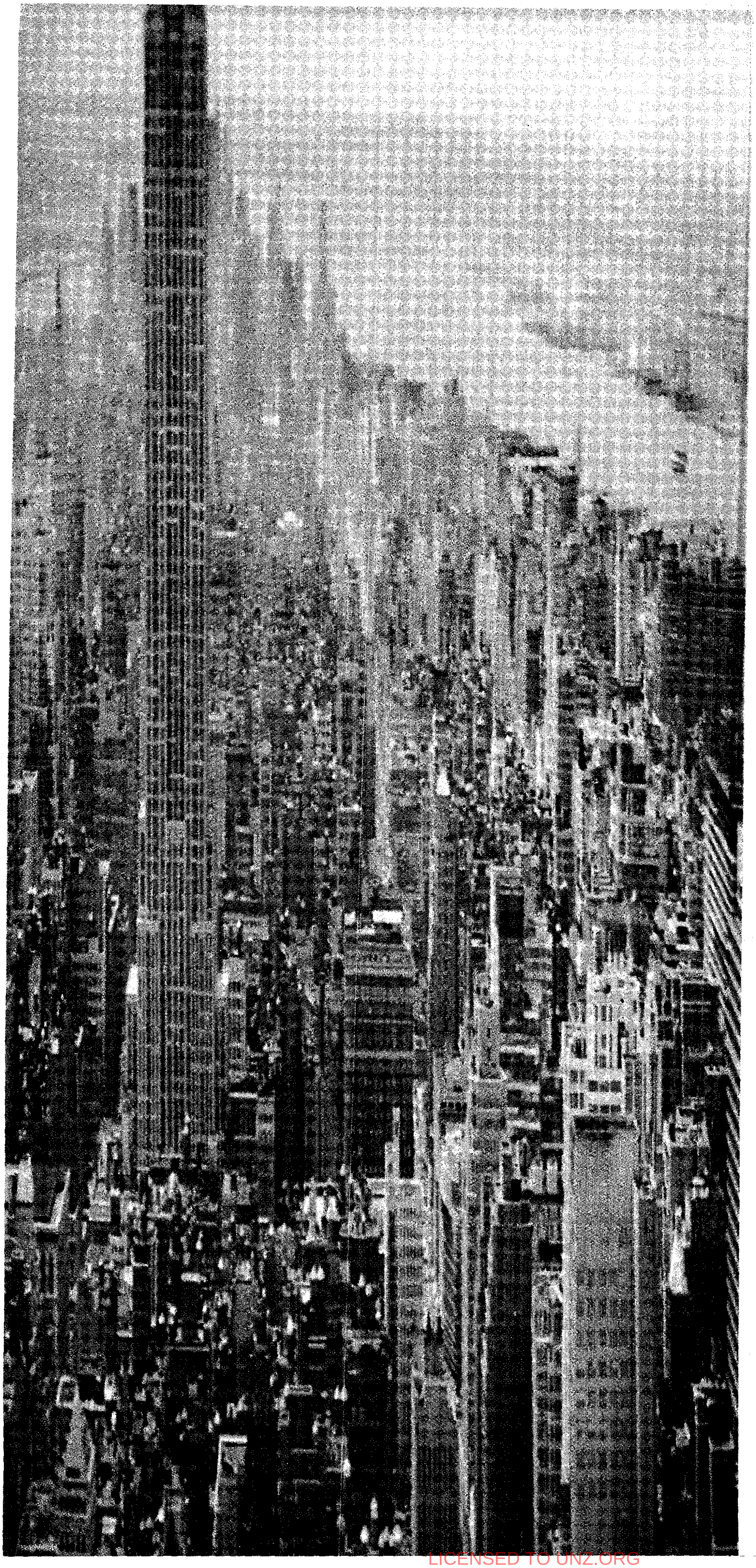

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THE THEATRE

DOWN, WAY DOWN, BY THE SEASIDE

"THE BIRTHDAY PARTY," Harold Pinter's first full-length drama, written a decade ago, is now on display at the Booth, and to those who fancy the English playwright's eccentric style, the doings, as directed by Alan Schneider, may be highly absorbing. Personally, I didn't find the piece entertaining, enlightening, or edifying. Mr. Pinter, it seemed to me, has indulged in altogether too many aimless obscurities here, and I'm afraid that his characters—a dotty, drooling, dilapidated lot, congregated in a seedy seaside boarding house in a south-coast English town—failed to excite in me any interest in their various dilemmas. I don't think an author is well advised to employ what are essentially subhuman specimens to describe a melancholy phase of the human condition, and I have my doubts that the All-American cast of "The Birthday Party" is really up to portraying the assorted English types that Mr. Pinter has assembled in his play. There are six of them in all. One is a kind of simpleminded matron who runs the boarding house, and who talks to her glum husband, a deck-chair attendant by trade, in the moronic way that used to be de rigueur on radio when serials like "The Goldbergs" were popular. Then we have a boarder named Stanley, unkempt, unshorn, unshaven, who claims that he was once a fairly eminent pianist and who is dearly loved by the matron. There is also a pneumatic blonde who bounces in and out, and, finally, a mysterious team of hoodlums—one Jewish, one Irish—who are out to get Stanley for defecting from an organization that might be the Knights of Pythias for all the information Mr. Pinter gives us about it. Hearing from the matron that it is Stanley's birthday, the Jewish hoodlum, who identifies himself, off and on, as Nat, Simey, and Benny, proposes a party, and there ensues an agitated scene in the course of which a hysterical game of blindman's buff is played, and the seaside establishment is blacked out. Mr. Pinter's dialogue picks up force as "The Birthday Party" goes along, but he keeps his motivations pretty well hidden. If it were necessary for him to be mysterious because of political pressure or the like, his method would be tolerable, even laudable. But since he is operating in a society that allows him to say almost anything he damned well pleases, his obliquities often seem superfluous and annoying.

The cast of "The Birthday Party" is made up of Ruth White, Ed Flanders, James Patterson, Alexandra Berlin, Henderson Forsythe, and Edward Winter. Of them all, I thought that Mr. Flanders, as the Jewish gangster, turned in the best performance, doing a nice, crackling interrogation of Mr. Patterson, the Stanley of the drama, in collaboration with Mr. Winter, the Irish badman. Mr. Schneider's direction is only fitfully effective, and there are times when "The Birthday Party" slows down to a saunter. But Mr. Pinter, for all his trickiness, knows his way around a theatre, and it is my earnest hope that he'll give us better company one of these days.

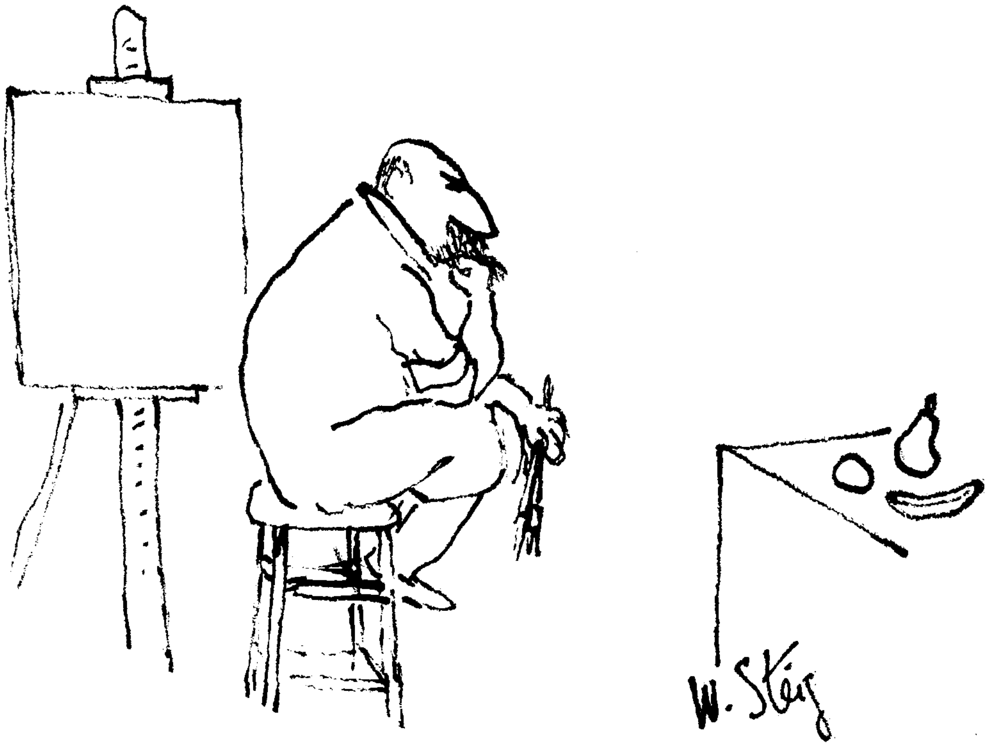
IF "The Birthday Party" wasn't much fun for me, "A Minor Adjustment," which closed after three performances at the Brooks Atkinson, was really a hardship. Written by Eric Nicol, this one had to do with the efforts of a Canadian Midas to bust up the romance of his son, an Establishment boy, with the girl next door, on the ground that the youth needs seasoning before settling down in wedlock. To season the lad, the big wheel proposes that the mistress of his public-relations man be called upon to do her carnal stuff. He further proposes that he and the public-relations man watch the carryings-on of the mistress and the youngster over closed-circuit TV. At this juncture, I got a little queasy, voyeurism not being one of my favorite sports, and I left "A Minor Adjustment" with no regrets. The actors employed included William Redfield and Austin Willis, but there was nothing they could do to improve Mr. Nicol's witless script. Henry Kaplan's direction was no help, either.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

Shards

"FRAGMENTS" is the portmanteau title of a pair of sad comedies by Murray Schisgal (up to now a spirit-raiser) that opened last week at the Cherry Lane. It is also the title of the second and longer of the two. Both plays deal with people who, in order to pursue some interest of their own, have sealed themselves off from the rest of the population and then are left stranded. "The Basement," which opens the evening, is set in one—a place cluttered with retorts and test tubes and other paraphernalia of scientific inquiry. The hero, having resigned his job as a teacher many years ago, spends all his waking time there alone, trying to keep free of any distractions



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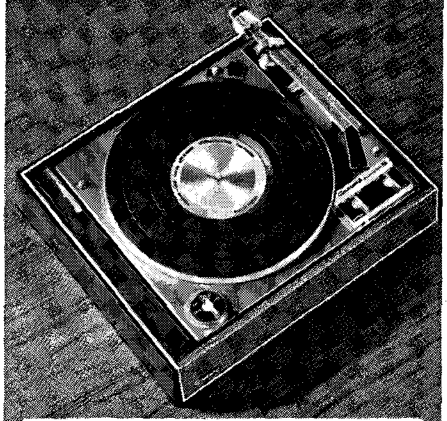

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as he engages in a series of experiments designed to bring a dead chimpanzee back to life. The project has been a secret even from his wife, who has never been allowed into his makeshift laboratory. In the course of the action, he is indeed distracted by what almost amounts to two monologues. The first is delivered by the wife as she stands on the stairs. Except for a momentary glimpse of her face, only her legs, in red cotton socks and sneakers, are visible to the audience. She tries to persuade him to eat some dinner, thereby driving him frantic, and then switches to more intimate matters, among them the children he has not allowed her to have. The second monologue is delivered by his brother, a whining, importunate fellow, who tries to persuade him to visit their aged father, and brings news of family misfortunes. Only his head is visible through the bars of the basement window; the rest of him, we learn, is sprawled on the sidewalk outside. The ending is, as they say, down. The talk of both wife and brother is in Mr. Schisgal's peculiar mixture of the clichés and moment-to-moment foolishness of everyday speech—Brooklyn Jewish speech, in this instance, which, come to think of it, is becoming a pretty tiresome cliché itself.

Gene Hackman is funny as he bustles about in steel-rimmed spectacles, testing the chimp's reflexes, poking thermometers and hypodermics into it, and giving it what looked like a blood transfusion—so absorbed that he cannot hear the genuine distress beneath the silly chatter he is subjected to. He is affecting, too, during the few scattered moments when he does hear it, and, as always, he is a pleasure to watch at work. As the brother, James Coco gives a much broader performance (in a much broader role), but he is droll, too, especially when his resentment breaks through the wheedling, and when he is forced to deal with nosy passersby.

"Fragments," much less successful, is about three men, who may be meant to be three aspects of the same man. Certainly the title suggests it, as does the ring of their names—Jax, Baxter, and Max. They want to be a writer (strike one). They share—or, more exactly, they are trapped in—a dingy room, which, since they detest one another, they treat as three rooms. The atmosphere of Kert Lundell's set is claustrophobic. Jax (Humbert Allen Astredo) spends all his time in bed, groaning and praying for death; Baxter (Mr. Hackman) is a drunk who disappears on binges for days; Max (Mr. Coco) is a shipping clerk who spends his nights tapping out meaningless sentences on his typewriter. The action takes place on an evening when Max invites a girl who lives across the court to come over, in the hope that she can rescue them. It soon becomes apparent that she is just as lonesome and cut off as they are. She tries and fails.

Again, Mr. Hackman is extremely good, as the alternately maudlin and jaunty wino, and so is Tresa Hughes as the shy girl, babbling and overeager and then suddenly withdrawn or skittish. There are a number of hints here and there that this play is an early effort of Mr. Schisgal's; too many lines are high-flown or obvious, and too many attempts at humor misfire. Nevertheless, I'm for any author who tries to use comedy as a means of getting at something serious, so I'm for Mr. Schisgal, win or lose. But the evening is depressing, and not only because one or another of the subjects he touches on is bound to hit an exposed nerve in every member of the audience. I cannot honestly recommend "Fragments," but I'm glad that I saw it.

THE best that can be said for George Tabori's "The Niggerlovers" is that it gives us a chance to see the remarkable Stacy Keach in surroundings slightly more congenial than those of "MacBird!"—just slightly, though—and a chance to get further acquainted with another young actor, James Spruill, whose expressive eyes and face and whose general stage demeanor give promise of subtlety and power to come. Certainly not much in the way of subtlety is demanded of him in "The Niggerlovers." The show, at the Orpheum, is as brash as its name. It is a piece of imitation Brecht, which means that it is interlarded with songs, dances, tumbling, and, in this instance, more complex calisthenics. The tone is gleeful contempt—second-hand gleeful contempt. The target is liberals, and the action is designed to expose their disgraceful collapse under pressure. This action consists of two scenes, barely related. Mr. Spruill, a Negro, is called upon to represent The Negro (along with Morgan Freeman, who also does very well), and Mr. Keach plays The Liberal. In the first scene, he is an old professor (furled umbrella, spectacles, dead-white makeup) who plans to go to Mississippi to help out. A woman photographer persuades two Negroes to give him some idea of what lies in store for him. For purposes of demonstration, the blacks pretend to be whites, or whatever color you would call rednecks, and the professor a black. The rest of the act is given over to brutal and ritualistic samples of savagery, with the woman snapping one picture after another of the pummelled, smashed, bleeding old man. There is no denying the force of these episodes, but their effect quickly evaporates. They are synthetic, and they tell us nothing that we didn't already know about the horrible plight of Negroes. The second act consists for the most part of a conversation between a timorous man of high principles but faint heart, and his police dog, a sentimental Viennese bitch with the soul of a Nazi. I suspect that this sketch is better—or, at least, more original—than the opener, but I missed a lot of the dialogue. Viveca Lindfors, who played the dog with what sounded like an authentic Austrian accent, was unintelligible much of the time. Mr. Spruill and Mr. Freeman do what is required of them, and more, and Mr. Keach is good and believable in the role of a man whose humanitarian standards are as fragile as they are impeccable—or he is as good and believable as the part, so obviously designed to show up the character, allows him to be.

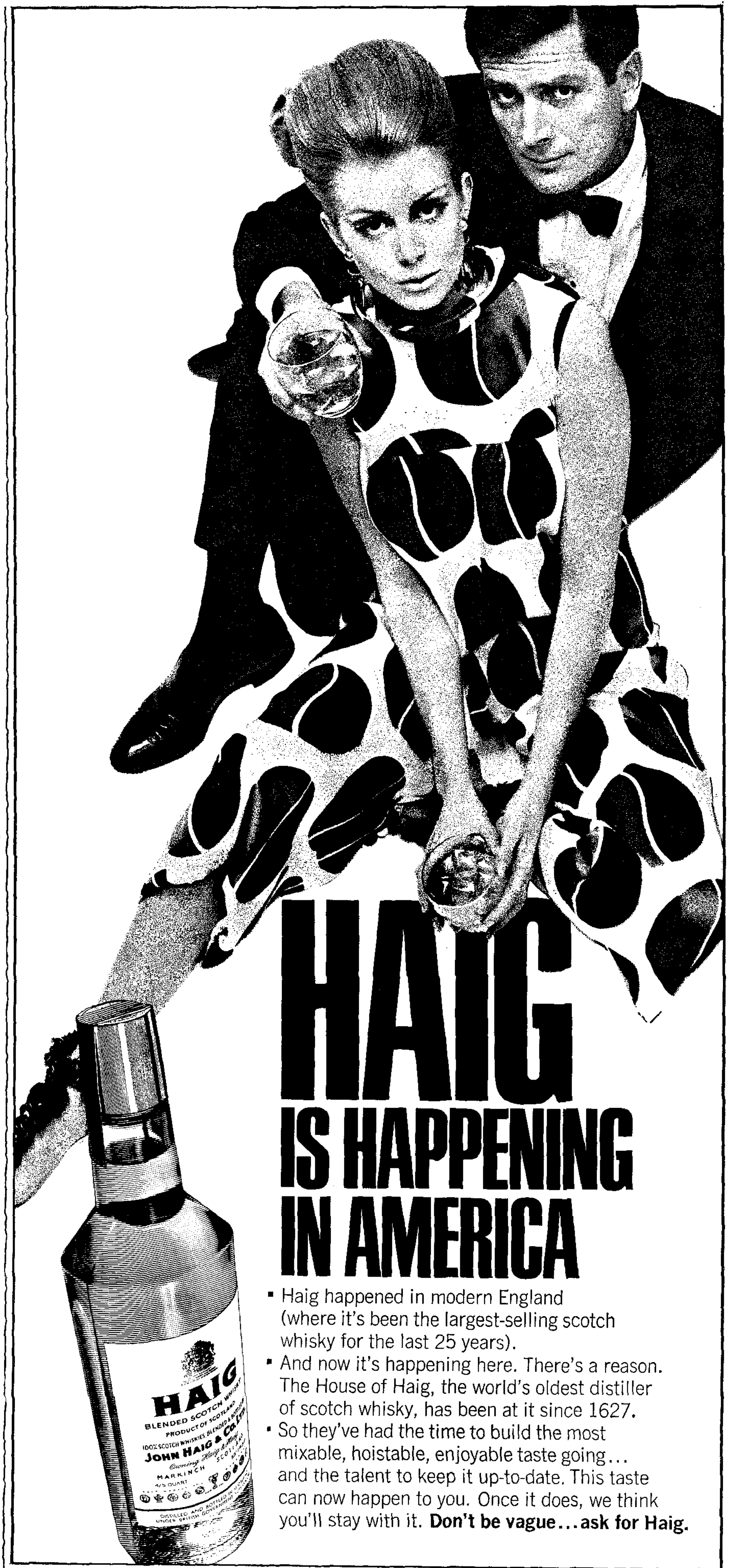
The lyrics for the songs were written by Mr. Tabori, who is not Bertolt Brecht, and the music was composed by Richard Peaslee, who is not Kurt Weill—or perhaps not yet, since the music, as rendered by the Sound Masters, a jazz combo made up of three high-school students, sounded very good to me. Nothing else did, though.

—Edith Oliver

•

Henry Cabot Lodge
A Biography by William Johnson Miller.
Pub. Date: August 29, 1967.
Price: $8.50.
Review copy sent to you July 28, 1967.
This is the first edition and first printing of this book although it carries an earlier L.C. Number. The publication was delayed due to Ambassador Lodge adding new chapters to his life.—*Card that a book reviewer received from a publisher.*

Well, you never know, do you?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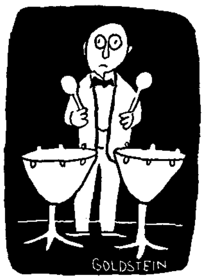
MUSICAL EVENTS

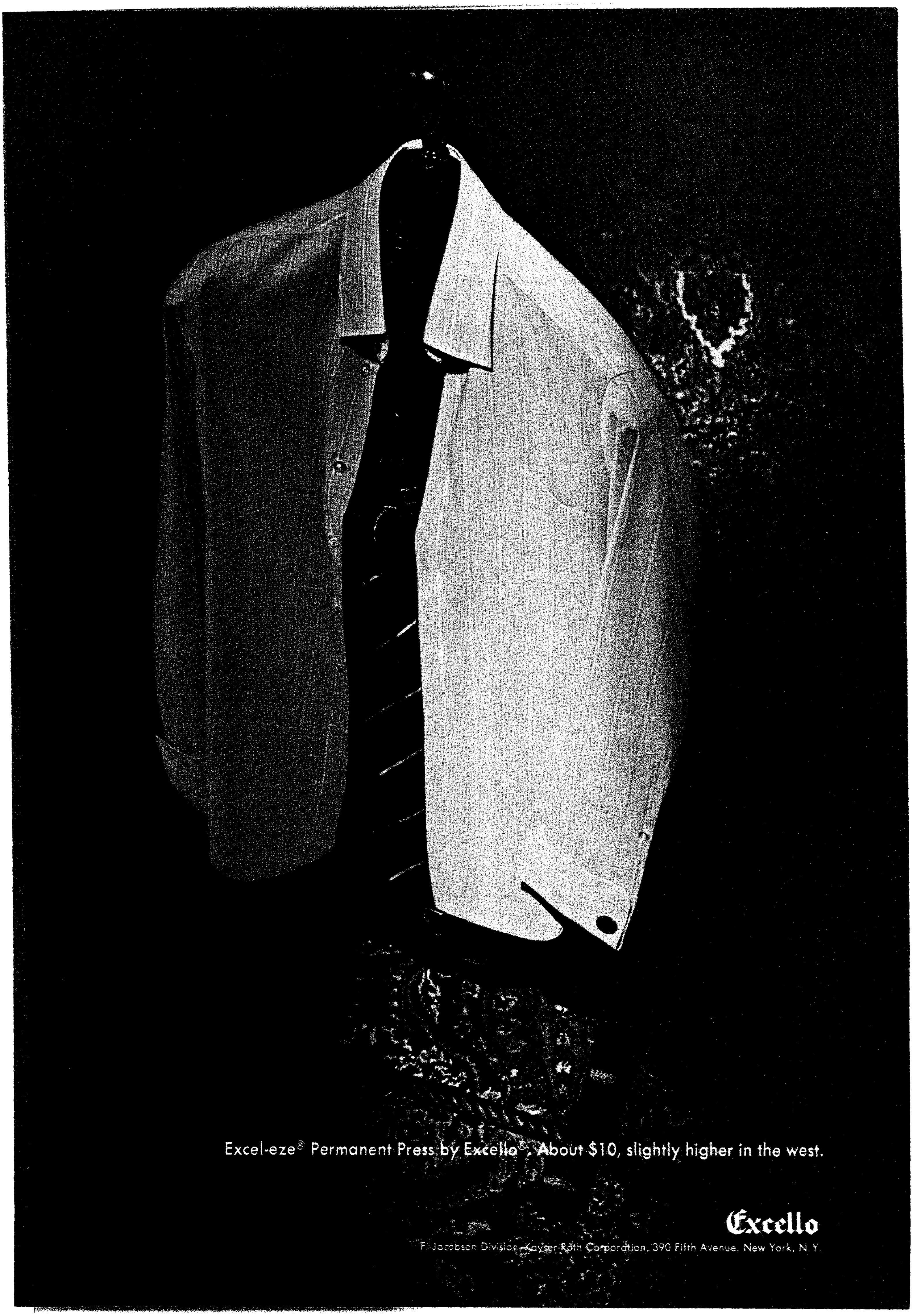
Brava!

THE visit of the American National Opera Company to the Brooklyn Academy of Music last Friday and Saturday was probably an eyeopener to many New Yorkers besides me. This is a company with all the style of the world's finest opera troupes, and, in addition, it produces opera with more dramatic effect than most of them. The mind behind its productions is, of course, that of Sarah Caldwell, a lady who has recently put Boston on the operatic map and who is now engaged in touring the country with this admirable new group. Miss Caldwell's extraordinary gifts as an operatic director are well known to every opera buff who travels from city to city in search of great performances, but this was the first occasion on which they have been exhibited here. They include nothing in the way of eccentricity and everything in the way of bringing to light all the musical and dramatic subtleties that a score contains. Opera issues from her hands as superb drama, but never at the expense of musical or vocal elements, and her taste appears to be infallible.



Of the three performances she presented, I was most struck by the Saturday matinée, devoted to Verdi's "Falstaff." It was perhaps the finest "Falstaff" I have ever heard. At any rate, all the elements of stage business were coördinated with the precision you expect from circus acrobats, and all the characters were presented vividly as individuals—even the minor ones. Peter Glossop, a singer long famous in England, did the title role. He is a Falstaff with a beautiful voice, a large range, and just the right manner of projecting those comic falsetto passages that are so important in this role. He is also an impressive actor who goes through his lines with ease and never strains for the clownish effects that mar the work of some Falstaffs. This Falstaff is an aristocrat gone to seed—a funny man but not in any way a buffoon, an aging, corpulent gentleman whose delusions about his prowess at lovemaking could be not only believed but sympathized with as well. The Bardolph and Pistol of James Billings and Charles Koehn were genuine shifty characterizations, not just caricatures. Beverly Bower was a charming Mistress Ford, Betty Allen an excellent Dame Quickly, and Joanna Simon an effective Mistress Page. The role of Ford was done by a singer new to me, Ronald Hedlund, and it was managed with artistry as well as a fine exhibition of passion. Benita Valente and Anastasios Vrenios made an acceptable pair of young lovers, Miss Valente in particular turning out some nice high pianissimos. Oliver Smith had invented an intricate and wholly delightful revolving set, which sometimes revolved as the singers were clambering about it. It represented various interiors and exteriors, while behind it lay a drop depicting the English countryside. It was simple enough not to distract one's attention from the singing and acting, and yet it was obviously a very carefully contrived affair, producing the right illusion in all its facets. But the surprise of the afternoon was Miss Caldwell, who conducted the performance herself. There is no keener test of a conductor's abilities than "Falstaff." Those delicate ensembles in Act I, Scene 2, are apt to get muddled, and the grand design of each act is something that does not always come through convincingly. Under Miss Caldwell's baton, everything was as light as sunshine and technically close to perfect. Not only is she a great director; one must also place her among the finest operatic conductors currently before the public.

AS for Alban Berg's "Lulu," which was done the night before, I had a few reservations. Miss Caldwell used a "mixed-media" technique, with photographs and movies projected on bits of backdrop while the action was going on and even before it started, and I found this slightly distracting at times, interesting though it was. As the opera progressed, however, the projected pictures (mainly of faces, mostly distorted) began to disappear, and Acts II and III were played relatively straight. I did not think that Osbourne McConathy, the conductor, extracted much more than the bare notes of the score. The tense emotion that the music should convey was seldom present. The sets, by Robin Wagner, however, were ingeniously evocative. I particularly remember a mirror directly over Lulu's bed—a touch of suggestive realism that was gloriously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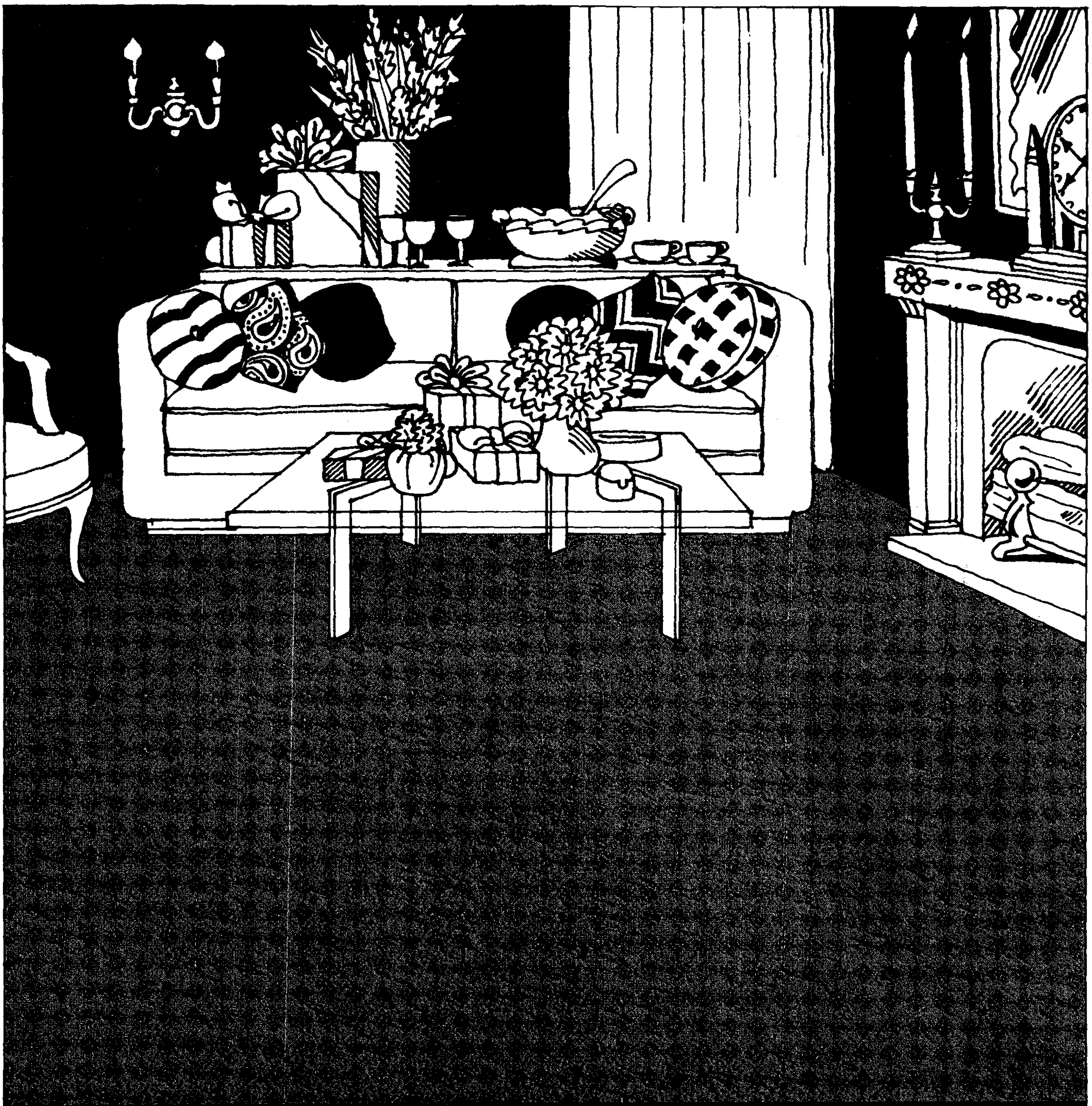

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nasty in an imaginative way. Among the singers, Donald Gramm, as Dr. Schön, was the most impressive, both for the skill of his dramatic portrayal and for the exemplary clarity of his enunciation. The ideal Lulu would probably be something like a Marlene Dietrich of thirty years ago who could sing. Patricia Cullen did the role well within the frame of her own potentialities. Indeed, I found her performance superior in sluttishness to that of Anneliese Rothenberger, who did the role here with the Hamburg State Opera recently and never ceased looking like the heroine of a comic opera. This was, on the whole, a more robust production than Hamburg's, with the dehumanized aspect of the opera more emphasized. The other roles—including Thomas Rall's Alwa, Mr. Vrenios' Artist, Miss Simon's Countess Geschwitz, and especially Mr. Koehn's Schigolch and the versatile Mr. Billings' performances as both the Animal Trainer and the Prince—were magnificently done. Miss Caldwell's direction made everything as explicit and clear as possible. But there is something about "Lulu" that is essentially, if unintentionally, comic. Frank Wedekind's melodrama (only partly given a poetic touch by Berg's music) is so relentlessly and unbelievably horrible that the civilized mind cannot but find it slightly farcical from time to time. There is a whole tradition of left-wing German drama that begins with Büchner, the author of "Wozzeck," and passes on through Wedekind to Brecht. Its main characteristic is its sadism and its tendency to caricature the human species by depriving it of all resemblance to itself. Richard Wagner, a supreme musical and poetic genius, is often held up as the precursor of the Third Reich. To my mind, however, the real ancestor of these horrors is the social atmosphere that produced Büchner and Wedekind. The Germans have a word for it: *Schrecklichkeit*.

THE company's remaining production, "Tosca," was set forth on Saturday night. This time, the musical performance had a special advantage in the services of Jonel Perlea, a conductor who can produce a silken rendition of the Puccini score, rising to loud melodrama only in the necessary places. The result was an understated "Tosca," more musical and less noisy than the usual one. Despite a few rather shrill high notes early in the evening, Marie Collier proved herself to be one of the great Toscas—a more uninhibited and earthy one than Maria Callas, and

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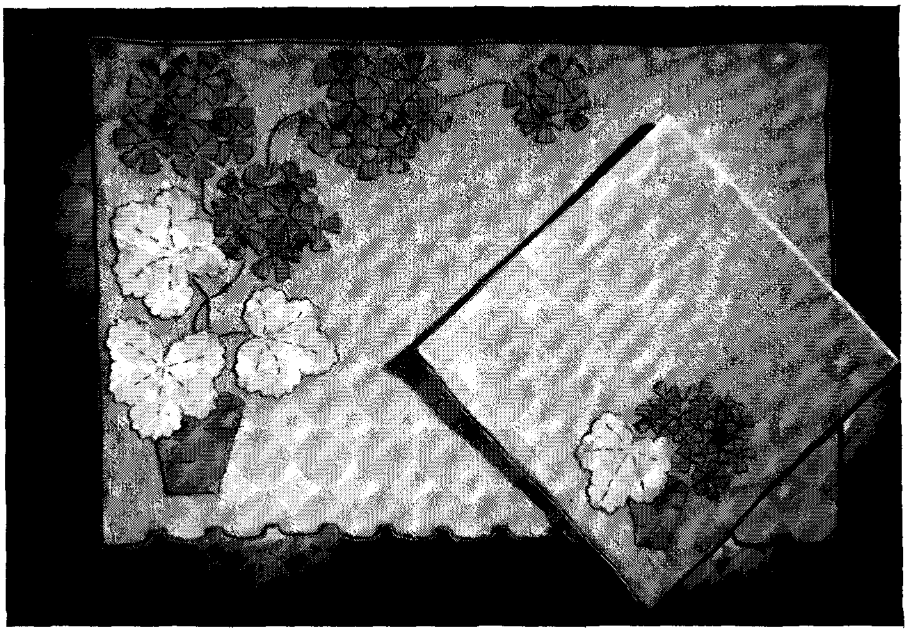

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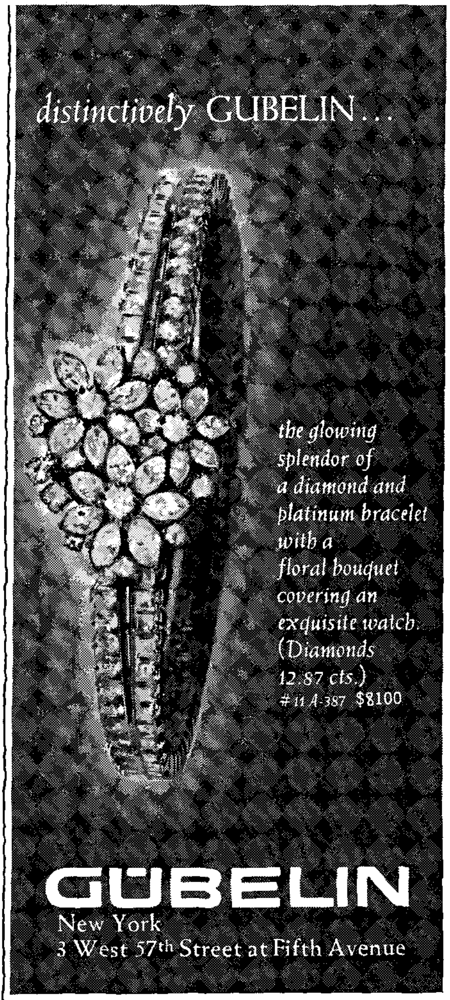
a virago of a woman, with all the staginess she is supposed to have as the famous singer of the libretto, crushed memorably in the second act by Scarpia's machinations. The Scarpia was George Fourié, a singer with the presence for the role and an admirable baritone voice, and the Angelotti was Bruce Yarnell, a quite good tenor with slightly too open high notes, generally eloquent, and deficient only in his acting powers. Mr. Billings was the Sacristan. I don't know what the company would do without Mr. Billings. He is one of the best *comprimari* around. The scenery for this "Tosca" is extremely imaginative, consisting of impressive angle shots—some painted, some photographic blowups, and all appropriate and adding atmosphere. Rudolf Heinrich was given the main credit for it, but obviously many hands were involved.

A GREAT deal of rubbish has been written about Charles Ives as the pioneer of the bad habits of contemporary music. Even the program notes of the Philharmonic's opening concert last Thursday night, under Leonard Bernstein, remarked piously on the structure of the final chord in his Second Symphony, which is made up of the notes D flat, D, D sharp, E, F, G flat, G, G sharp, A and B flat—not a complete tone row, to be sure, and remarkably lacking in the notes C and B. What was not noted about this symphony is that, except for that last chord, it shows Ives as a composer with his heart deeply imbedded in the Romanticism of nineteenth-century Germany, with Brahms as his model. True, there are all manner of American popular tunes in the work, but they are used much as Brahms used popular German tunes in his "Academic Festival Overture." Only in the last movement does something especially original emerge, and this original statement is still wholly involved with the grand European tradition. As for the last chord, it is one of those typical Yankee Ivesisms—a loud noise proclaiming his independence of all the sentiment that went before. Just the same, the work can be justly regarded as among the best of its kind ever written by an American. Mr. Bernstein did a beautiful job with the symphony. It was preceded by a performance of Mahler's Fourth, which was also beautifully done, except that in the last movement he sometimes drowned out his soloist, a lyric soprano of some charm named Jeannette Zarou.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT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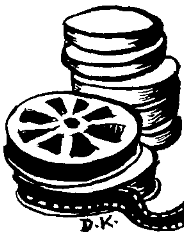
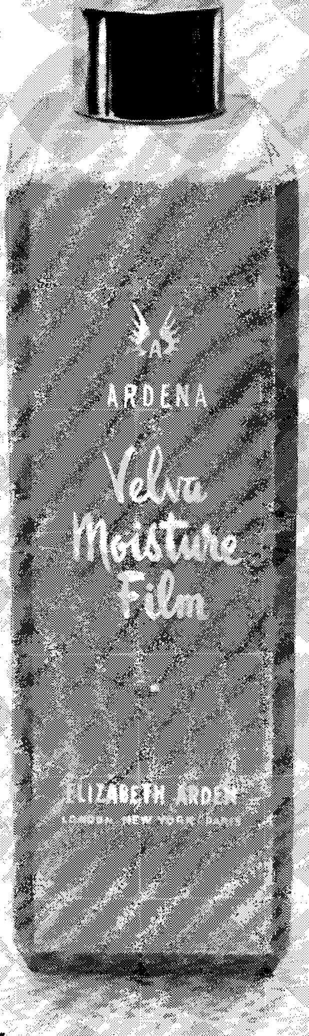


SHIRLEY CLARKE's documentary "Portrait of Jason" is a two-hour-long monologue by a Negro homosexual prostitute with the gift of gab. Jason appears to have spent much of his young life polishing this gift, and he evidently relishes exploiting it. It is his diamond as big as the Ritz, which never ceases to dazzle him, and which, with the possible exception of his professional skills, is the only thing in the world that he has any confidence in. At irregular intervals throughout the movie, we hear an off-camera voice, as squeaky and querulous as Jason's is resonant and befriending, that urges him to recount a particular anecdote out of his bizarre past, but these proddings are plainly a matter of giving Jason's tireless flow direction and not of seeking to increase its volume. Like all narcissists, Jason finds confession a pleasure. To expose oneself to the world is a way of dominating the world—every exhibitionist is a shy Napoleon—and the moment of shame is therefore the moment of glory. Unlike many white narcissists, with their chafed, Puritan-bourgeois backgrounds, Jason feels no need to pretend that his pleasure is, in fact, a painful duty. He talks and drinks, and smokes no telling what inside his crudely rolled cigarettes, and even when he is deep in what he boasts of as his calculated "pathetic bag," with his eyes brimming back of owlish dark glasses and his splendid voice atremble, it is obvious that he is enjoying himself enormously. It is not whiskey or pot alone that gets him high; there is the intoxication of his repeated "I," "I," "I." Moreover, spilling the beans in a documentary film, with the voluptuous implied promise of an audience greater than one could ever hope to attract in person, not only is gratifying in itself but is also a form of prostitution more appealing than the one that Jason ordinarily practices. Though he was being used, and used for a purpose that was perhaps never made very clear to him, he must have rejoiced to be the center of so much attention for so long (Miss Clarke is said to have shot a total of twelve hours of film); nothing had become him in life like the revealing of it.

Luckily for us, Jason is no bore. He is fascinated by the person he supposes himself to be, and we are fascinated by the extent to which he has misinterpreted his data. He is under the impression that he could be a successful night-club performer; he gives us samples of the night-club acts that he would like to perform, and they are pitifully inept. His harrowing childhood, his adventures as a houseboy in San Francisco, his local career as a hustler in the East Fifties—all these are bound to depress us even when he manages to convey them in comic terms, but so determined is he to remain alive and in the world, if only upon his knees, or, failing that, upon his hands and knees (as he shows us in a sequence illustrating the squalid perils of drunkenness), that our prefatory gloom is transformed into something approaching exhilaration. At first glance, this suave phony, at once sweet-talking and foul-mouthed, may seem a rubbishy sort of hero, but a hero he unquestionably is.

"PASSAGES FROM JAMES JOYCE'S FINNEGANS WAKE" is a misbegotten oddity of a movie compiled by a lady named Mary Ellen Bute. One hears Joyce in Heaven groaning "*Et tu, Bute?*," for if ever there was a work that defied having its intricate verbiage translated into pictures, it is Shem's purposely featureless inferno of the sleeping mind. As a measure of the vulgarity of the images that have been chosen to illustrate the text, I may mention that when Miss Bute wishes to evoke for us Joyce's haunted "Passing . . . passing," she shows us a train darting in and out of a suburban railway station. Even the Liffey is turned into a laughingstock by being depicted as a tamely prettified park streamlet, while poor Earwicker proves to be a plump, toothy dandy with soft white breasts and a look so invincibly roguish that it would turn the four stomachs of the staunchest cow in Connaught. In what may have been intended as a big cultural breakthrough, the movie translates the English dialogue by means of English subtitles; the ludicrousness of this procedure reaches its climax when the last uttered word in the movie, which is "A" (and is a misquotation from the book), is translated by a subtitle reading (correctly) "The."

"OUR MOTHER'S HOUSE" is a story about seven children who live in a big, ugly English house with



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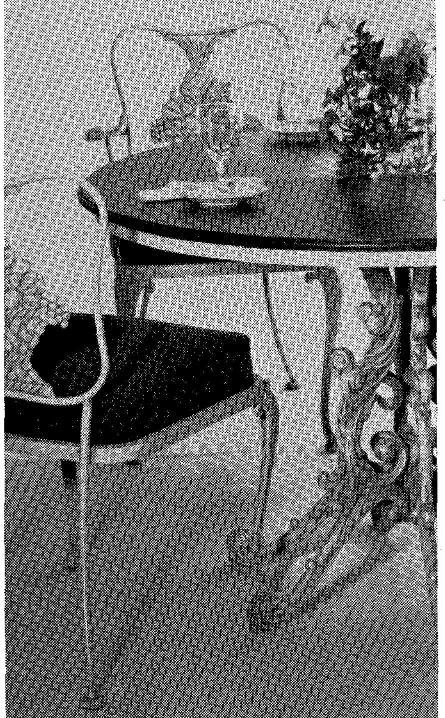

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their dreary, dying mother and who so mistake her nature that when she dies they decide to keep her nearby, in a handy spot at the foot of the garden. This unconventional arrangement works smoothly enough until the children's wastrel Da shows up and starts stealing the children's money and saying horrid things about dear dead Mum. Dirk Bogarde, who is a very good actor, makes a hash of his role as Da, and no wonder—who can hope to do his best in the presence of seven gooey moppets? I am prejudiced against child actors, but even if I weren't, I am pretty sure that I would have detested "Our Mother's House." It is second-rate Dickens from start to finish, and second-rate Dickens is an intolerably long way from first-rate Dickens. The movie was directed by Jack Clayton, and the shamelessly conspicuous camerawork was by Larry Pizer.

"THE DAY THE FISH CAME OUT" is a total disaster that can be totally blamed on Michael Cacoyannis, who wrote it, directed it, and designed its hideous costumes. It is supposed to tell a hilarious tale about what happens when, a few years hence, some radioactive weapons are jettisoned on a small, impoverished Greek island. That pleasant young actor Tom Courtenay is called on to spend much of the movie dressed in a single gauzy, exiguous undergarment. He is no Charles Atlas, and he must often have wished that he were not Tom Courtenay. The only other person in the cast that I ought to mention is Candice Bergen, who is nearly as thin as Mr. Courtenay. I left the theatre too soon to discover whether the young people were going to meet and fall in love, but if they did I feel sure that an ideal wedding present for them would be a hundred pounds of Milky Ways.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

SAIGON—Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara's decision to develop a 15-mile-long anti-inflation barrier south of the Demilitarized Zone has not ended the undercover debate here.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

He's building it in the wrong place.

•

BISHOP MCDEVITT—Some pupils are expected to report for classes when Bishop McDevitt opens its school year. This is slightly under last year's enrollment.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Evening News.*

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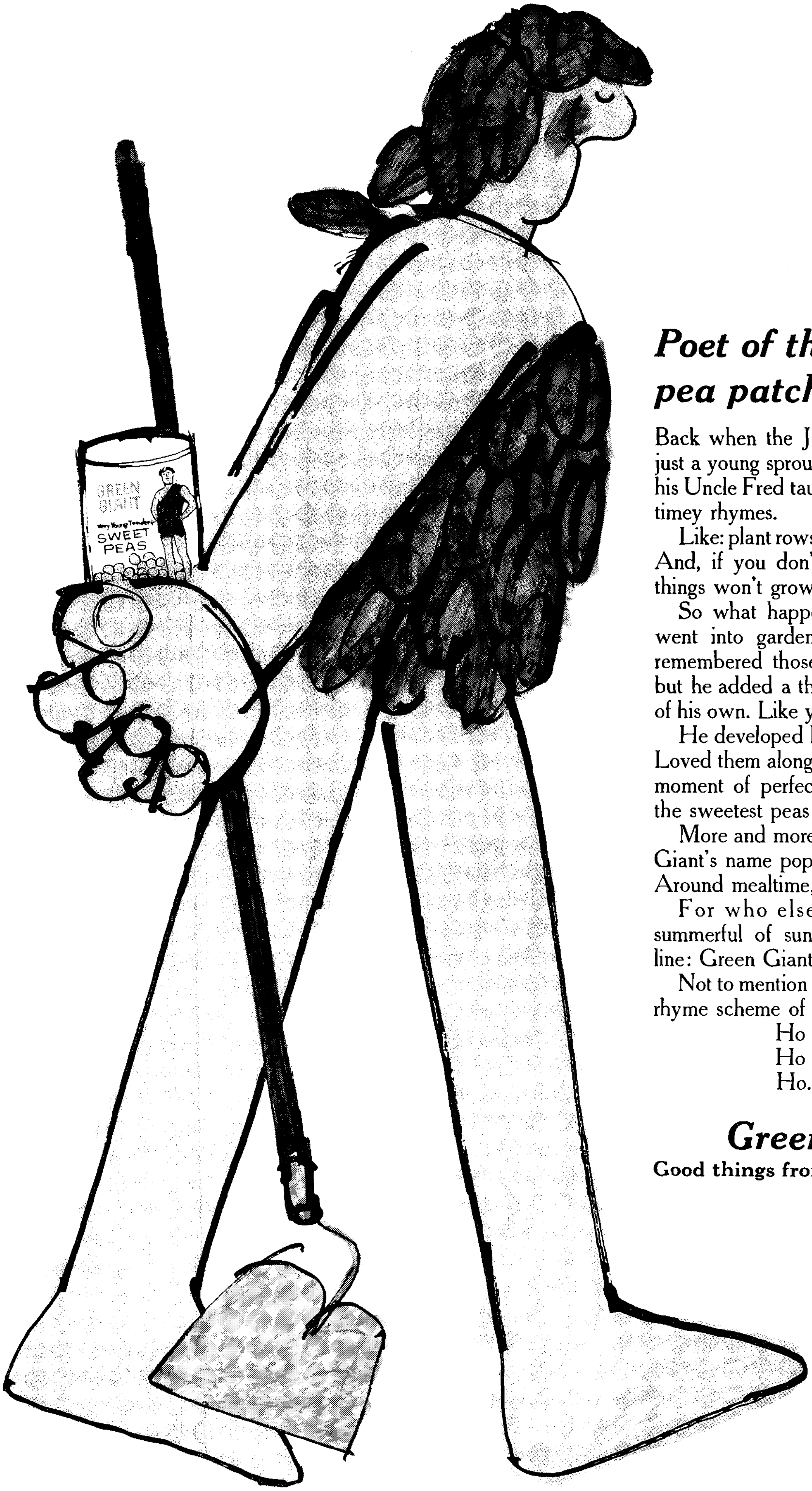

Poet of the pea patch

Back when the Jolly Green Giant was just a young sprout learning the business, his Uncle Fred taught him a flock of old-timey rhymes.

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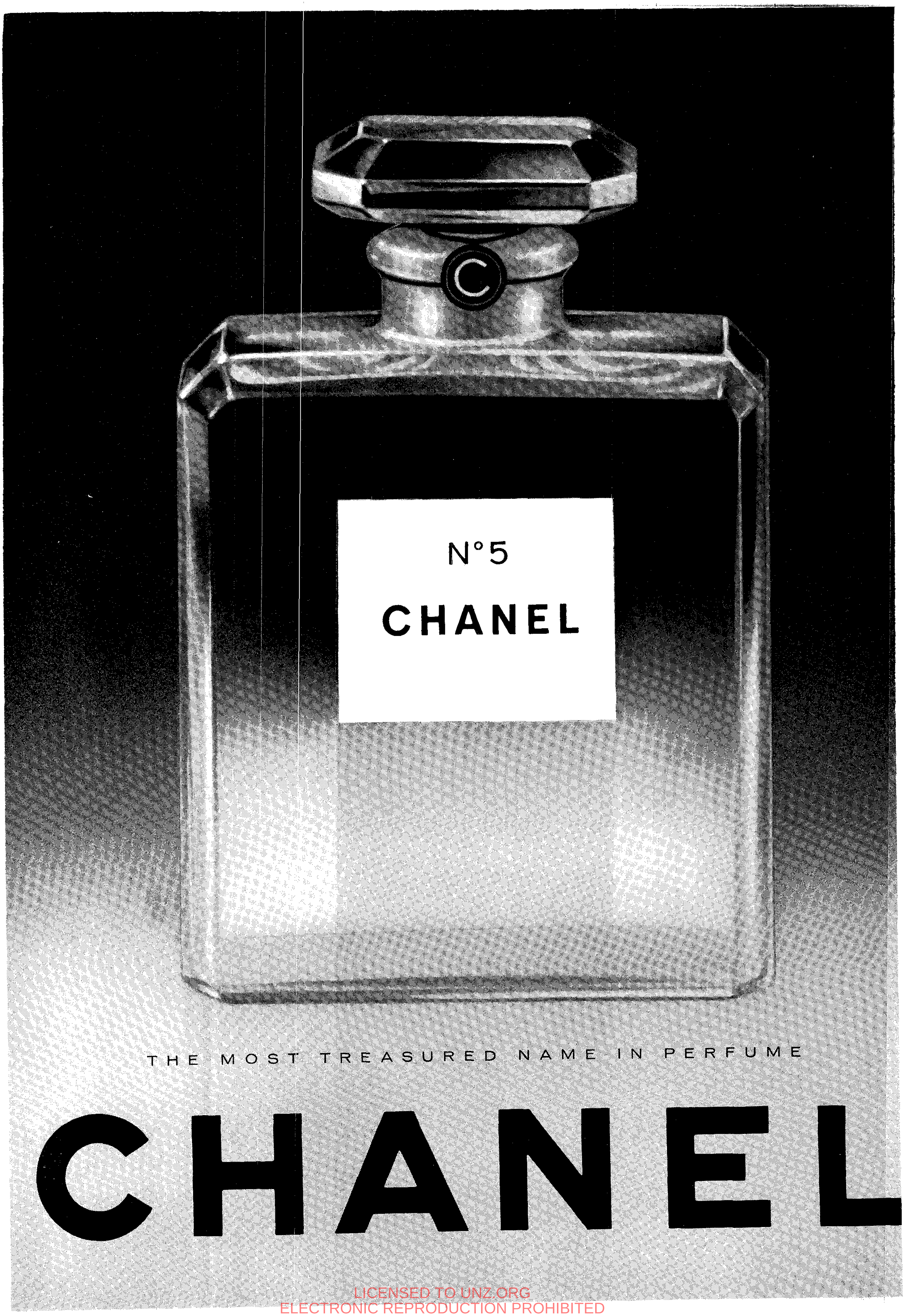
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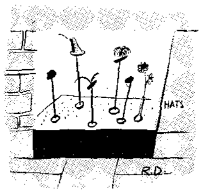
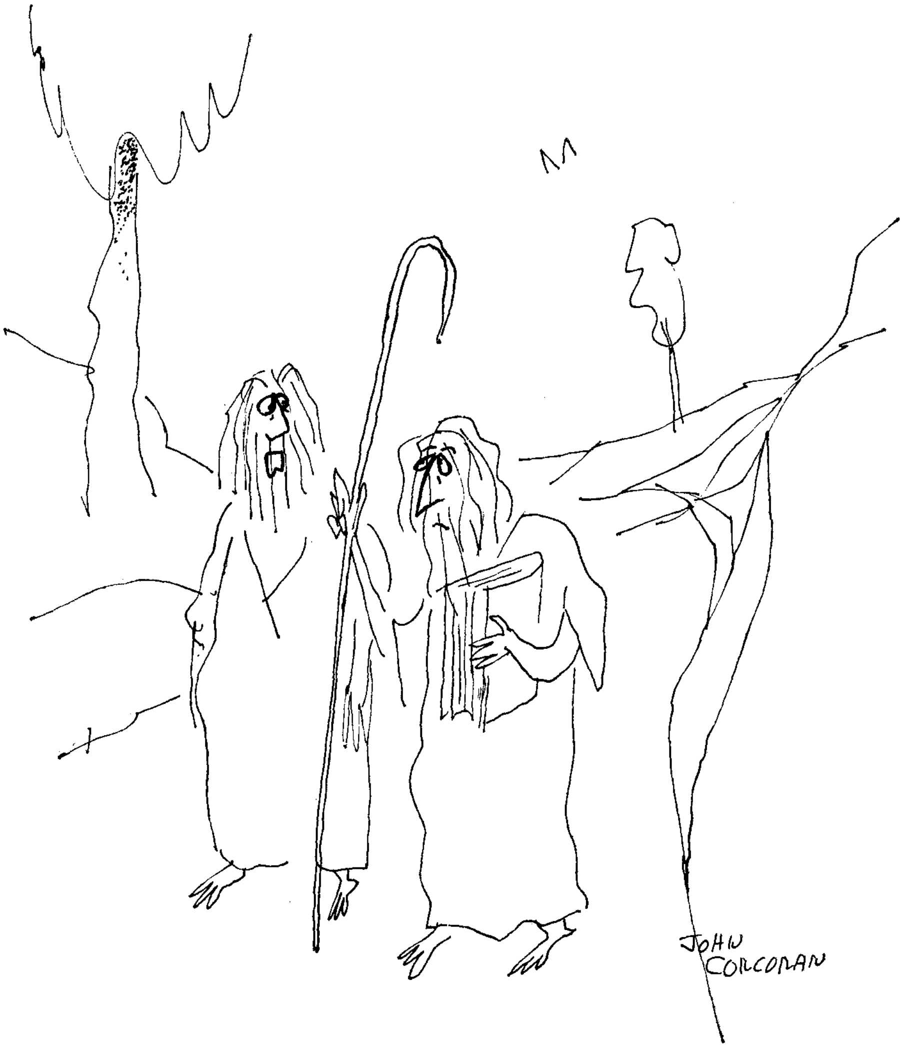


ALL the safe and conservative ready-to-wear daytime clothes seem to have been scrapped this season to make room for things that will encase all of us in Living Color—color living enough to induce color blindness. Oh, yes, there is still black, there is still navy to be had, and black-and-white combinations (though often savagely executed), and career-girl gray flannel, but now the flannel has been kidnapped by Geoffrey Beene and carried off to the discothèques, which are all saucer-eyed because of the rhinestone trimmings he has put on it. Not just that, but stripes and plaids in what were once considered (and with excellent reason) impossible combinings of hue, mostly of the dress-and-jacket or dress-and-coat sort. You must, *must* (I keep hearing) make a completely organized costume out of one of these ensembles—plus hat, stockings, boots (or shoes), and handbag—or you simply will not be Anybody. Bloomingdale's Green Room (a mild name, considering what it shelters) is doing something special about the more drastic colors; for each of the extraordinary coats it has, it is providing not one but a couple of dresses in hues that go well with it, so that you get two outfits for the price of one—the price of one and a third, or less, that is. But then, impudent little jersey skimps of dresses can be found almost anywhere to serve the same purpose. All is not riot, though, this fall; I have seen plenty of calm suits, usually with a solid-color jersey blouse and frequently with a small band neckline that is loose enough to sag a bit below the chin. Lee Hano's tiny shop, at 698 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), harbors browns of a more luxury-loving state of mind, among them Zuckerman's velveteen job—a short, double-breasted jacket that has Daddy Warbucks rhinestone buttons, to be paired with a top (this of white satin) to which a straight skirt of the velveteen is attached. The satin, incidentally, lines the jacket. This one can go on into evening. There isn't much difference in some outfits between night and day; the same M. Zuckerman has done a daylight suit of black jersey whose short jacket wears the same Warbucks buttons, plus a big diamond buckle below the white satin blouse. Lord & Taylor is one of its owners.

Still, the real new wowser in a single color is violet, and there is nothing shrinking about the hue in its current form, which is becoming even to people whose hair is not whitening in the least. Pauline Trigère has gone all out for what she calls Pauline's Violet, as in a street-length wool dress with a really circular cape, which is fastened by a solitary button at the throat. Bergdorf has claimed it. Trigère is likewise the inventor of a coat in violet fleece with long, wide lapels and a sly, slanting side fastening below the bosom. Saks Fifth Avenue and Pennington are two of its customers. Another Pennington possession is Marquise's three-button coat of violet Melton cloth, with which goes a dress of a tapestry wool that mingles violet, greige, and green; $465 all told. And a further Trigère is her Crusader coat, which is thoroughly around town, mostly in charcoal wool, though Bergdorf has it in violet. A very wide self waistband, placed high up, crosses under a narrow panel that goes down the front, and the skirt is circular. Yet violet is, as I must have made clear, not the only insistent color. The Raelson coats at Lord & Taylor go in for an extremely brassy yellow, often with a sash and buttons of black leather. Speaking of black leather sashes (isn't that what I was just doing?), a real beauty is the Tiffeau I saw at Saks Fifth Avenue—a coat of Melton cloth in Shocking pink, with an "industrial" zipper closing and that sash, in this case tied high. In a dreamier vein, and rather less lady-commissar in manner, are Originala's petunia-pink sleeveless jersey dress and its plum coat, which has petunia edging on the double-breasted buttons. Bergdorf is the curator in this case. Trigère must be cited once more for her dress in a peridot green with a very yellow cast—three buttons at the top, shaped in defiantly at the waist, two seams released



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below this to make a soft, full skirt. De Pinna is the lucky one.

So delighted by all this am I that my little gray flannel career-girl mind has been deflected, I suddenly realize, from the subject of wild combinations of color in plaids and stripes—combinations not for the campus, by any means. In shop after shop, there is Chester Weinberg's coat of lumberjack plaid with an industrial zipper down the side front, starting from a ring at the collarless neckline. This hangs straight and full to the knees or an inch or two above. It's destined to be worn, I suspect, with a turtleneck sweater emerging, but women in the country will slip it over underwear and boots, unless it is mighty chilly, when they go outdoors to do the car-pool duties; Bergdorf, De Pinna, et al. Then come plaids that make the college shops look real square. Dior-New York has turned out one that is all acid (no LSD about this, though) greens and yellows for a tailored suit with a pumpkin-colored blouse and lining, plus box pleats low on the skirt; Evelyn Byrnes and Lord & Taylor. Bonwit Teller has acquired some stark-staring-mad plaids and stripes, such as Samuel Winston's wool outfit, all purple and pink and allied stripes, horizontal and half an inch wide, which has the look of a thin rug from somebody's hunting lodge. The jacket is long, and there is a braided chain belt. Roxanne, who works for Winston, has also produced a much dressier affair—a dress with a shirt tab—of silk-and-wool in a variety of gold, white, and charcoal stripes. Lord & Taylor has cottoned to an Originala suit that combines grape-juice purple with greens and pale yellows on the wool it's made of. The jacket is tailored and the purple blouse sports a pussycat bow. A newcomer to me is Bert Geiger—a Californian, as so many newcomers are today. His white wool suit is emblazoned with crossbars in royal, gold, and red. Details: three buttons on the tailored jacket, and a silver chain at the top of the skirt, and an inverted pleat down the front of it, to give it a trouser look; Bonwit. Another visitor to Bonwit is Mila Schön, who contributes a suit of a savage corded orange wool whose ridges are horizontal—so that we can all look wider, I suppose. For Saks Fifth Avenue, Geoffrey Beene has been playing with wool in Roman-striped bands, also horizontal. It ends up in a costume—a coat (a deep, pointed collar, very Lord Byron, and slanting pockets placed way, way down) and a dress. He is more modest with his plaid in hunter green and pink and red,

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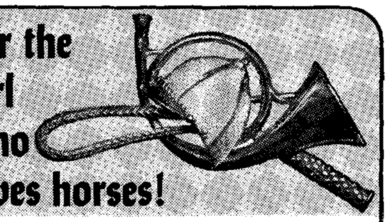

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which makes a coat with a long, inverted pleat in back. With it goes an easy skirt of the plaid, and this is attached to a sleeveless topper of hunter-green jersey. A green jersey belt girdles the waist, below which are little puckers. (That dirndl look is creeping back toward us.) As for more stripes, there is Lee Hano's suit, by Marquise, of thick tweed, with vertical stripes that involve every college-shop color there is. An industrial zipper ornaments, so to speak, the jacket, and a blouse in royal-blue jersey is provided.

BUT the time has come to talk about Shape, which, during all the easy-going Lilly Pulitzer years, had seemed to vanish forever. Waistlines no longer need be up under the bosom or down on the hips; instead, they can be, and are, right where the waistline is *supposed* to be. There are also all kinds of circular doings in hemlines and in capes. (Paris has shown capes with knickers, and this has made me ill.) There is trade talk about "fit and flare," meaning narrow at the top and whirling out at the hem, as in Seymour Fox's coat in a trenchant black-and-white chevron tweed; its identifying landmarks are an ascot of black velvet and double-breasted silvery buttons placed low. Lord & Taylor is the custodian. One more Trigère is a coat of black-and-white tweed with a wide self belt that starts well down at the sides and then dips even farther, into the small of the back. South of the belt is an arrogant circular swing, and north of it is a stole-scarf that is virtually Trigère's autograph. This is scattered about the city; Bloomingdale's is one spot I'm sure of. Among the season's tent coats is a masterpiece (to put the matter as mildly as I can) by Dior-New York that is everywhere but that I first glimpsed at Lord & Taylor. It's made of oyster-white Litex in a basket-weave so fine that it almost has to be *sensed*. Large black oblongs are woven all over it, and black ring cuffs and collar complete the edifice. Many of the Italian Signor Valentino's triumphs have gone to Evelyn Byrnes, and quite a few of these are tents—one a coat of tan wool that bears a black over-check. Another, of beige wool, is V-necked and circular indeed. Its sleeves end in band cuffs. The pockets are slanted and the price is slam-bang—$2,350, a lot of money for even the finest of Italian hands. Final generality: I have spoken of the threatened return of the dirndl; now I fly gale-force warnings as I contemplate what Originala is doing about it—many, many

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leather belts at the normal waistline with puckers below in front to accomplish the requisite look. In this category, I like most of all the Originala coat I saw at Lord & Taylor, constructed of a nubbly tweed in olive, gray, and white and lashed by a belt in olive suède. Codicil to the final generality: It has been a good many years since I have seen so much variety with which a woman can Express Herself without being eccentric. And now, because such a lot of what I have seen is not easy to classify, I think we'd better just go hippety-hop, and alphabetically (if my memory will serve), shop to shop. As follows:

"B" IS for Bloomingdale's Green Room, where there is a Donald Brooks outfit of gabardine that reverses itself in a special way—the coat is red, with black cross-checks; the dress is black, with red cross-checks. Or, if you're enrolled at Halcyon Days School, you might wear a dress of red jersey with a big self H on the chest; in this case, you'd be paying only $185. Bill Blass is to be blessed for his dress of heavy purple wool jersey, which has short sleeves and a shoulder zipper. Here, too, is Tiffeau's little cropped jacket of purple Melton cloth, which is mated to (a) a dress of a grayish herringbone tweed with a high neck and a half belt at Empire height, or (b) a sleeveless dress of gray flannel with a set-in cowl and big, tilted patch pockets. More of the flannel is involved in the Tiffeau costume that starts with the simplest possible collarless coat (round jet buttons are the major accessory) and proceeds to a sleeveless dress with an oblong neck and, if anyone likes, a sash wherever. It looks very much like a jumper. . . . Bonwit's de-luxe Designer Salon floor, the sixth, is awash, like most de-luxe emporiums, with Zuckermans, including a suit of a heathery tweed with a belt at the hipbone level and an attached blouse of petunia-pink jersey that has a band collar. The short, double-breasted jacket of this displays five buttons in descending order at each side and one more in each collar notch. . . . It looks as if "divine" were the one possible word for a dress of hand-knit greige cashmere—George Halley *fecit* and Evelyn Byrnes *boughtit*—whose salient feature is its vertical ribbing, three-quarters of an inch wide. It drops straight and beltless from a loose turtleneck collar and has long sleeves. One of the numerous Valentinos here is a coat of heavy tan wool with a band collar; this one reverses to

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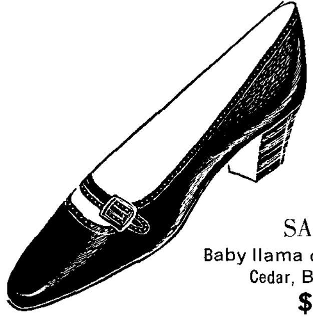

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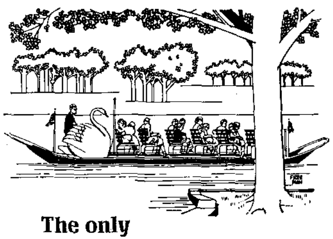

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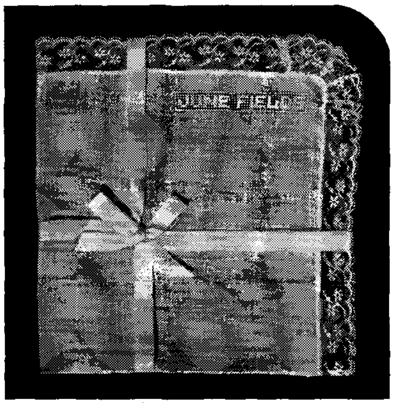

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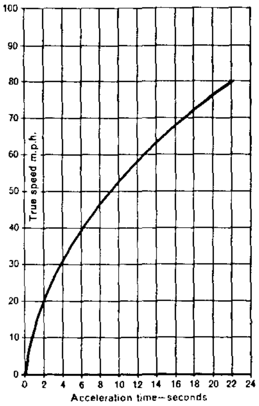

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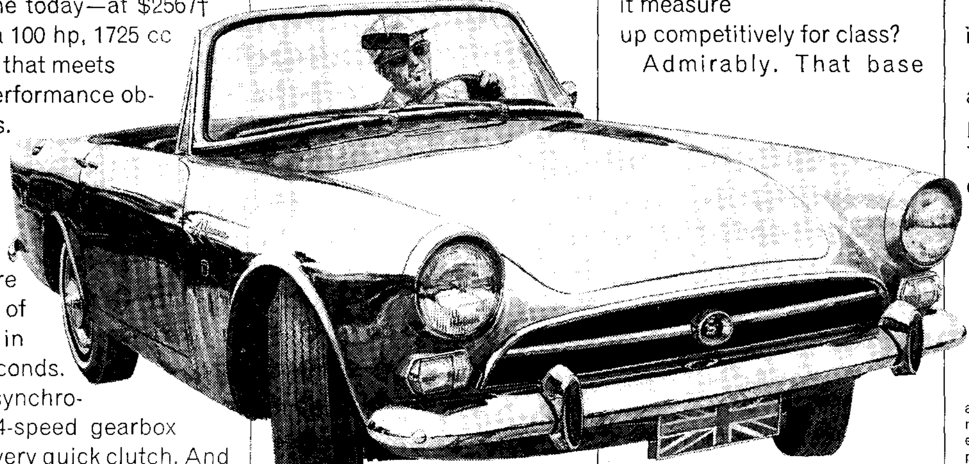

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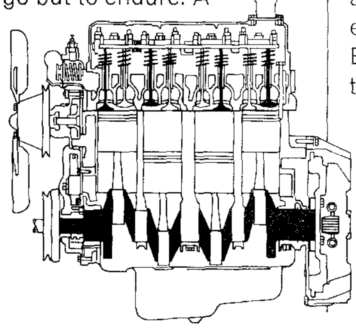

Result: Alpine's engine and drive train can be, and are, warranted by Chrysler Motors Corporation for 5 years or 50,000 miles. And no other sports import comes close.

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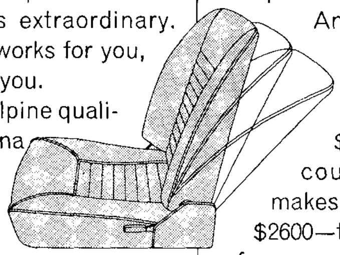

O.K. So Alpine qualifies as a bona fide sports car—but how does it measure up competitively for class?

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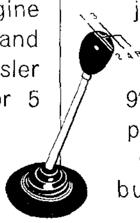

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show a fine brown-and-beige check. Tortoiseshell buttons, tilted patch pockets, and a belt of brown alligator are part of its landscape. *Tan?* Hmm! For just as we Americans are going color-crazy, this Italian designer is going muted. For anyone homesick for black with those frosty-white touches, we now come upon a Monte Sano coat of black wool, loose and straight, with a large and crusty white overcheck. The dress beneath is of double-knit white jersey, with a black band, three and a half inches high, at the hem. . . . Lee Hano's cubicle is host to a truly great Kasper outfit of wool in a plaid (beige, black, and white). The dress is semifitted, with a roll collar, and the coat has a split band collar and high pocket flaps. The price, too, is great for us groundlings; $185. Next: Tiffeau's suit of brown and beige and charcoal and white wool (the pattern is a check) with a zipper up the front of the jacket to a deep, pointed collar; the skirt has a panel front and definite dirndl gathers. . . . Lord & Taylor arranged to have some Patou dresses made up for it in Paris, and for nobody else, and very simple and very top-echelon they look, too, for a matter of $200. . . . Rosette Pennington teems with beautiful stuff that goes from $40 on up and that includes a costume by Vincent Originals—the jacket in double-faced wool (raspberry and blueberry) and the dress, likewise of wool, with a top that is striped in the two colors and a skirt in the blueberry, plus a raspberry band along the hem; $125 for all of it. We move on to a Seymour Fox wool ensemble, the jacket long and flaring toward the back in a becoming way (it fastens with gold buttons), the dress belted and with a very high yoke. The prevailing hue is brown, though the jacket is lined with gray fleece and the yoke is gray, too. (I saw the same job at De Pinna in navy-and-red.) There are other high yokes (*bolero*, at that) as well, one of them on a Geoffrey Beene dress of beige wool with a tiny mandarin collar and bolero detail topside. This carries buttons on loops down the yoke and—hurrah!—has long sleeves. Adele Simpson gets into the act here with a sleeveless dress of charcoal sheer flannel—another high yoke. The jacket of it is of a blurry tweed, all horizontal stripes in tans and grays, and is bound in gray. Nice! . . . Pinna (I drop the "De" to keep strictly alphabetical) owns examples of Larry Aldrich's fooling around with wools in black-and-white prints. One dress actually acquires a piqué look, and the pattern,

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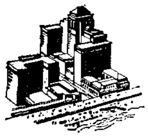

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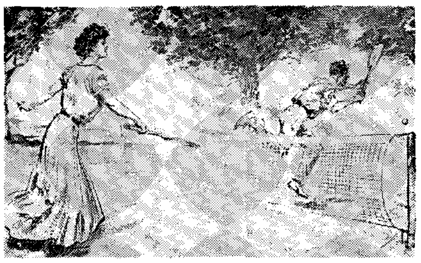

HAS IT EVER HAPPENED TO YOU?
by James Montgomery Flagg

This time, the artist is on the side of the ladies. For the collector of unusual tennis prints, this one adds the light touch. This limited edition print is colored by hand, with yellows, rusts and blue predominating. Framed with natural burlap mat in a stunning ¾" antique gold moulding. Size framed: 13" x 18". Price $27.50 plus $1.50 for shipping. Unframed: $15.50 postpaid. *Free on request:* our small catalog showing other prints published by us. Includes these subjects: Tennis, Golf, Skiing, Yachting, Lacrosse, Whaling, plus a selection of College Prints.

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irregular and blocky, includes yellow blobs as well. The regulation snug top and A-line skirt have been built into it. . . . In Saks Fifth Avenue there's a honey of an outfit by Seymour Fox (he is glorious this year)—a black gabardine trenchcoat with a leather-and-chain tie belt and gold-rimmed jet buttons, plus a sleeveless dress boasting a moderate turtleneck and, at each side of the front panel, a pocket. (In the Park Avenue Room, by the way, reclines an all-purpose dress by Donald Brooks, of a wool crêpe that is either brown, black, white, red, or bright green. The neckline is insidious—a deep horseshoe; the waist is Empire; the front panel on the skirt wafts it toward an A line.) What else? Well, Bill Blass has committed a magnificent costume that sets out with a double-faced (and reversible) coat of coral-and-taupe wool and then adds a dress solely of the coral, with an oblong welt-seam yoke and no collar. Next, up crops John Moore with a serene ensemble in a white wool with a big, dark-green overcheck. There are raglan sleeves and buttons of the same green on the single-breasted coat, and the dress ends in what looks suspiciously like a skating skirt.

But now the sun is going down (it's been a long day at the fair, hasn't it?), and I haven't more than touched on all the stuff for evening that should be much more than just touched on. Furs and feathers and brocades and the glittery goods. This calls for a sequel, or a To Be Continued, by LOIS LONG

•

LIFE IS TOO SHORT DEPARTMENT

[*Letter received by a medical man*]

SHORE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
DEPARTMENT OF LABORATORIES
Somers Point, New Jersey

DEAR DOCTOR:

Re: Cancellation September Mortality Meeting

The usual monthly mortality meeting in September will not be held due to the competition with the Miss America Pageant.

HENRY E. SEIDEL, M.D.
Chairman Mortality Committee

•

When Raymond Postgate was 70 last November, she gave a lunch for him and a few close friends. Denzil Batchelor called it "a feast in Valhalla." She had an eel specially smoked by a fishmerchant friend; personally stuffed the veal with Mr. Ducat of Harrods' meat department; prepared a sauce which . . .—*London Sunday Times Magazine.*

Let's go back to that stuffing a minute.

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

DAYS AT THE ZOO

IV—THE CONSERVATIONISTS

"NOAH'S WORK IS NOT DONE" was the heading of a brochure announcing that a three-day conference was to be held at the San Diego Zoo last fall on the role of zoos in the international conservation of wild animals. "During the last hundred and fifty years, some forty species of wildlife have become extinct in the United States alone," it continued. "All over the world, hundreds of other birds and animals are on the verge of joining the same society. Since the time of Christ, it is estimated that a hundred kinds of animals and birds have become extinct. About sixty-eight per cent of these losses have occurred within the past century; thirty-eight per cent within the last fifty years. Appallingly, a thousand species are on the waiting list today. . . . While most conservationists recognize the need for game preserves, little thought has been given to the role of zoos in conservation. . . ."

At the time I received this announcement, I had just spent several months in a thorough survey of the world's zoos, and when I resolved to attend the conference it was both because I was interested in conservation and because I had heard good things about the San Diego Zoo. The preservation of rare species, I knew, has been an increasingly important function of zoos everywhere as our planet has become more crowded and as man's means of hunting and killing animals have become more scientific. In 1964, the International Union of Directors of Zoological Gardens had held a symposium in London, at which they resolved to form—through the already existing International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources—an organization of zoos, other animal collections, experimental-research institutions, and animal traders to work out the best methods of distribution of rare animals for exhibition, in coöperation with the I.U.C.N.'s Survival Service Commission. This meant, basically, that the delegates wanted to round up everybody in the world connected with the exhibition or exploitation of wild animals and persuade all these people—or, if necessary, force them—to obey certain rules aimed at preserving threatened species. It was a worthy goal, but it was a long way from fulfillment. The director of the San Diego Zoo, Dr. Charles R. Schroeder, had spoken eloquently on zoos and conservation in a paper he published in 1965. "What role can zoos play in the conservation effort?" he asked, and replied, "They can stop traffic in rare animals, the bootlegging and falsification of legal documents. This can be done by encouraging legislation . . . prohibiting the entry of rarities from around the world unless the shipment is approved by the country of origin. Those zoos which do acquire and exhibit rarities can make every effort to have pairs and attempt to bring about reproduction. In this way, zoos can become the source of rarities for other zoos, rather than depleting numbers in their native habitats." He went on to say that zoos have the opportunity to show the public what it is they are being asked to preserve, and to publicize the entire matter of conservation not only through news media but at first hand. He concluded, "If we are able to overcome our greatest and first problem—human overproduction—all other problems will soon dissolve. . . . The achievement of freedom from hunger and that of conservation have to do with the same thing: the proper use of land and its priceless treasures."

The primary reason San Diego had been chosen as the site of the conference, I knew, was not that its director was so deeply interested in conservation but that it was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary. Besides, it's a place that zoo people always like to visit, both because of the climate and because of the excellence of the exhibits. A recent San Diego Zoo guidebook has this to say about it: "The San Diego Zoological Garden is unique among most United States zoos in that it exhibits nearly all animals outdoors the year round. In this city of more than half-a-million people the weather is tempered by the Pacific Ocean, with the result that summers are cooler and winters warmer than the latitude would indicate. Rainfall averages only ten inches a year, wind velocities are low, and three hundred and thirty out of three hundred and sixty-five days have sunshine! High mesas, cut by deep canyons, give good air drainage. . . . Because of our healthful climate, and our friendly exchange relations with other zoos, the San Diego Zoo contains one of the largest and rarest collections in the world. It exceeds most others in the number of animals and species exhibited."

My memory, as it happens, stretches back to a time when the San Diego Zoo wasn't much to boast about, and on the plane to California I recalled my first visit there. It must have been in the early thirties, and I was idling away an hour or two on the way to Tijuana. My impression was of sandy surroundings, stunted brush, and cages set down here and there, like blocks left by a

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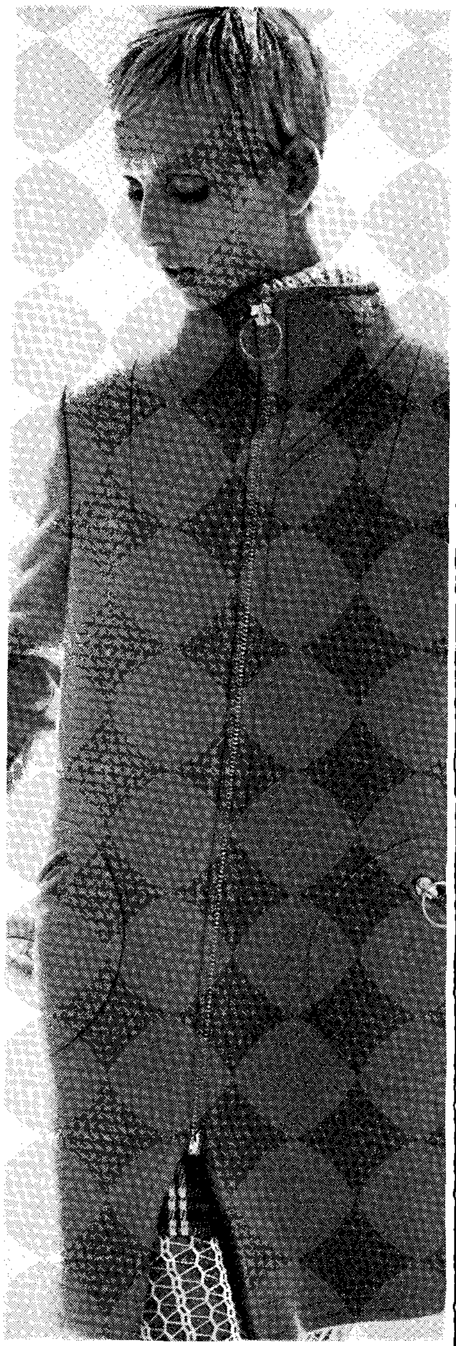
tired child. The only vivid memory I have of the experience is of what happened when I tossed a peanut to a pair of large orangutans—the first I'd ever seen close up—sitting wrapped in each other's arms on the cement floor of their cage and looking at the infrequent visitors in the supercilious manner of their kind. I did not throw the peanut—I *tossed* it. I meant well, but one of the orangs evidently misinterpreted my action and resented it. Untangling himself from his companion, he picked the peanut up and threw it back at me, hard. I now reflected that the incident must really have hurt my feelings to have stayed in my mind all those years, and that the ape, in all likelihood, had never given it another thought.

Though I knew that the place had changed considerably since then, no written or oral description had quite prepared me for what I saw when my taxi entered the gates, and my eyes grew bigger and bigger as we passed along an imposing approach road, past hundreds of parked cars. I didn't recollect anything of this palatial estate, with its heavily wooded surroundings. A big reason for my mystification, I learned, was that there *is* such a lot of green stuff growing. Dr. Schroeder later told me that the zoo's botanical collection—which, being valued at two million dollars, is worth twice as much as all the animals put together—contains very few indigenous species, a circumstance that can be convenient when some exotic animal needs a special herbaceous addition to his diet.

THE delegates to the conference were housed in an inn where most of the sessions were held—a place outside San Diego called the Hanalei, which is built in a rectangle around a huge patio, containing a swimming pool and broad lawns scattered with tables and deck chairs and crisscrossed with winding walks. Between sessions of the conference, I resolved, I would renew my acquaintance with the zoo, but on the Tuesday morning after my arrival we all had to be on hand at nine o'clock for the first meeting. The presiding officer, a San Diego businessman named Sheldon Campbell, opened the proceedings. Among us, he said, were students from the San Diego high schools, who were deputed to take notes on the proceedings and carry the conservationists' message back to their schoolmates. Then he began to talk about conservation, holding up to view a stuffed bird. This, he said, was Martha, the very last of the passenger pigeons, whose flights used to darken



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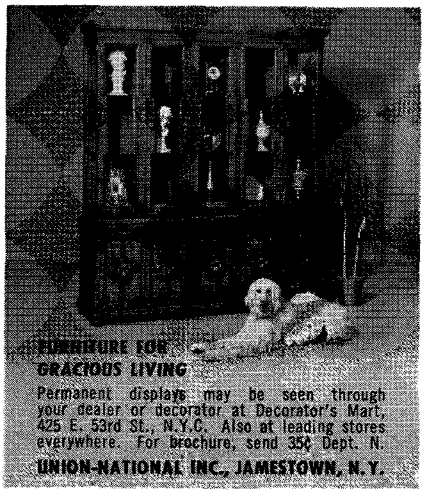

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American skies before the birds were slaughtered by the thousands. Clothed in buff-and-black plumage, iridescent at the neck, Martha sat with head cocked and expression alert. She died at the Cincinnati Zoo in 1914. "We have her here on loan, courtesy of the Smithsonian," Mr. Campbell said. In concluding his remarks, he reminded us that any money taken in at the conference was earmarked for the World Wildlife Fund. Then he introduced Commander Peter Markham Scott, who was to be our general chairman.

I had heard a lot about Commander Scott, whose biography occupied a page and a half of the printed program of the conference: Son of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, of the Antarctic. Internationally respected conservationist, author, lecturer, illustrator, yachtsman, ornithologist. Chairman of the British Appeal of the World Wildlife Fund and of the Survival Service Commission of the I.U.C.N. President of the Wildlife Youth Service, of the International Yacht Racing Union, of the Gloucestershire Association of Youth Clubs, and of the Newport Wildfowlers Association. Vice-president of the Inland Waterways Association, the Charles Darwin Foundation for the Galápagos Islands, the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, the Council for Nature, the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, the International Cadet Class, and the Bristol Gliding Club. Founder and director of the Wildfowl Trust, at Slimbridge, Gloucestershire. Won the M.B.E. and the D.S.C. for his naval service during the war.

The Commander, who is, of course, a practiced speaker, started out with an anecdote illustrating the difficulties inherent in communication. Driving along a winding road in the English countryside one day, he saw another car approaching, and realized that—as is often necessary on an English country road—one driver or the other would have to give way. He therefore drew up close to the side of the road and stopped to let the other car get by. As it passed, the woman driving it leaned out of her window and said, "Pig!" Commander Scott was outraged, since he had been perfectly courteous. Resuming his trip, and pondering the horrid ways of other drivers, especially woman drivers, he rounded the next curve and ran into a pig.

After that, his talk became grave. "Anyone who looks ahead must be alarmed at the fate of the earth," he declared. The biosphere, he said, was a terribly thin layer covering our planet,

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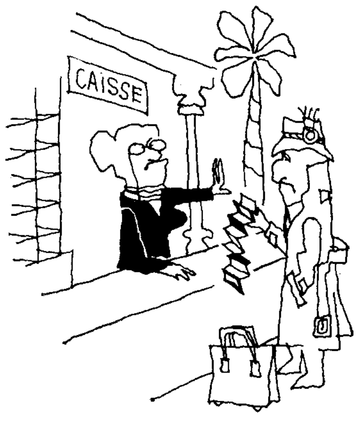

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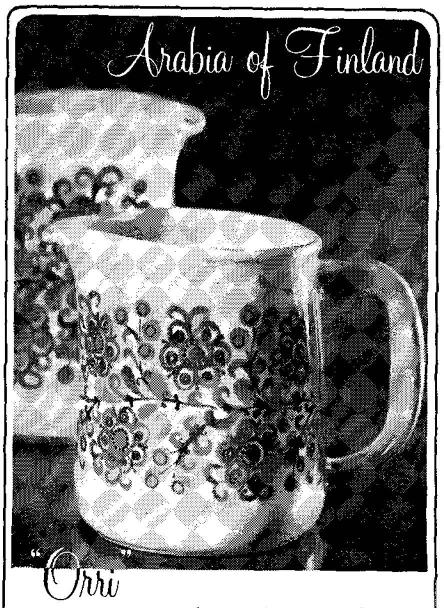
and—he emphasized the words—*it was finite*. The two main problems we were facing today were population and pollution. Commander Scott had no doubt that we would settle the human population problem, for mankind was adaptable and would find an answer to the problems it recognized. This might take time and patience—it might even take one more generation—but the answer would be found. The problems of population and pollution extended beyond our immediate concerns, however, to encompass the conservation of animals and plants. In twenty million centuries of evolution, Man's own history probably occupied less than two million years. "It has been less than a million days, you know, since the birth of Christ," the Commander went on. "Yet during this comparatively short span, Man has accelerated the rate of extinction by at least a factor of four; some hold that it is a factor of sixteen. One vertebrate has disappeared every year since I was born." In the United States alone, since the First World War, eight species of fish had disappeared. Man the predator was the first to realize what he was doing, Commander Scott continued, and he quoted Mark Twain: "Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to." Was Man, when he behaved thus, only obeying the laws of evolution, the Commander asked, and answered that no doubt he was, but that he had also evolved this conference. "At least one thousand vertebrates are threatened," he said. "We might ask ourselves: How threatened is threatened? It is better to put an animal on record as such too early than too late." He spoke of the *Red Data Book*, an I.U.C.N. publication, whose current edition included a "threatened" list of two hundred and ten mammals and two hundred and fifty-nine birds. Later editions would deal with threatened reptiles, amphibia, fish, and invertebrates. Finally, there would be volumes on plants. The colors of the pages were significant: for very rare animals the paper was pink; for species somewhat in danger it was white; for those that have been saved it was green. "The intention is to make the whole book green before we're through," Commander Scott said.

How, he asked, could zoos fit into the pattern of the conservation campaign? He listed six ways: by educating people in natural history, ecology, and conservation; by giving visitors a generally increased aesthetic appreciation; by making scientific studies of threatened species, as was being done in San Diego; by breeding threatened species, as had



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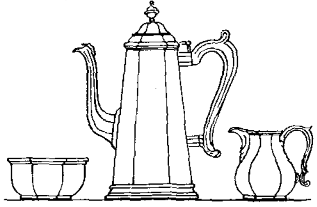

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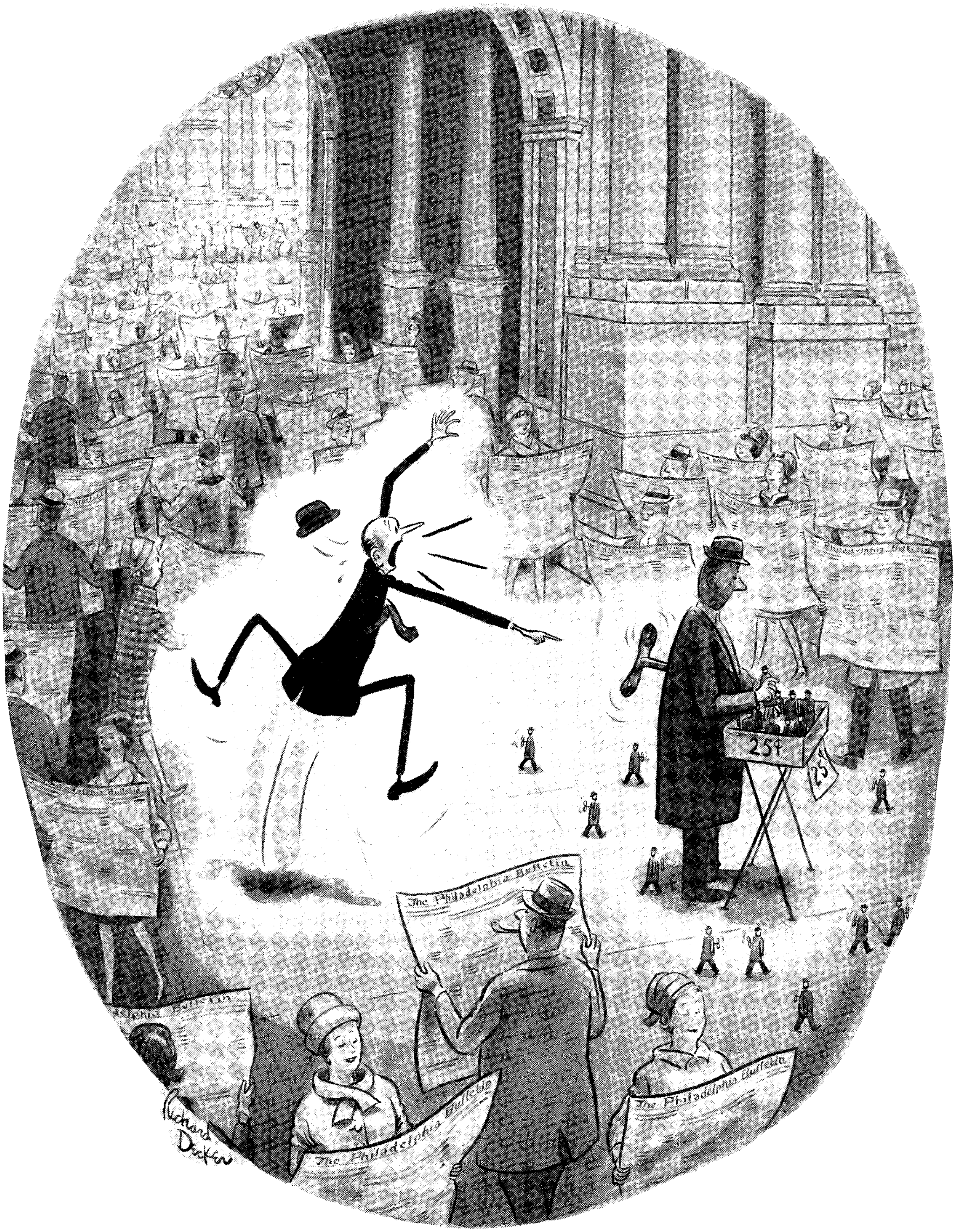
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been done with the Galápagos tortoise in San Diego and the Arabian oryx in Phoenix, Arizona; by raising funds for the cause; and by maintaining a keen sense of responsibility for the conservation of rare species to the point of refraining from acquiring rare animals that had no prospect of breeding in captivity. He went on, "Two years ago, in London, the question of quotas was discussed: What numbers of certain rare animals can safely be taken into captivity, and to which zoos they should be awarded. Fortunately, we got away from the dangerous notion that no rare animals whatever should be exhibited in zoos. A round-robin letter proposing this was circulated, but I am totally opposed to such extreme ideas, holding that most rare exhibits are educational for the public and good for breeding knowledge. Someday, it should be possible to breed everything in captive or semi-captive conditions." In time, too, he said, it should be possible to sweep away bars and all other suggestions of imprisonment. He explained that bars were not so bad for the animals; he objected to them because of what they did to the spectator. "They're bad for the whole movement," he said. The Commander concluded by expressing a belief that conservation was gaining ground; announcing that a great conference on the subject—an international quinquennium—was to be held in 1968; and reminding his listeners that in the meantime, as always, the conservationists needed the coöperation of zoos.

Next, Richard S. Fitter, the honorary secretary of the Fauna Preservation Society of London, talked about the breeding of rare species in zoos. First, he said, he wished to go on record as agreeing with Commander Scott in the matter of the round robin. "I don't see how one can expect people to support creatures they can't see," he observed. "A blanket ban would be wholly unrealistic." Then he furnished some additions to the Commander's unhappy statistics of waste and catastrophe. Each year, on an average, one bird and one mammal become extinct, Mr. Fitter said. Man kills directly for sport, for food, or to rid himself of pests, and indirectly he kills just about as much again. Some people, Fitter said, might throw up their hands and say, "You can't obstruct the march of progress," but he himself believed that there were ways to prevent these losses, and that, of them all, the most effective was the park. He cited the famous case of Père David's deer, a handsome Chi-

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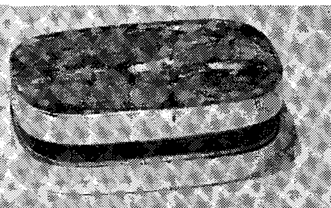

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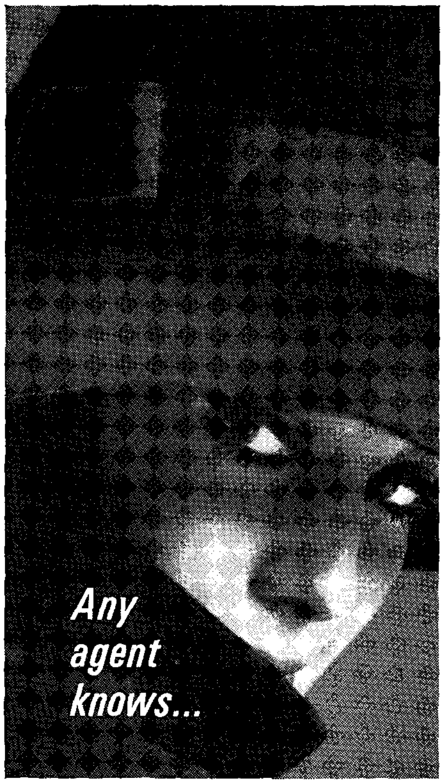

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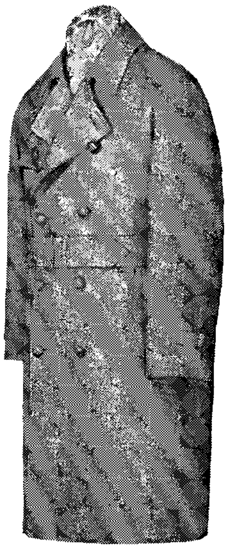
nese animal that would now be extinct if, late in the nineteenth century, the eleventh Duke of Bedford had not established a breeding herd at his estate, Woburn Abbey. The wisent, or European bison, is another good case in point, he went on; not only had it been saved from extinction but there were enough animals now to provide both breeding stock *and* specimens for release in its former habitat. At the end of the nineteenth century, the wisent was known to exist in a wild state only in two places—the Bialowieza Forest, in Poland, and the Caucasus. The First World War almost wiped it out. The International Society for the Protection of European Bison was formed in 1923, and in 1932 it started a studbook on the animal, only thirty specimens of which were known to be alive in the world. Now there are about eight hundred, of which fifty-eight are living on a preserve in the Bialowieza Forest. Some have been born in the wild of that forest, but nowhere else except in the Soviet Union is there enough land available to set others free.

All the animals he had mentioned, Mr. Fitter continued, were ungulates—hoofed mammals—which were the easiest to save in such a way, and he talked about other threatened ungulate species which he hoped to see given proper attention in the near future. But, he continued, it was not so simple to work with the endangered mammals. Certainly it was essential to save the large apes; the big zoos must club together so that in nine or ten years they could breed all their own specimens, as the present methods of capture were far too wasteful. Breeding colonies of monkeys and apes of every species should be established. Rodents could be notably successful at breeding in captivity, he said, citing the example of hamsters, every specimen of which, as far as anybody could tell, was descended from two pairs caught in Syria in 1930.

Just as important as all the rare animals, Mr. Fitter concluded, were the *commoner* species, and these, too, must be bred by zoos, because many animals now common would soon be rare in the wild. He had asked Dr. Ernst Lang, director of the Basel zoo, which animals, in his opinion, might soon become self-supporting in the wild again, if conditions were favorable, after being conserved in zoos. Lang, offhand, had named the great gray kangaroo, the marmot, the spiny mouse, the brown bear, the spectacled bear, the Malay tapir, and the South American tapir. "A wonderful list," Mr. Fitter fin-



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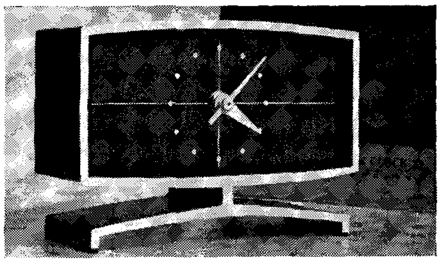

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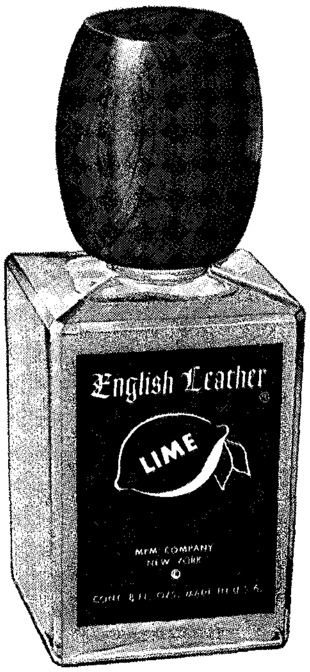
The next lecturer was Dr. Eric Guiler, the chairman of the Animals and Birds Protection Board in Hobart, on the island of Tasmania, which is Australia's southernmost state and is noted for its rare fauna. Dr. Guiler said that some of the land in Tasmania—hills and rain forest—was still wild enough to support much of the island's original fauna. And even in the plains where sheep graze, he said, wallabies could live side by side with the stock, because they didn't eat the same kind of grass and so didn't compete with the flocks. But wallabies, like rabbits, were bitterly hated by farmers because of the crops they destroy. Tasmanians put down poison in the hope of killing them, Dr. Guiler said, and endangered all other wildlife as well. Still, he doubted whether this poison affected the surviving thylacine "wolves"—another rare Tasmanian beast—because some had been seen on a road running into the forest. A hundred and thirty-four Tasmanian devils—small, fierce marsupials—live in an area two miles square, which is kept as a reserve. "We ought to remove some, I suppose, although they're very difficult to raise in captivity," he said. "There's bound to be a population crash there in the near future. Devils nearly disappeared in 1900, but have recovered very well. I don't visualize the devil becoming extinct. Recently, one was killed by a car very near my house, six miles outside Hobart." Many bodies of dead Tasmanian birds, he went on, when autopsied, had shown residues of poison that had evidently killed them, though perhaps indirectly. Fortunately, some Tasmanians were at last waking up to the danger of using poison so recklessly, but teaching them was a slow process. "In Tasmania, we are not desperately fighting for our wrecked fauna, because it hasn't been wrecked—yet. We are fighting for conservation against newly felt pressures already familiar to older countries. We have gazetted large tracts of land for reserves, but we also want to work in other ways, with nature strips here and there in settled country. Our main object is to maintain our present hold and develop coexistence and peace with agriculture," he concluded.

It was somewhat past noon when Dr. Guiler resumed his seat, so the meeting adjourned. No talks were scheduled for the rest of the day, and most of us had the same plan for the afternoon—a boat tour to Los Corona-



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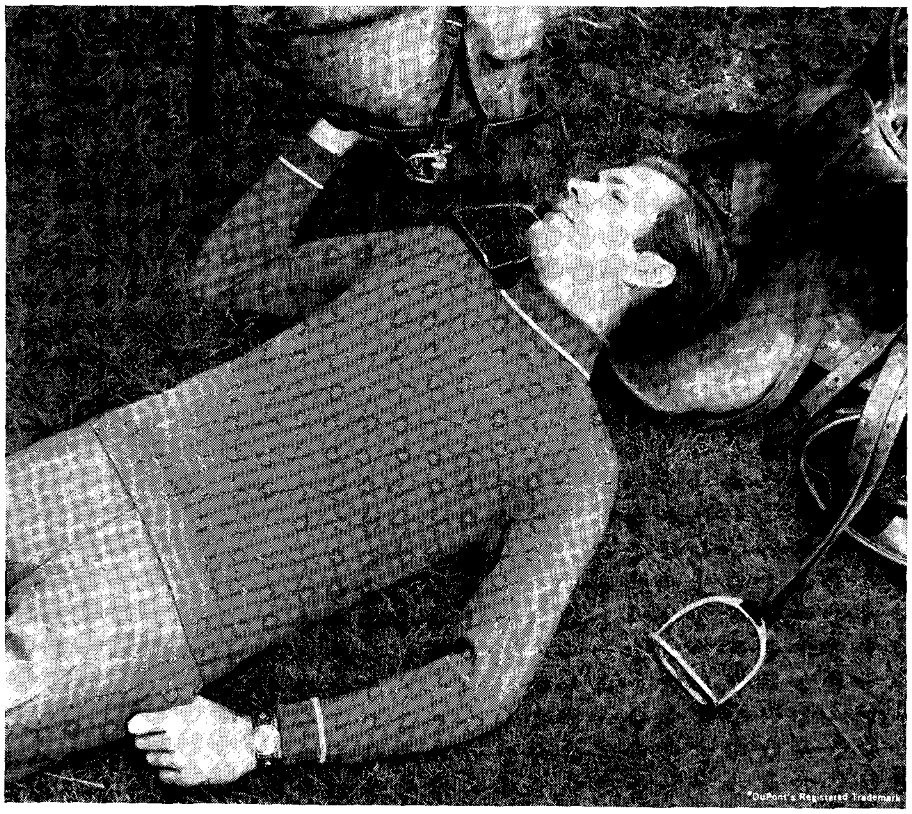

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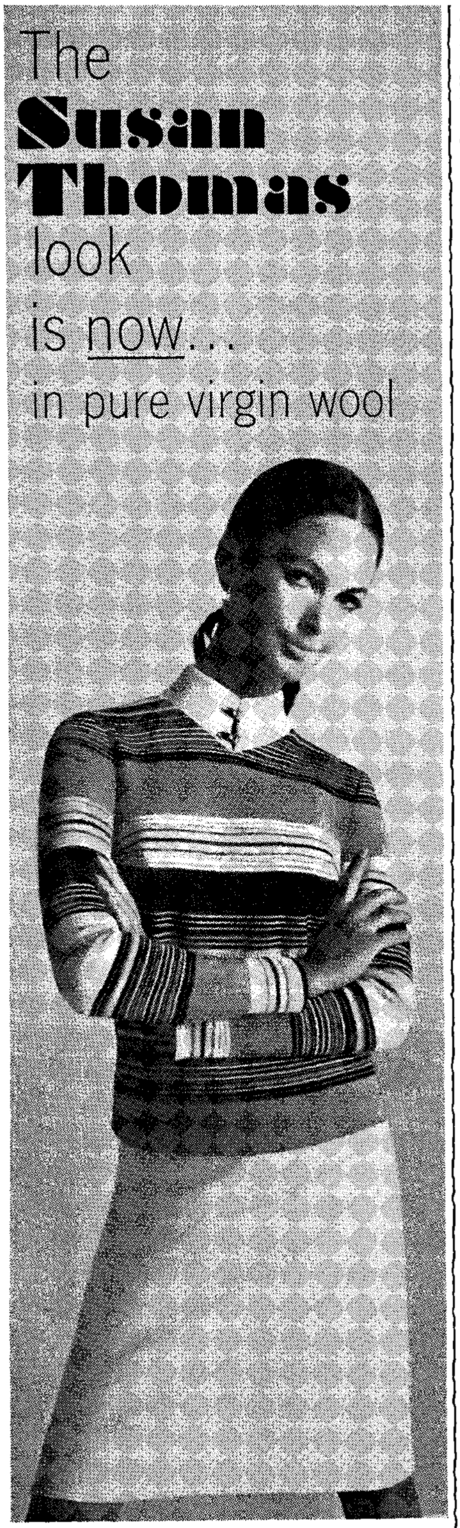

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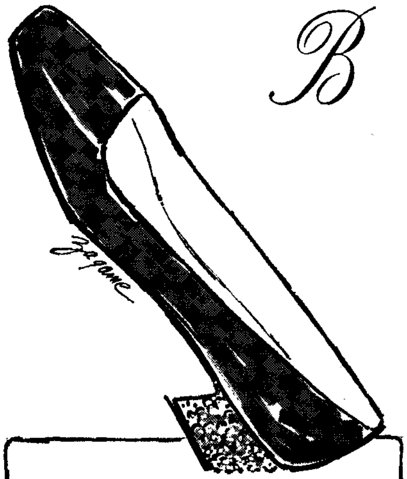
dos Islands, rocky specks in the Pacific where sea lions, hair seals, and elephant seals abound. Partly because it would be a long, laborious process for us to disembark at these islands, but mostly because any such action would involve a lot of red tape—the Los Coronados belong to Mexico—we only chugged out to circle the islands and look, now and then moving in close to observe the sea mammals, some of them lying piled up on rocky ledges like playing cards, others moving languidly from one spot to another, or diving and sporting in the shallows. There seemed to be no segregation on grounds of race or color. Huge gray-brown elephant seals lay uncomplainingly beneath the weight of two or three smaller animals, whose coats might range in tint from dark brown to pale gray.

OUR first speaker the next morning was Dr. Carlos Lehmann, the director general of the Valle State Museum of Natural History, in Cali, Colombia. Dr. Lehmann, a slender, intense man, made a short apology for his English and then plunged into a harrowing talk. There was only one zoo in Colombia, he told us, and in that one all the signs were wrong; the great Andean condor, one of Colombia's characteristic birds, was labelled "Golden Eagle," and the jaguar was called simply "Cattle Killer." This was not good, Dr. Lehmann said, and he ventured to hope that San Diego and other zoos might help to reform conditions there. Some other reforms, too, were urgently needed, mainly in an industry that gave work to poor peasants—the export of Colombian birds and mammals. It was a cruel, wasteful procedure, he said. "Many avifauna die before shipping. Even with rare birds—the scarlet cock of the rock, the quetzal—for each one successfully exported, no fewer than fifty die before reaching their destination. Thousands of tanagers die in the hunters' cages. Something should be done, short of stopping the trade altogether, because this is a terrible thing. At the museum, we rescue hundreds of birds every week that have been kept utterly devoid of nutrition, without food or water, for more than three or four days. It is a serious problem. Our turtles, too, are being exterminated—one exporter sends out tens of thousands a year, and the hunters also collect the eggs. They will do anything to sell things. One of the worst trades is in skins of peccaries and deer, and thousands of caiman skins go out also. Half a million lovebirds, not counting those killed, with



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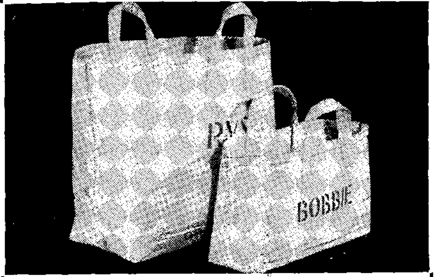

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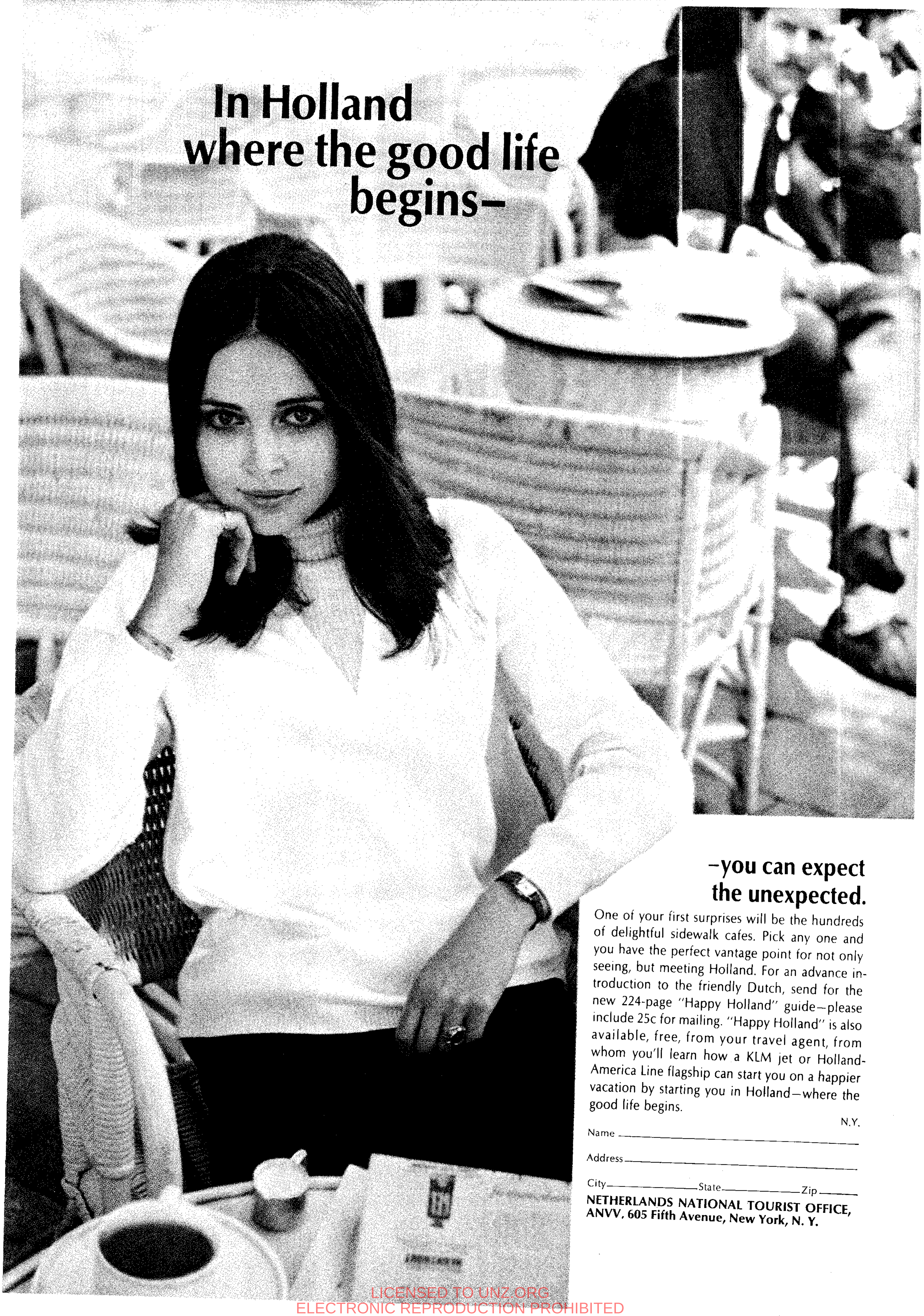

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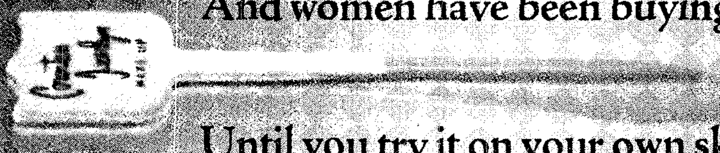

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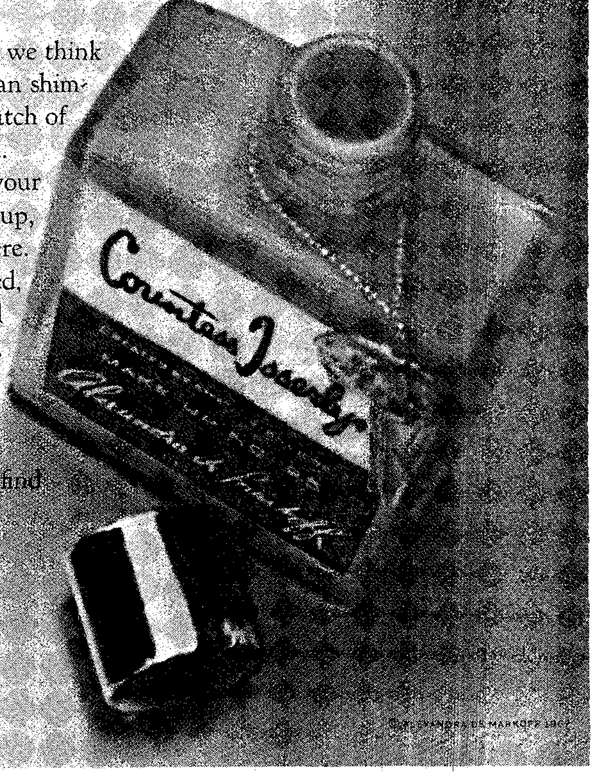
Alexandra de Markoff



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more than a hundred thousand monkeys and two hundred thousand snakes, were sent last year from Barranquilla alone. I try to persuade those in charge to let the hunters at least send these animals alive instead of dead, but it's hard. To help with the economy in another way, I want to persuade bird-watchers to come, instead of depending on this slaughter. I've already arranged a lot of tours from the United States for bird-watchers."

The worst record among Colombian fauna, Dr. Lehmann said, was the capybara's. The capybara, I knew, is the world's largest rodent—an aquatic relative of the guinea pig. "These animals live on fish, and so their flesh has a fishy taste; hunters kill them and sell the flesh as 'salmonet,' for fresh meat, which our people need," he said. "In Venezuela, a conservationist has succeeded in getting the capybara onto the protected list, but only recently there was a request from one of our Colombian Ministers for us to authorize the slaughter of three hundred thousand a year. I refused, but now another very influential Ministry has asked for seventy thousand. Nobody can control this kind of thing. The capybara are herded into corrals and clubbed to death for the sake of the meat. Only an international body can handle the situation. Our beautiful cloud forests are being burned down to make clearings for corn, yet one hectare of corn is not worth one-tenth of this destruction of nature. After the trees are gone, rains wash away the soil. We must establish parks and reserves, and encourage the tourist bird-watchers. Twenty-seven hundred different birds can still be observed in Colombia, yet hundreds more have vanished. There is a museum I started at the University at Popayán, in 1936; I still can't find some species for it, and there are many beautiful butterflies we no longer have."

Later that day, there was a speech by a friend of mine, Miss Caroline Jarvis, of London, who is the editor of an indispensable volume called the *International Zoo Yearbook*. In 1965, Miss Jarvis had gone to China on a tour and had managed to concentrate on the zoos of the country, about which Western zoo people were almost completely ignorant. In Nationalist China, the tradition of the ancient princes' "parks of intelligence"—perhaps the world's first zoos—had all but died out, she told us, but on the mainland the whole zoo situation had been revitalized since the Communist takeover, and there were flourishing zoological gardens in most of the large cities. She said she was

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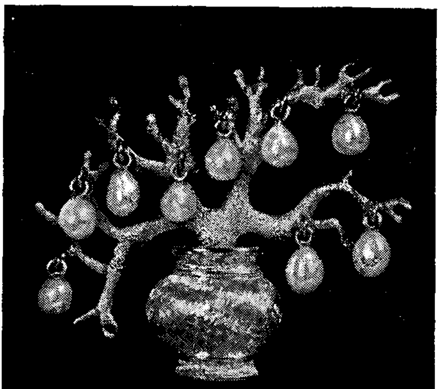
firmly convinced that Chinese claims to have found live elephants in the country's western territories were true. At the end of her talk, she promised, she would show movies she had taken in Peking of the first giant panda to give birth in captivity, but now she wanted to talk about some of our problems in the West. In the more than five hundred zoos listed in the *International Zoo Yearbook* were half a million living things, she said, yet zoos were often unaware of their responsibilities as custodians. In that way, she went on, we were inferior to the ancient Chinese, who, with their parks of intelligence, anticipated the problem some four thousand years ago. Our museums and botanical gardens had fostered a far more sensible and responsible attitude than our zoos had; people didn't go to botanical gardens to be amused. Today, Miss Jarvis said sternly, it was not enough for zoos to establish a *connection* with research; they must lead the way. For example, she said, the gestation behavior of mother animals could be observed closely in a zoo. The panda keepers in Peking noted every change that took place in their female before she gave birth, and all this was absolutely new material.

"Rare animals are bred in captivity despite zoos rather than because of them," Miss Jarvis went on bluntly. "Until recently, they were bred only for exhibition, and zoos refused to cull the stock, because they could sell everything surplus that was born. Under this mismanagement, and with such small numbers, stocks were not infrequently wiped out. This whole attitude should change, and breeding must be managed as a racing stud is, with large enough groups so that herds can be scattered as they ought to be for the health of the new animals. Of course, exhibition is important, but it must take second place. Small zoos should concentrate on only one or two rare animals. And we must not ignore studbooks, which should be kept for every rare species, as they are for a few today. There should be an international federation devoted to the study of all this, with regular meetings and methods and card systems. The whole concept of the zoo's function is changing, and ought to change. A zoo can be a center for education, learning, and research. Zoos are the trustees of the wild animals of the world, and as trustees they have grave responsibilities. They have the power to see that wild animals do not become extinct."

The room was now darkened for her movies from Peking. In another



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moment, we were looking into the face of a female panda standing on her hind legs and holding in her arms, or front legs, a small panda. Miss Jarvis, at the rostrum, commented, "This is the first panda born in captivity, and there has been another born since this picture was taken. [There has been a third birth since the conference.] The panda is the only carnivore that takes a primate position in holding the baby." ("Not so," a man in the audience said, in an undertone. "I've seen bears do the same thing.") "There are about twenty pandas in all in Chinese zoos," Miss Jarvis went on. "They're not particularly rare in the wild, but they are scattered in difficult country, where field workers can't easily observe them. In the wild, they are scavengers. In zoos, they will eat meat as well as bamboo. In China, they are fed meat regularly."

After the applause for Miss Jarvis's presentation had died away, the locus of interest switched to Africa, for we were addressed by Mr. Perez H. Olindo, of the Kenya Parks System. Mr. Olindo said that three main problems faced conservationists in Kenya: the prevalence of poaching, the rarity of the black rhino, and the recent overpopulation of the elephant. He summed up all three: poaching was coming under control, his people were carefully watching the rhino, and the elephants would have to be culled before they ate up everything in sight. Next, we saw movies of one of Mr. Olindo's projects—an animal orphanage, where temporary sanctuary was given to young animals who had become separated from their mothers, or whose human foster parents could not cope with them any longer. The animals stayed only a short time, and then were sent off into the wild or, if they seemed unfit for life there, to zoos—the final decision on this matter resting with Mr. Olindo and the Keeper of National Parks. The orphanage was open to the public and to groups of schoolchildren, and it not only took care of animals but gave the local people a chance to study them in almost wild conditions—for, as Mr. Olindo reminded us, many of his countrymen would otherwise have no chance to see such animals at all. "The people of our villages have no experience with any wildlife other than the few animals immediately around them," he said.

"I used to consider all you people enemies," the next speaker began. He was Dr. Boonsong Lekagul, a conservationist from Thailand. "Let me tell you why. We have, or used to have, many unusual species in our area,

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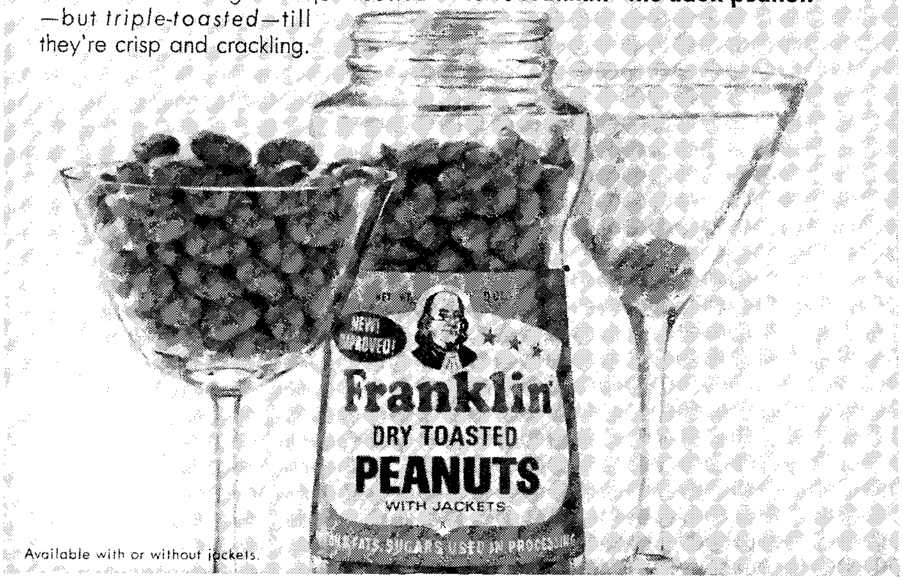

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which lived fairly untroubled lives until war came. Now jeeps and other vehicles have penetrated our forest. Hunting and collecting of these species go on day and night—even more at night, since the hunters have taken to slaughtering the animals with the aid of lights. Within the past few years, many species have been almost wiped out. We have preserve and park laws, but in many cases it's difficult—impossible—to enforce them, because of our shortages of funds and trained personnel. At the same time, Thailand is undergoing a population explosion. Not all the destruction can be blamed on foreigners. Many of our own hill tribes are responsible, too. They go out to slash and burn off forests, so that they can raise food; they grow their crops for one or two years on this ruined land, and then move on, leaving it a desert. Such action is a principal cause of destruction of much of our habitat. Added to this, we have a heavy demand from dealers for rare animals wanted by zoos. Often, to capture a young animal the hunter shoots the mother; this is usually done, for instance, with the gibbon. Sometimes both mother and baby die from the shot or the fall. That is why I used to consider zoos my enemy. Then, there are the demands of research—hundreds and thousands of monkeys are exported to the United States to be killed and used for medical research, and the gibbon is wanted for ethological studies. Two years ago, one American university ordered eight hundred monkeys a year from Thailand to be used for behavior research. This wipes out such monkeys in many places. As they grow rarer, the price goes up, until our people see the animals only as so many dollars, and it is most difficult to stop the poor villagers from destroying the wildlife. We in Southeast Asia understand the value of conservation, but we are powerless, and now, with infiltration by the Vietcong into Thailand, we may succumb to chaos in the areas where many of our wild animals live. However, we try; we do our best. But dealers and poachers will always have their dirty tricks, and the situation will be almost hopeless if the demand is not stopped."

Dr. Boonsong gave some blood-chilling figures on threatened species, chief among them the Javan rhino. One or two of these rare animals, he said, were killed every year in Thailand, for the people used every part of its carcass. Then there was an ungulate, the kouprey, the last big-game animal in this area. Its biggest concentra-

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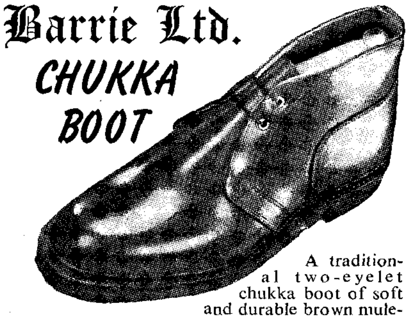

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tion was now in Cambodia; eight years earlier there had been eight hundred there, and today there were about two hundred. The anoa, the tamarau, and the wild water buffalo were rapidly decreasing, though there were many of the wild water buffalo still in a sanctuary in Kaziranga, India. . . . The list went on and on.

After Dr. Boonsong, we listened to a somewhat more encouraging talk, by a Britisher named Major I. R. Grimwood, about so far successful efforts to save from extinction the Arabian oryx, a beautiful antelope whose fate it has been to serve as a prime hunting trophy for Arab princes, some of whom pursued it with high-powered hunting rifles in their Cadillacs. After Major Grimwood had told us of the impressive international effort he had supervised to round up a breeding herd of oryx—now in the Phoenix, Arizona, zoo—we adjourned for lunch.

MOST of us spent the afternoon at the zoo, checking up on things we had seen before and looking at recent arrivals, including a baby gorilla and young Galápagos tortoises. We visited a special conservation exhibit, displayed in a temporary canvas structure and consisting of cases in which were stuffed animals, with long explanations attached to each. Pride of place, naturally, was given to Martha the passenger pigeon, but I found the California condor of equal interest. This nearly extinct bird, I learned, has a wingspread of nine feet and may weigh as much as twenty pounds. There has been a steady decline in its numbers, with an average of three flying birds lost to every young pair mating—a rate that threatens total extinction within a few years. From the sign on another case, containing a southern sea otter—a surprisingly large animal—I learned something less gloomy. "From Near Extinction—A Slow Recovery," the label was headed. For a long time, these animals were killed at sight for their fur. The greatest slaughter of sea otters on record took place more than a century ago, when two Russian sailors, all by themselves, killed five thousand in a single year on St. George Island, off the coast of Alaska. The next year, hunters bagged only a thousand in all—a circumstance that startled and alarmed fur-trading circles and led Russia, which then controlled the sea otters' habitat, to impose rigorous restrictions on the killing of the animal. Unfortunately, when the United States bought Alaska, in 1867, Russia's restrictions automatically lapsed, and the subse-

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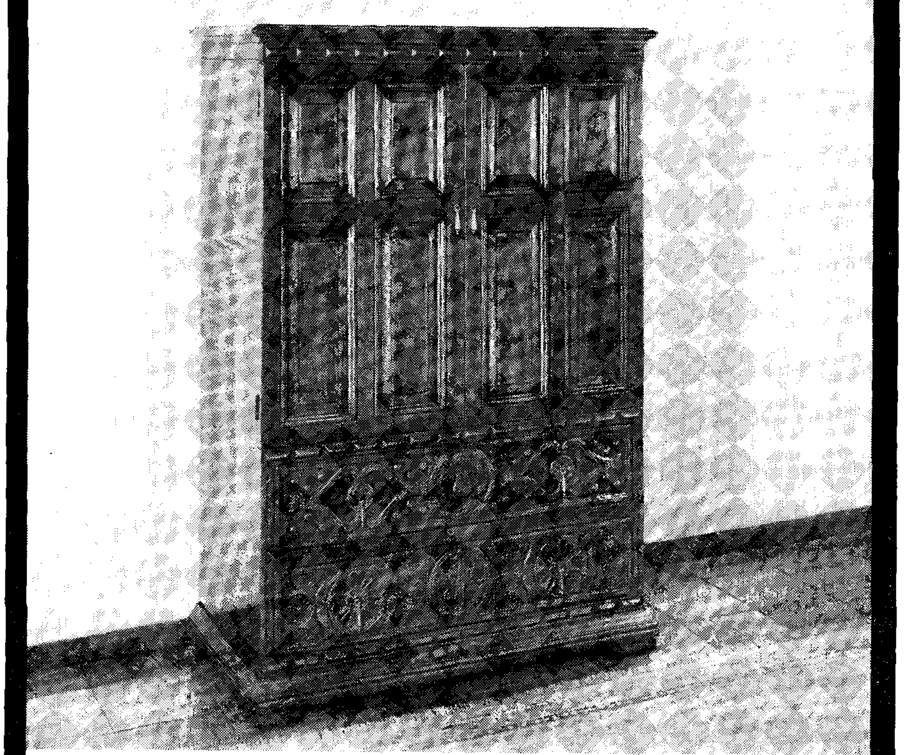

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quent killing brought the southern sea otter so close to extinction that in 1910 one skin fetched seventeen hundred dollars in the London market. The publicity given this incident once again shocked the authorities into doing something, and in 1911, by international agreement, Russia, Japan, Great Britain, and the United States forbade all sea-otter killing whatever. The animal's comeback was hearteningly rapid. Today, there are about three thousand sea otters around the Aleutians.

Before leaving the exhibit, I had a little talk with a man I encountered there—Al Oeming, owner of the Alberta Game Farm, in Canada. Mr. Oeming, who holds a record for breeding the musk-ox, told me, with evident pleasure, that he was about to make a trip to the Far East. When I asked his opinion of the Chinese claim to have recently discovered herds of elephants alive and flourishing in the wilds of Yunnan, he shook his head and said, "Look, the Chinese can say anything they like, and who is there to check up on it? They'll never convince me that a people with their resources and their record of intelligence could have gone along all these years without knowing that they had elephants—elephants, mind you, one of the biggest species—tramping around in there. No. They must have got hold of some pictures of elephants in Thailand or Cambodia, and that's what they're showing. I don't believe what they told Caroline Jarvis about the pandas in the wild, either. I bet they've got all their pandas counted, with somebody watching."

Outside, near San Diego's excellent children's zoo, I ran into my friend Dr. Lang, of Basel, who was draped with heavy necklaces of cameras. The chief object of our interest was a little bonobo, or pygmy chimp—about half the size of an ordinary chimp—that had been born the preceding August to a mother named Linda. We sought out John W. Muth, Jr., who looks after the children's zoo and, being an ex-Marine, brooks no nonsense from small human beings, and found him in the nursery kitchen. With him was the medical man who had officiated at the birth of the little animal. They told us that the birth had been a surprise, and when I asked Mr. Muth if the zoo authorities knew how long the gestation period had been, he replied, "We don't know any more than you do. But she isn't a premature baby. Linda seemed willing enough to be a good mother—carried the infant around in the right position and all that—but we could see that the baby wasn't nursing and we

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kept an eye on it. Finally, after about twenty-four hours, we tranquillized Linda and took the baby out and fed it. It fed fine. It was hungry."

Dr. Lang wanted photographs of the baby, and took them through the front window; Dr. Schroeder is very strict about antisepsis. A nursery attendant picked the tiny creature up from its crib and held it so that it could be photographed from top to toe, while it wailed and scrabbled wildly in the air. Back in the crib, on its stomach, it stopped crying and "swam" in the manner of human babies trying to crawl. Ten minutes later, Mr. Muth came out and found me still crouched over the baby, enraptured.

ON Thursday, the last day of the conference, Charles E. Shaw, the curator of reptiles at San Diego, opened the proceedings by giving us an account of his work with Galápagos tortoises. By the end of the nineteenth century, naturalists had begun to despair of saving these great animals. They estimated that ten million had been taken by ships that stopped at the Galápagos Islands for the express purpose of providing fresh meat for their crews. There used to be fifteen types of Galápagos tortoise, ten of which are now either rare or extinct. The female tortoises, because they habitually came down from the mountains when it was time to lay their eggs, were easier to catch than the males, and the wholesale capture and slaughter of the females undoubtedly hastened the decline in the numbers of the tortoises. On the other hand, because of what Mr. Shaw referred to as a pronounced sexual dimorphism in size, the males were more popular with animal collectors, being bigger and more spectacular, so, as things worked out, there was very little mating in zoos. Then the white man came to live on the islands, bringing dogs and other predators with him. Goats and cattle competed with the tortoises for food—for tortoises are browsers and grazers, too—and, as if all this were not enough, hunters began killing the tortoises for their oil, to which some women attributed rare cosmetic qualities.

In 1928, accordingly, Dr. Charles H. Townsend, of the New York Aquarium, brought a hundred and eighty young tortoises back to North America with him for conservation purposes, and dispersed them in fifteen places, among them Bermuda. In Bermuda, five out of eight eggs hatched, but there were no reports of similar success from the other recipients. The zoos in Miami, San Diego, and Hono-

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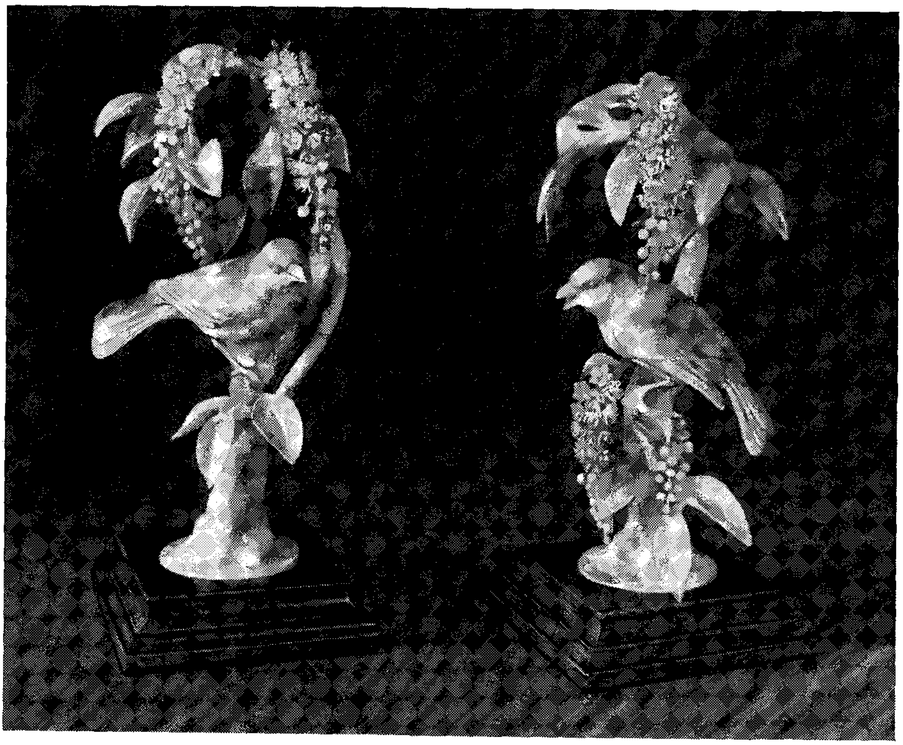

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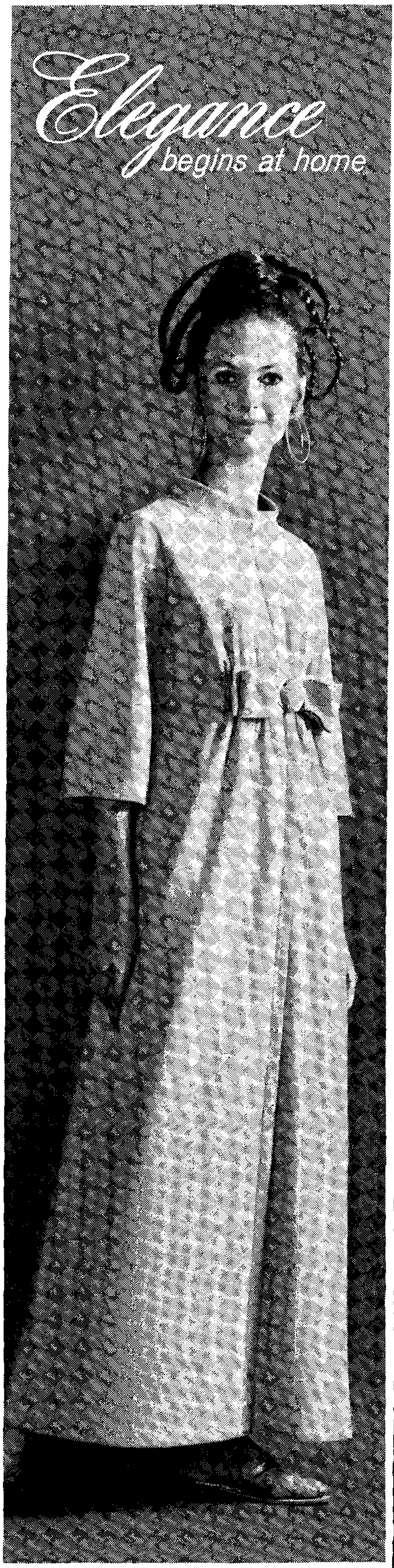

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lulu had a lot of the tortoises, and they now and then replenished their collections by means of additional trips to the islands, but though the females at these places sometimes laid eggs, the eggs all proved to be infertile. Mr. Shaw and a laboratory partner eventually came to suspect that San Diego's tortoises didn't have enough room to mate. They enlarged the tortoise enclosure and replaced its cement floor with a more yielding substance. Their theories proved correct; as they soon had a chance to observe, the male tortoise in the act of copulation digs his shell a short way into the ground. In 1958, one of the San Diego tortoises laid fifteen eggs, of which one or two were broken—a common accident with tortoise eggs, since the female drops them into a hole from a considerable height. Five of the remaining eggs hatched, but one baby tortoise was dead on arrival. The other eggs were infertile. For the next three years, there were no eggs. Then, in 1961, the curator sorted out the two fertile-egg layers from among his adult tortoises—he had twenty-three in all, of which seven were female. Of the two, one laid that year. Two hundred and fifty-eight eggs were laid between 1961 and 1965, with a total fertility of twenty-seven, and seventeen of these hatched.

"The greatest egg-depositing activity takes place from November to April, usually at night, so we leave them out-of-doors if they seem to want to stay there, but they can come in at will—into the barn," Mr. Shaw told his audience. "They may lay twice in a year. The mother digs a hole that widens at the bottom, so that in cross-section it looks like a bottle. Then she lays, breaking some eggs in the process, and after she's finished laying she breaks more by sorting them around, stirring them up, and, finally, covering them by digging backward with her hind legs. After that, she tamps the ground down hard, and this can break the eggs that are left."

Mr. Shaw now showed us a movie of the tortoises, and as we watched a closeup of a female dropping her eggs into the hole she had dug the curator's voice sounded genuinely cross as he said, "Now, look at that—what a crack the egg gets!" Some of the eggs were caught by attendants in a net as they emerged—an activity of which the female seemed unaware. "Here's the fourth youngster we ever hatched," Mr. Shaw said of a picture of a tiny tortoise scrambling across the ground. "He was only two and a half inches long and weighed under two ounces. Now he weighs more than a hundred pounds."

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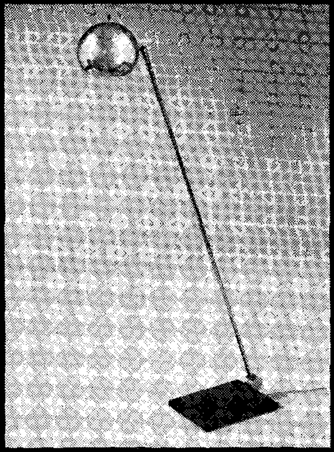

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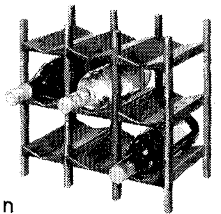
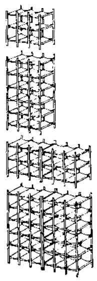

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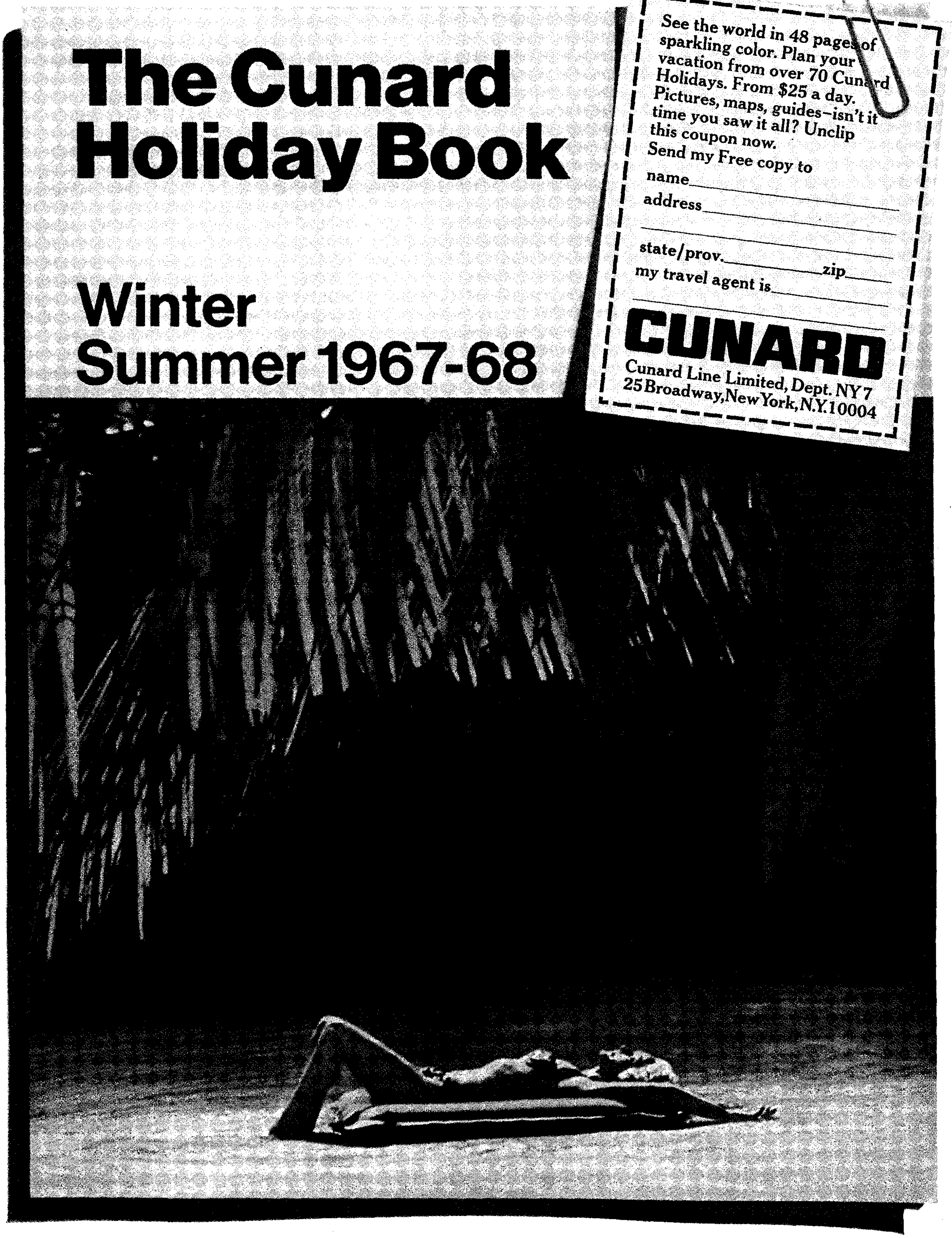
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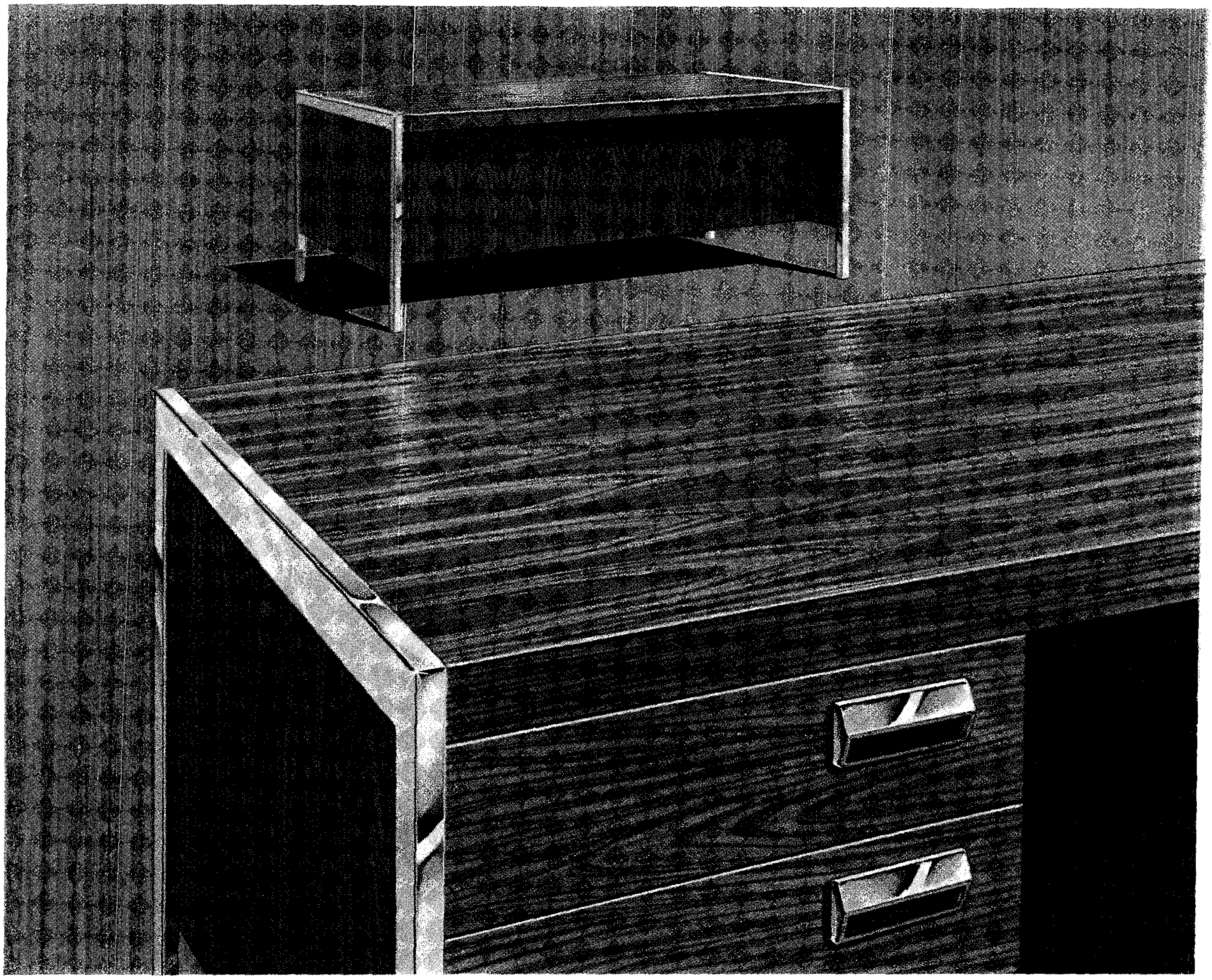

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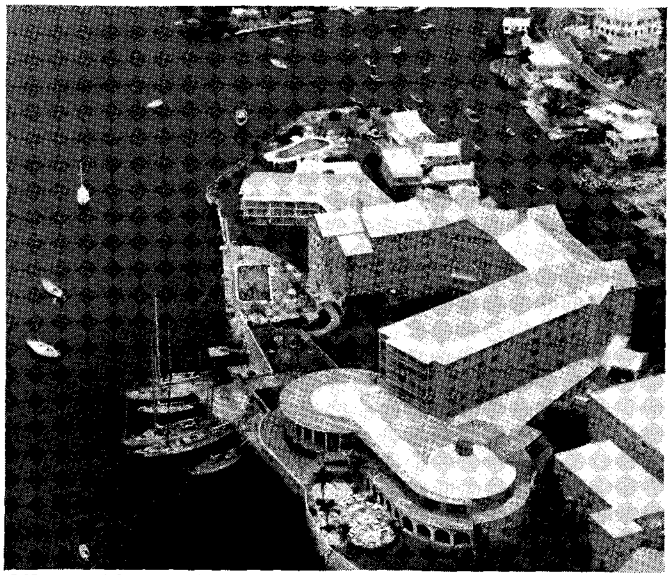
Ian Player, chief conservator of Zululand, in South Africa. Mr. Player, a sturdy-looking man who is the brother of Gary Player, the famous golfer, is credited, the brochure said, with "bringing the white rhinoceros population up from twenty to eight hundred and twelve during the past twelve years. He became chief conservator of Zululand in 1964 and has charge of fourteen game reserves there." Mr. Player told us that he and his colleagues experienced great difficulty in the early days convincing farmers and natives that good land should be used for any such crackpot scheme as bringing back the white rhino. Even though this animal, which is actually slate-gray in color, is believed to have been given its name, by Zulus, because it has a tractable temper—in the Zulu language "white," in some contexts, means "good"—it was a struggle. There was a time, in 1896, Mr. Player said, when the white rhino was presumed extinct—and small wonder, since Europeans had been shooting it with vigor. Then survivors were found, and a few people attempted to push through protection laws. The process was a seesaw one, Mr. Player said, and it produced at least one weird result when all the other animals in the Mfalozi Reserve had been killed off and the rhino, with no competition, came back with a bang. The resulting overpopulation of rhinos was disastrous to the countryside, for the beasts, grazing everywhere, left the ground naked to the forces of erosion, so for a while the farmers again had their way; hunters were permitted to do their worst against the rhino, and conservationists were powerless against indignant public opinion.

Not until 1949, when protective game laws were passed, was order brought into the situation. The conservationists began to catch rhinos alive and move them to national parks, out of the farmers' way, but it was arduous work—at least until the introduction, in 1960, of "darting," or shooting animals with tranquillizers. Even with darting, I realized as I watched some of Mr. Player's illustrative films, it's fairly arduous work. A darted rhino doesn't fall down insensible the minute the missile hits him but, rather, takes off into the bush, and if he isn't followed at his own formidable rate of speed he may well disappear in some hidden spot and die when the dose takes full effect, for the tranquillizer must be followed up with a neutralizing drug within a very few minutes. For this reason, two or three men



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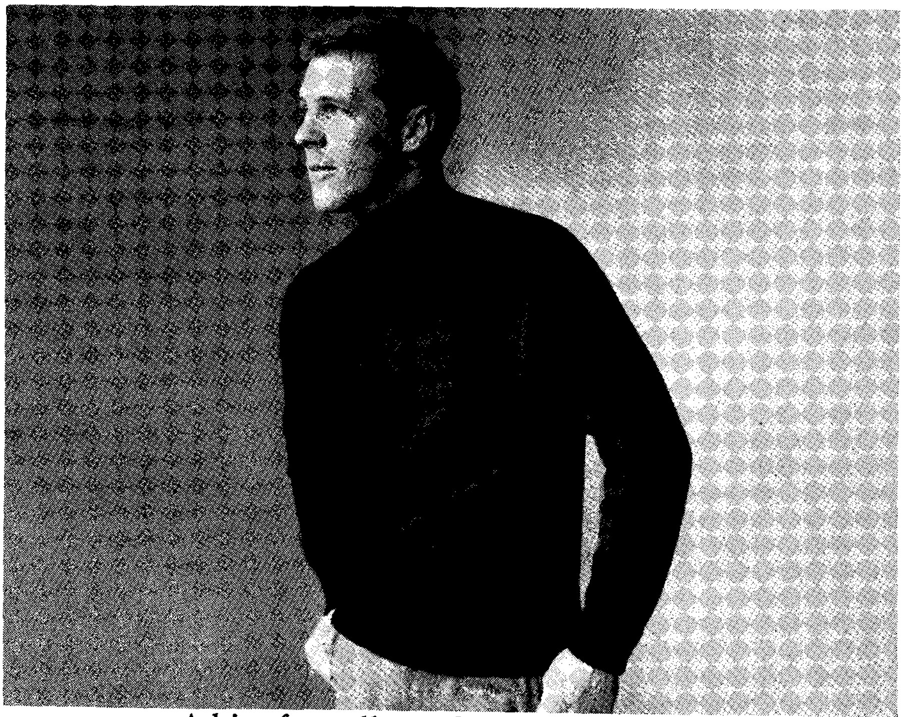

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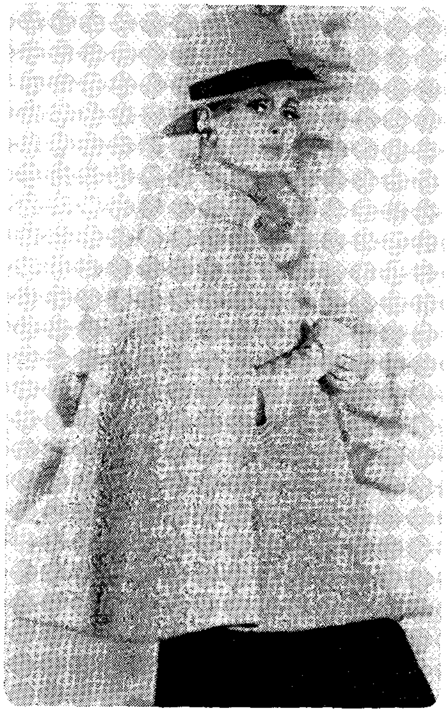

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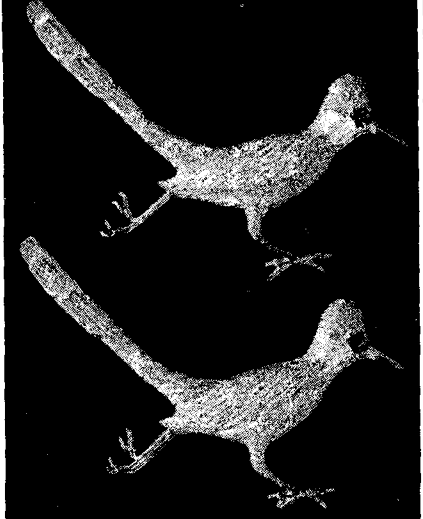

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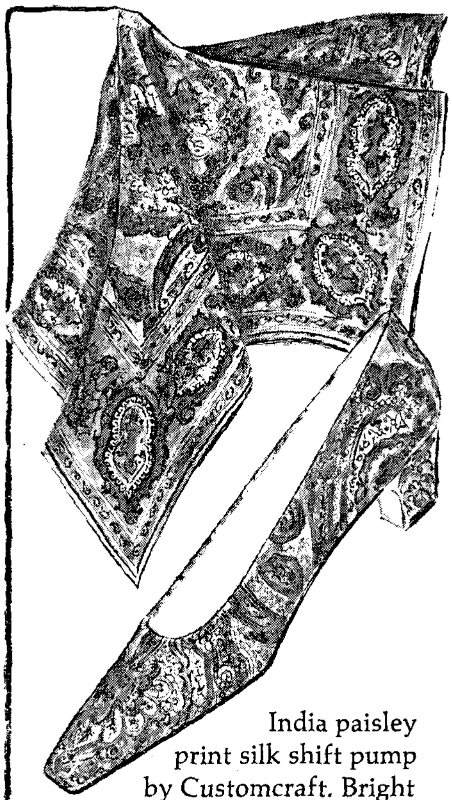
always accompany the hunter on horseback. As soon as the rhino has been shot, the horsemen tear off after him, following him through the thick growth. When he has been found and properly dosed, he lies there unconscious, an immense weight. A truck is backed up, and the rhino is winched aboard it and carted off to the pens in deep slumber. He wakes up in one of them, to the strains of music. This is not a whim on the part of the hunters; they keep transistors playing to soothe the rhino. "Rhinos are very responsive to sound," Mr. Player explained. "We play the transistors for about seventy-two hours."

For a day or two, the animal, dazed and terrified, refuses to eat. Then, if the captors are lucky, he will accept food little by little; but sometimes they get a stouthearted subject who stubbornly continues to turn away from the proffered greenstuff. When the animals have been pacified, the next step is to move them to other areas—reserves in various parts of Africa, for the most part, though some go to zoos abroad. Kruger National Park is a particularly suitable place, because it was a haunt of white rhinos before hunters cleared them out. When the animals are released, they come up against the hard facts of life in the wild all over again. One rhino released in Kruger immediately fought an elephant fiercely over possession of a water hole. The battle lasted twenty-two hours and ended with the rhino's death.

What Mr. Player had said about darting gave the next speaker, Dr. Lee Talbot, exactly the opening he wanted for his talk, which was entitled "The Problems of Capture." Dr. Talbot, a conservationist now at the Smithsonian Institution, has served as an ecologist for UNESCO and as a consultant to Kenya and Tanzania, has lectured in Southeast Asia, and has served as a field biologist for the United States Forest Service and the University of California. That afternoon, he was also an angry man, or at least a very emphatic one, as he talked about darting and the activities that have sprung up around this invention. "Two months ago, we got news of a Malaysian plan to capture a single Sumatran rhino for a reserve, or zoo," he said. "The people involved said they planned to use a 'new mercy gun'—but what gun, exactly? Nobody could find out. I mentioned this to a prominent conservationist in Washington"—here his voice was almost trembling with rage—"and he just shrugged and said, 'Well, you can't blame them for wanting to try.



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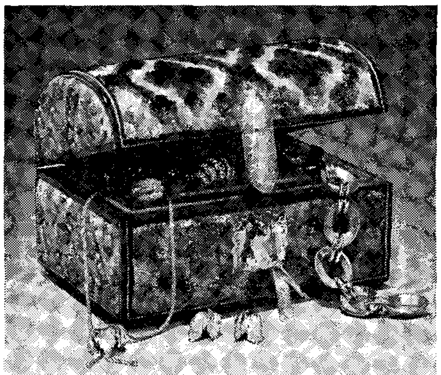

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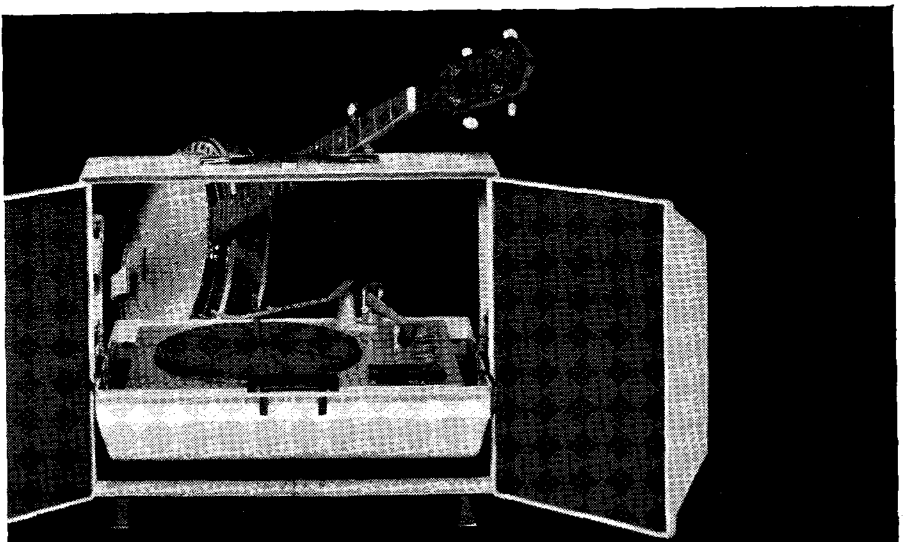
With that gun, *it's so easy*.' Lots of people are planning to use capture guns for rare species, but"—here Dr. Talbot leaned forward to emphasize his remarks—"*it is not easy*." Many an expedition was going out equipped with these guns because "it's so easy," he said, but they were disregarding the mortality rates for the animals. He quoted some figures concerning one recent capture in Africa: giraffes, three captured, one dead; wildebeests, nine captured, six dead; topis, five captured, five dead; buffalo, five captured, one dead; ostriches, ten captured, eight dead; zebras, eleven captured, eight dead; zebra yearlings, eight captured, six dead. "Rather sobering, perhaps?" said Dr. Talbot. "I've heard worse. A man who deals in animals told us that in the first three months of this year, in East Africa, one animal reached the zoos for every eight killed. Of course, one can't generalize, but the mortality in carriers is known to be very high. And what of the rare species? This is an entirely different problem. They are uncommon and less known, and so is the area where they are found. Catching them is not an economic proposition—you have an unknown area that calls for equipment and personnel not easily available, and we can't afford a high mortality."

The capture gun, Dr. Talbot continued, constituted a grave threat to conservation. After its introduction at a North American Wildlife Conference in 1957, it was hailed as a wonderful advance, but, in 1959, when he visited East Africa, he said, almost everyone he met cursed the guns. One person, Dr. Helmuth Büchner, had managed to capture thirty-six Uganda kob with them, but others reported as much as a hundred-per-cent mortality with the same make of gun. Talbot and his wife had once tried to use the gun, because they were in a hurry, but they had killed twelve animals. Later, the Forestry, Game, and Parks people in East Africa got hold of new drugs that worked better, and they have since collected lots of animals with a much smaller over-all loss.

Dr. Talbot talked for a while of the different effects of drugging on wild animals. One sort of drug affects the central nervous system and another paralyzes the muscles, but in either case the result is a severe shock to the animal. A human being in a hospital, before such drugs are administered, is tested first for allergic reactions. His size and weight are known, as are the times he last ate or drank. The drug is administered by being dripped into the



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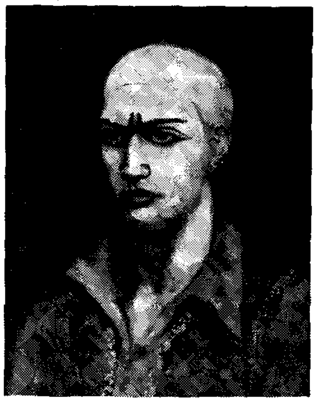

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bloodstream, very slowly, with an anesthetist watching to make any necessary adjustments. Oxygen is close by. Yet sometimes the patient dies, and insurance companies regard anesthesia as the most dangerous part of surgery. Ailing animals in zoos are taken care of almost as well as human beings in hospitals, but what of the animal in the wild? No one knows its weight, or its general condition, or when it last ate. Dr. Talbot reminded us of Mr. Player's statement that the shot rhino had to be reached within minutes or it would die. And then there were predators to contend with; the hyena will attack a disabled lion within five minutes. In darting, a massive dose is usually lethal. However, the same drug varies greatly with the environment, the temperature, and the humidity. There is no one all-purpose drug. "The wonder is that so many animals survive," Dr. Talbot observed. "The problem of capture is still a problem, and we must realize this. We can't afford the continued abuse of drug methods, and still less can we afford the loss of rare animals. We need a capture code of ethics, and a pooling of information and of experts. No one person is expert in all animals and all conditions; therefore, we must get the people who are most expert in each particular case. We should do something internationally, as Peter Scott suggests. It is *not so easy*."

After every talk, there had been a question-and-answer period, and from the way this one started out it was apparent that Dr. Talbot's talk was the most controversial one so far. Mr. Oeming plunged in by declaring that he *himself* found the capture gun a boon, and had suffered no losses when he used it. Others chimed in with similar statements, and at length Dr. Talbot said he was not denying that there have been successes as well as failures, but he wanted people to realize that the use of the capture gun required a greater investment in expertise. "You shouldn't just buy a gun in a drugstore and set out," he declared. ("This has been a hot subject ever since 1957," Robert Bean, director emeritus of the Chicago Zoological Park, at Brookfield, remarked to me during a subsequent coffee break. "When the stuff first came in, I tested it on some Guinea baboons—twelve of them, all sired by the same animal and all more or less the same age. Three died immediately, three reacted right, and the rest showed no effect whatever, good or bad. I suggested then that we all pool our information, and I sent out questionnaires, but I never got any replies. Peo-

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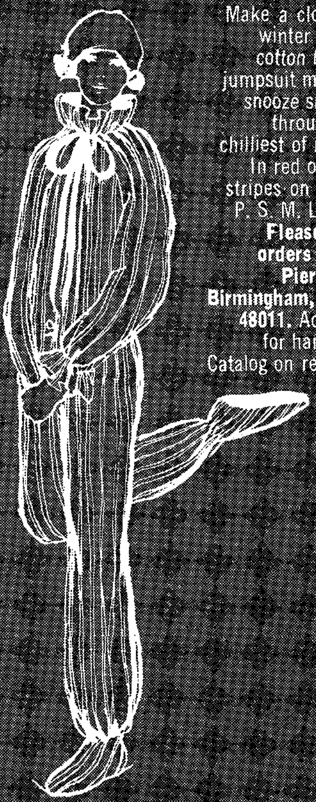

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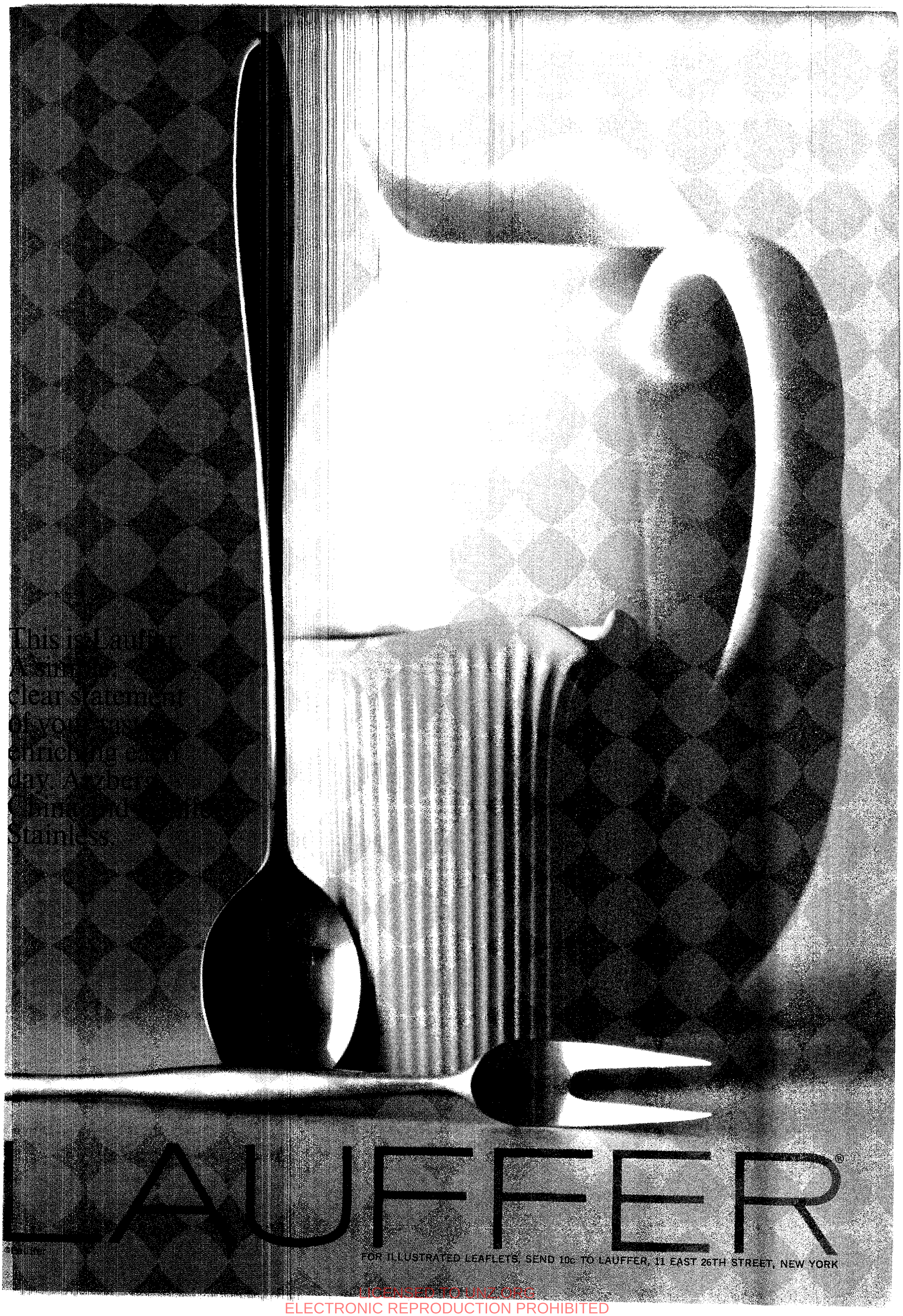

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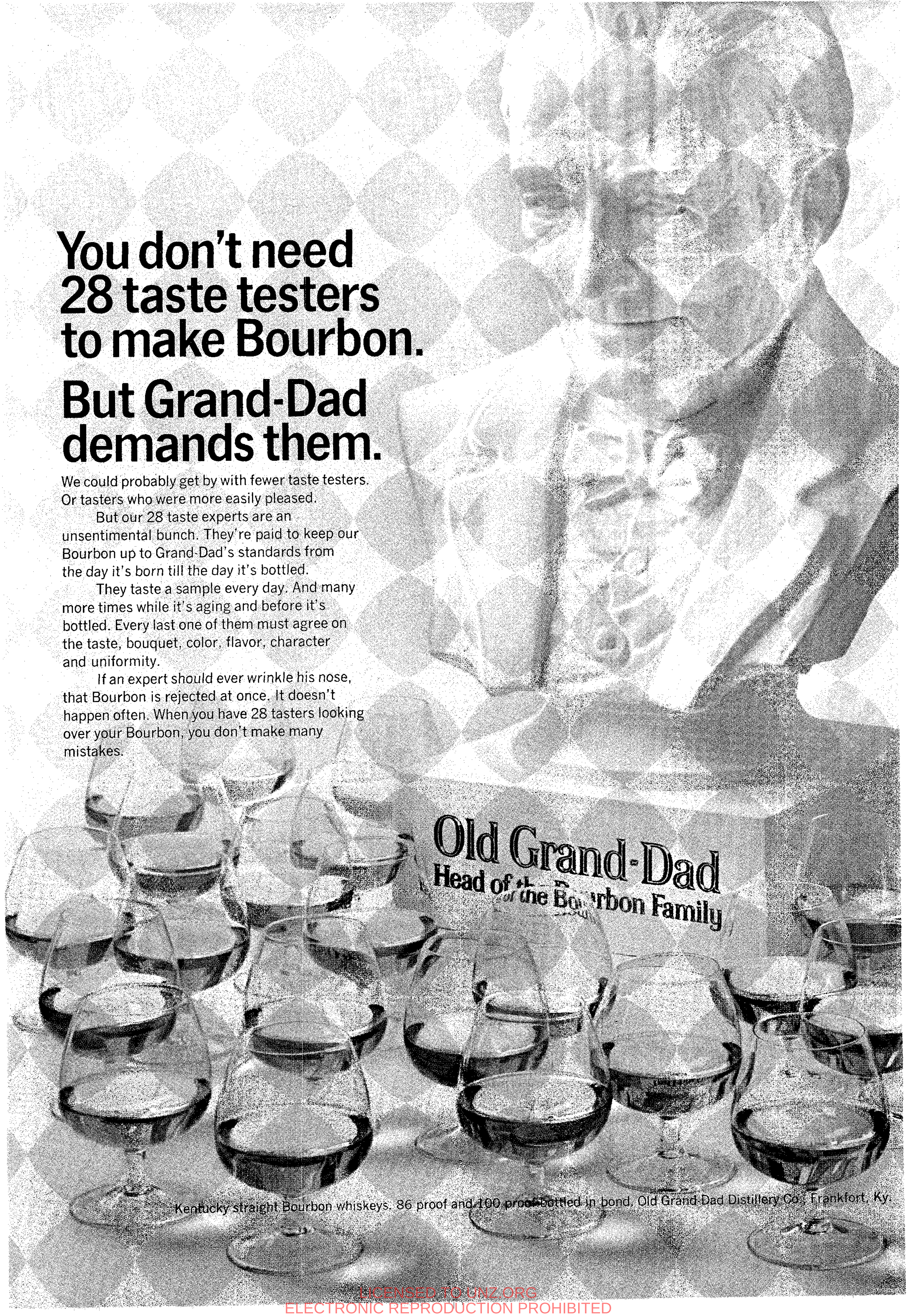

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ple were afraid to discuss the gun.")

After Dr. Talbot's talk, the next topic—the need for underwater parks, to be dealt with by Dr. Eugenie Clark, a director of the Cape Haze Marine Laboratory, in Sarasota, Florida—seemed at first glance hardly pressing. We had talked chiefly of land animals, she pointed out, but in the matter of conservation it was necessary to consider the sea, too. The largest animal that lives in the ocean, the blue whale, faces extinction very soon, she said, owing to the current methods of hunting him—with exploding-head missiles, drugs, air spotters, and so on; yet some countries refused to control the hunting of whales. "More than six hundred and thirty-thousand finback whales were killed in this century alone, and many other species—all large animals—are threatened," Dr. Clark said. "The International Whaling Commission has set for 1966-67 a much smaller quota than they have ever set before. They are obviously concerned."

Another danger, she said, lay in uncontrolled long-line fishing. In 1965, long-lining that was carried on by Japanese fishermen alone took in four hundred and fifty-nine thousand blue marlin and four hundred and thirty-six thousand striped marlin. Long lines could be set twelve miles from the coast, as far out as the limit permitted, and they were a grave threat to all countries that depended on fish. Some nations, like Chile, had proposed a two-hundred-mile limit, but this wasn't recognized by other countries. Each country might perhaps control its own continental shelf. In any case, to defend the threatened marine species, Dr. Clark concluded, we must urgently consider the creation of more marine parks like one that had been set up in 1961 by the United States government, at Buck Island, near St. Croix, in the Virgin Islands.

After a talk by William G. Conway, general director and curator of birds at the Bronx Zoo, on the increasing importance of animal breeding in zoos—he raised the possibility that long-term zoo breeding might result in the development of new domestic forms rather than in the maintenance of wild species—we reached the final session, which the program said would be devoted to a summation. The delegates talked informally back and forth about signs, future meetings, collecting for the Wildlife Fund, the enforcement of rare-animal agreements, the possibility that Russian delegates might attend a future meeting, as they had meetings of European conservationists—a whole

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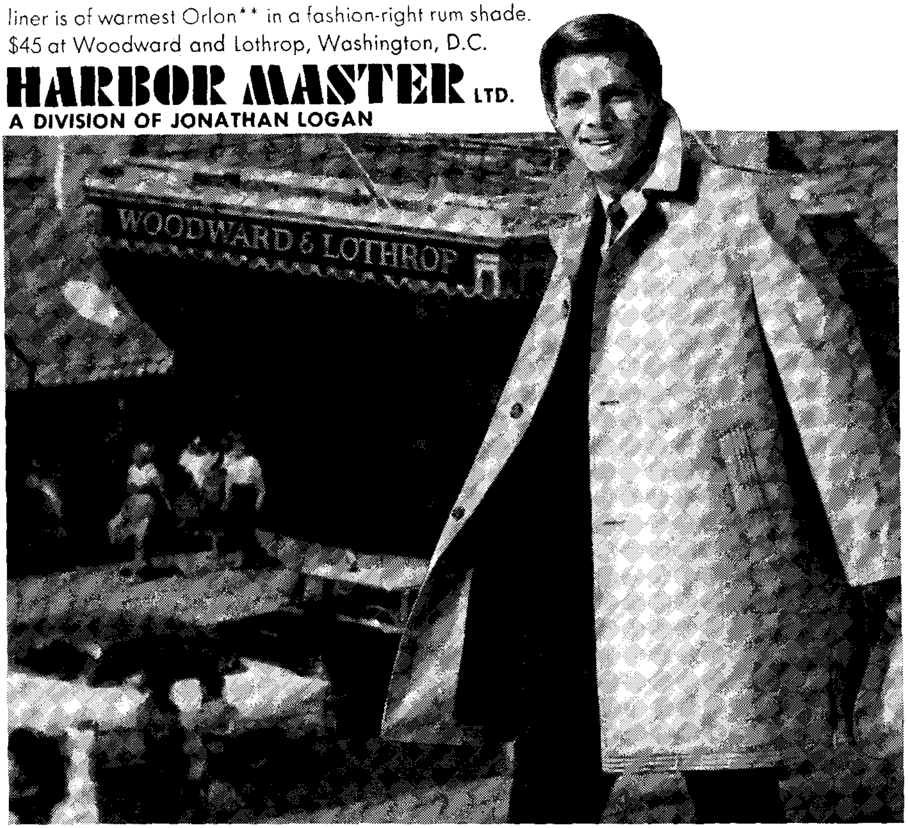

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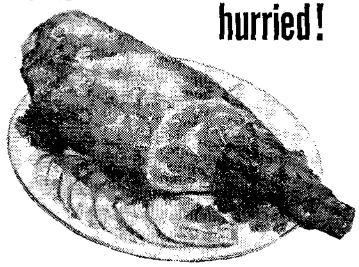

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assortment of subjects. However much the talk circled, though, it was brought back every so often by Commander Scott, in the chair. With a light but firm hand, he directed the delegates toward their main purpose—that of formulating resolutions to be published the next day. Near the end of the meeting, a tall young man in the back of the room—I learned later that he was Richard Warner, a zoologist at Berkeley—jumped up to say, "We ought to do something about the over-exploitation of primates for university research in this country. I've been growing increasingly concerned about it. Let's get the research groups together and try to bring them to some realization of the danger of what is happening." He talked feelingly of the wastefulness of research procedures—of experiments needlessly repeated again and again. Monkey species all over the world were in danger of being wiped out, he said, and all for nothing.

"Yes," Commander Scott said thoughtfully. "It's a problem of communication, mainly, don't you think?"

No, said someone near the front of the room; it was something worse than that—the system. The government was subsidizing the research, and when there were such subsidies the same thing always happened: Each department felt bound to use up the appropriation for the current year, so that next year's wouldn't be cut down. Hence, more and more primates were being bought.

"Another thing is that it's such a tremendous program," said a third speaker. "That means they've taken in a lot of laboratory technicians who are really not awfully good. You just can't find that many skilled men."

Ultimately, the delegates hammered out resolutions calling for a closer liaison among all organizations that keep or use wild animals, for a more accurate evaluation by the United States government of research projects using primates, for the assembling and codifying by the I.U.C.N. and the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations of information on means of animal capture, and for the establishment of underwater parks. As we said our goodbyes, I determined that I would now, at last, have a leisurely look at the San Diego Zoo.

MOST zoos, however limited their specimen list, have one or two species of which they are particularly proud, whether for the breeding record or for longevity or for rarity or for

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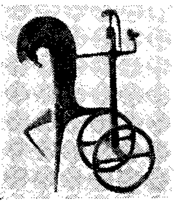

general good health. In San Diego, so many claims of this sort can be made that to point to any one of its departments as the most outstanding would be impossible. A specialist visiting the zoo can go straight to whatever interests him, but the layman is faced with the difficult job of making a choice. I met some of the outstanding men, curators all—Kenton C. Lint (birds), George H. Pournelle (mammals), and Mr. Shaw, who, besides being curator of reptiles, is assistant director.

"We go in for mixed exhibits here," Dr. Pournelle told me. "Animals from the same country, if they get along all right, are put together. As for rarities, it depends on what you consider rare. We're steamed up just now over the fact that we're getting a female Indian rhino, but the public probably pays more attention to the koala sanctuary than to any rhino. In 1959, Sir Edward Hallstrom, director of the Taronga Zoological Park, in Sydney, Australia, sent us four of the little Teddy-bear-like creatures. Nobody had seen any on this side of the world for a long time. Keeping koalas seems to be a matter of letting them be perfectly quiet after they've arrived, until they settle in. Ours have had young ones now, but koalas won't breed up in San Francisco, where the zoo got a similar shipment from Sir Edward; that is, those koalas bred, but they were losing the young, so the zoo people asked us if we'd put up their koalas, and, of course, we said we would. They're here now, in the sanctuary with the others, and if they start reproducing properly, and we all think it's safe, they can go back to San Francisco. Koalas eat eucalyptus, mainly—they do vary the diet a little sometimes. We have twenty-seven varieties of eucalyptus growing right here, so that's no problem; out of the twenty-seven they've chosen four or five that they eat.

"It seems to me that one can make a general statement that many animals perpetually on exhibit show stress, one of the signs of which is a failure to breed. Why this happens is hard to tell. Some animals might simply be too much interested in the visitors. Others probably find their companions incompatible. A lot of possibilities enter into it. In any event, we've taken measures to forestall some of the difficulties. With the primates, for example, we've changed the routine a little. Formerly, they were in and out of their shelters all day, whenever they felt like it, but now we don't keep them on exhibit the whole time; they have rest periods. In

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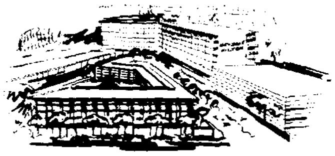

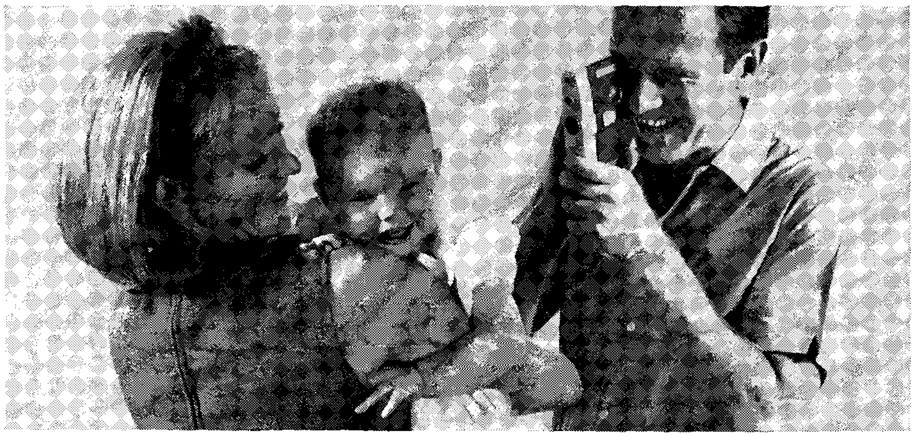

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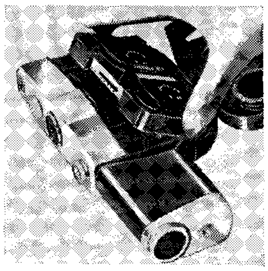

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the past, failure to reproduce may have been due in large part to dietary deficiencies, but nowadays we can formulate an artificial diet for everything. I think the chief trouble is psychological. But I don't think that applies to our gorillas. Until lately, we had no births among them, but there are other factors at work there. For one thing, we'd never had many gorillas—you have the percentage factor there—and, for another, we hadn't had our present gorillas long. Now, though, we're having success. We've had the seventh captive birth in the world, and we hope for more. Territory, too, plays an important part in an animal's reactions. I've done some comparisons of cage behavior and animal reactions to territory situations in the wild. There are people making observations of the bison in the Oklahoma preserve right now, from the same viewpoint, and there have been some publications on wolves and territory. If you're interested, read Adolph Murie on the wolves of Mount McKinley in 'A Naturalist in Alaska.' It's fascinating."

San Diego's collection, though it includes a large number of species, is nevertheless incomplete, and some of the gaps in the list, Dr. Pournelle told me, result from quarantine regulations. Because of these, he had to give up a cherished plan. "Those customs people are death on certain exotic animals and insects," he said. "I had a vision of a leaf-cutting-ant display. It would have been wonderful to show them at work on something—maybe a bouquet of roses. You'd see them filing up, cutting their pieces out of the plants, and parading away carrying the bits of leaf like parasols, the way they do. It would have been very popular, I'm sure of that, but we couldn't get a permit to import the ants—it's absolutely forbidden. I settled for a rodentarium." He sighed.

Mr. Lint's birds are fed from a kitchen so elaborately outfitted that he eagerly took me to visit it first of all. "A continuous process, you see," he commented as we got out of the way of bustling people. "It's got to be continuous, since we have to prepare dozens of different foods—fruit and vegetables and fish, not to mention eucalyptus, which is good for parrots. We have the best breeding record in the world for parrots; seventy-five species have been raised here. So have three hundred general bird species. One big red-tailed black cockatoo raised her thirteenth baby last year; another cockatoo has never missed since 1929, and has a hundred children to

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As we approached another room, he said, "Here we're doing some of the zoo's incubation, which is a science in itself. I've been at it thirty years. Those are ostrich eggs in there. Here's a condor egg. Over there are the brooders for the second stage. Our birds, because they come from so many parts of the world, don't always settle down to the new round of seasons, and we have hatching all year long, though some species do acclimatize. Here's the third stage, with heat lamps. There are Egyptian geese in this one. Each brooder has a front yard, for sunlight. Five or six hundred birds go through these every year."

On the visitors' side of the birdcages I found a square of thirty-five cages given over to parrots alone. "Here's an ocellated turkey from Yucatán," Mr. Lint said as we walked on. "See the peacock effect? It's a bird that's getting very rare, but we've raised a hundred and thirty-eight here. Peacock pheasant . . . That iridescent bird? Lovely, isn't it? It's a Himalayan monal. This Swinhoe pheasant was born in Formosa. The species is now extinct there, but we raised twenty-seven last year, and there are enough in the hands of breeders to repopulate Formosa, if the people there want them. Satyr tragopan—Himalayan pheasant. Some pheasants eat grain, some have to have insects, or fruit, or seed. It all takes time and study. Here's a great Argus pheasant. This semipalmated goose—or magpie goose, as it's also called—comes from southern New Guinea and is very rare. It perches in trees, and is the most primitive of all the waterfowl. It does best on an almost entirely protein diet. Like all our game birds, it gets pelleted rations—fish meal, meat, grain, and vitamins. Look at this Laysan Island duck. In 1950, there were only thirty-three of these in the wild. Now there are about seven hundred."

I began to feel a little better about the cause of conservation.

—EMILY HAHN

(*This is the last of a series of articles.*)

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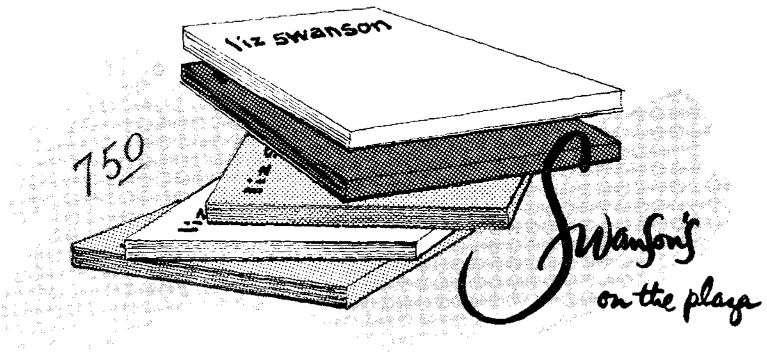

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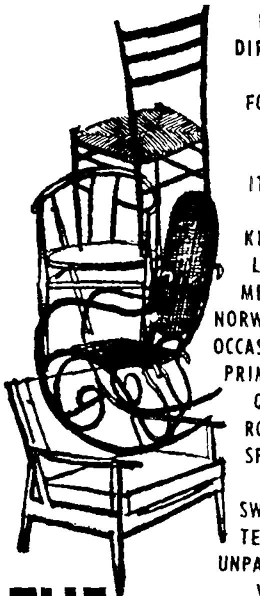
FOOTBALL

Two Worlds

SMALL world, wasn't it? Sixteen thousand people assembled up near the northern tip of Manhattan on Saturday afternoon, some of them to study a rousing, if only preliminary, soccer game, and all of them to study, a bit later, what—win or lose—may be a better Columbia football team than any that has been around in some time. Oh, it has faults; it throws the ball far more adeptly than it runs with it (something can be done about that), and it has indifferent luck (something probably cannot be done about that). Prominently displaying both these qualities, it soundly beat Colgate a fortnight ago and lost out to Princeton, 28–14, last weekend. What it has in abundance is a quarterback of the sort the pros like—Domres, who possesses the height, heft, speed, and pitching arm to run a one-man war of nerves. He also seems invulnerable; heavy hands are laid on him in every play in which he takes part, but he does not shatter. And he has a catcher, Wazevich, who is nearly infallible. What Domres needs, and long before Christmas, is a couple of companions who can run the ball and a few linemen to make way for them. Variety, as someone has not said, is the spice of victory. The best runners of the afternoon were the little boys who, making use of the freedom a small world offers, snaffled balls that were punted through the end zone and, miraculously fleet of foot, were never overtaken. The next best were Carey, who ran back a punt eighty-six yards for a Columbia touchdown, and Wayne, who, fielding Columbia punts and Columbia passes, ran the ball back for many a constructive mile. The next best was Weber, who, operating with the benefit of good, solid, old-fashioned blocking, ran and passed almost as he pleased for Princeton; just before he has to go (this is his last year), he is blossoming into the performer that, lacking all his aches and pains, he should have been from the start. But that is the Princeton system. Let us recall Landeck, who until his senior year had been a useful defense man, and then became a running, passing terror on wheels for the offense. Columbia is quite the other way: last year Domres looked superb on his very first sophomore turn at quarterback; this year



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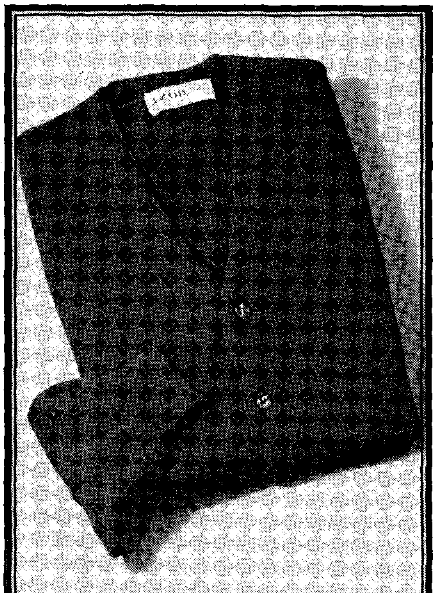

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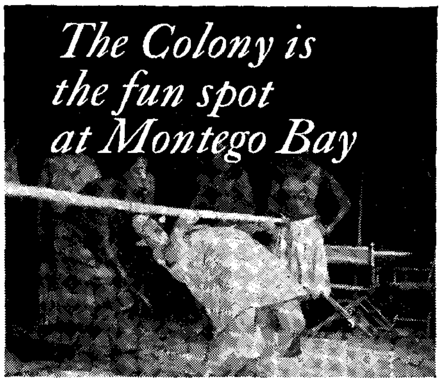
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Wazevich, another sophomore, has been in full bloom right from the start.

Big world, wasn't it, out at Shea Stadium on Saturday night, where the Jets, at last running even more than they passed (and not very good at it), overcame the Oakland Raiders, the great menace from the West, by the count of 27–14, and did it without Snell, this spectator's favorite professional. Sixty-three thousand constituents made up *this* world, and that is all the constituents, even with overlapping toes, it can hold. Boozer now runs well enough for the Jets (I have seen him acquire two of his eight touchdowns this fall) to make up for Snell, but I still want Snell.

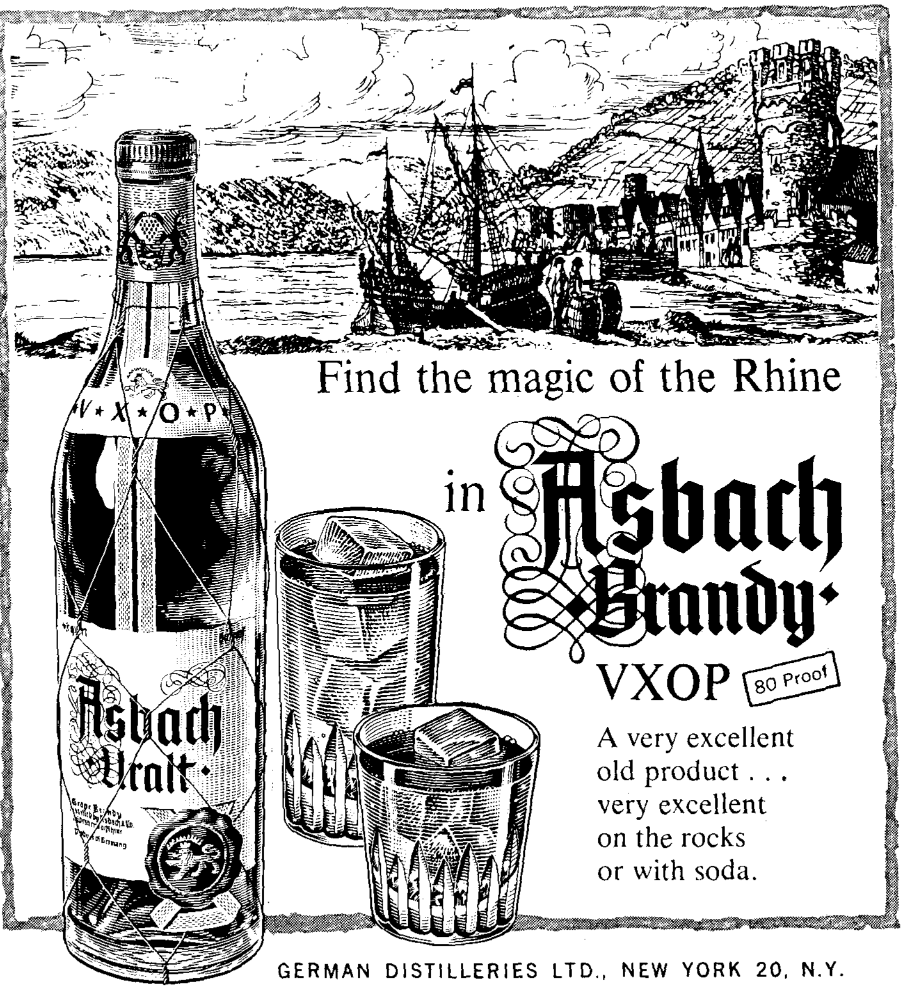
AND about bad luck. It did seem to several partial witnesses, and to several impartial ones, that Army might have done in Duke instead of losing, 10–7, even though Duke, a great menace from the South, came well equipped to West Point. It has as many six-footers-plus in the lineup as Army, which is saying a lot, and it has, in Calabrese, a runner who had put twenty-three touchdowns on the books. Army was strong enough to hold down Calabrese (no touchdowns) but not strong enough to outwit its luck. Citation: Army was penalized because it was ruled that the man fielding a Duke kickoff had signalled for a fair catch (he had lifted a hand for an instant to shade his eyes so he could see the ball, coming at him through the full glory of the afternoon sun). Citation: What would have been Army's second, and winning, touchdown was cancelled because of a maneuver that was deemed illegal, though the book of rules—that trap of even the nimblest minds—appears to make it legal. Lindell, Army's most notable invalid, was the thrower of the pass for the nullified touchdown, and the play came directly after his fifty-nine-yard gallop through the entire Duke squad. It was a gloomy return for Lindell, Army's prodigal performer, and a left-handed triumph for Harp, who now coaches Duke but not so far back was one of the aides at West Point. Better luck next time to both Army and Columbia.

—J. W. L.

•

GADZOOKS!
WOULDST THOU BELIEVE
REGULAR DIVIDEND PAYMENTS?
WOULDST BELIEVE EXTRA INCOME?
WOULDST READETH FURTHER?
—*Adv. in the Times.*

Ixnay.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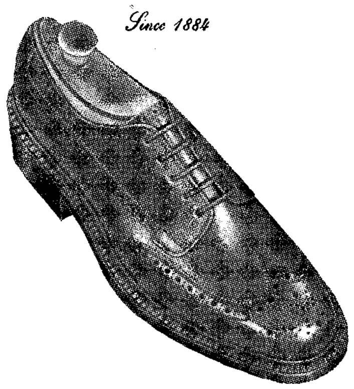

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U.S. LETTER: CLEVELAND

OCTOBER 6

BY the time Ralph S. Locher, the incumbent mayor of Cleveland, had decided to run again for the Democratic mayoralty nomination, those who sit in judgment on public officials here had accused him of almost every municipal offense except being dishonest or colored. Ostensibly, Locher made his appeal to the voters on the basis of his unchallenged honesty—a characteristic that has been widely celebrated as his chief qualification for public office. The only real issue, though, was that his principal opponent, an articulate and aggressive young State Representative named Carl B. Stokes, does not share the second of Locher's saving graces—an incontrovertible whiteness. From the outset of the campaign, it was taken for granted that most white people in Cleveland would not vote for a Negro candidate for mayor under any circumstances, and that Cleveland's Negroes, who now make up more than a third of the city's registered voters, would vote for a Negro candidate even if he were, in the words of one local politician, "a Black Muslim, a black dog, or a black automobile."

Locher seemed sincerely puzzled about why he had to enter the campaign with little more than his whiteness intact. He is, after all, in the line of succession of mayors that Cleveland found perfectly acceptable for a quarter century—men distinguished by their honesty, their frugality, their popularity with the Southern and Eastern European ethnic groups that make up a third of the city's population (known as the cosmopolitan, or cosmo, vote), their fondness for the status quo, and their selection by Louis B. Seltzer, who was the editor of the Cleveland *Press* until his retirement last year. Locher—Rumanian-born, honest, frugal, and the rest—was reëlected once, in 1963, without opposition, but a few years later he happened to be the man in office when the Urban Crisis finally caught up with Cleveland. In the past year or so, Cleveland has endured, among other civic disasters, a riot in its awesomely deteriorated Hough ghetto, a bungling of its urban-renewal program so monumental that the federal government finally cut off funds, and a series of Civil Rights Commission hearings, national magazine articles, and local citizens'-committee reports that supported Carl Stokes's claim that Cleveland had become "a symbol of the failure of American cities to cope with their human and physical problems." Cleveland businessmen began to realize that they might be luxuriously quartered on a sinking ship. A few of them publicly backed the Democratic primary campaign of Frank P. Celeste, a white former suburban mayor, as an alternative to Locher. The Cuyahoga County Democratic Executive Committee, which had reportedly tried to persuade Locher to accept less controversial employment, eventually endorsed him, but the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* endorsed Stokes early in the campaign, and the Cleveland *Press*, a journalistic watchdog that had not opposed an incumbent mayor in twenty-five years, advised its readers to vote for anybody except Ralph Locher.

Locher went right ahead with the traditional cultivation of the party workers and the cosmo voters which is called for in the Cleveland election formula perfected by Bronis J. Klementowicz—the Locher campaign manager, the Law Director of Cleveland, and, in the judgment of both friends and enemies, the shrewdest cultivator of them all. ("This is a very cosmopolitan city," Klementowicz explains to visitors, tapping on the cigarette holder that is his trademark. "I'm Polish myself.") Locher made the rounds of the Polish Falcons and the Croatian Club and the Twenty-third Ward Democratic Club, meeting at the Slovenian National Home. At a meeting of the Ninth Ward Democratic Club, Locher slapped the back of his right hand into his left palm with every word as he shouted, "Ralph S. Locher is not for sale!" ("Very prompt," Klementowicz said when he was asked what Ninth Ward Democrats were like. "There's a lot of elderly girls and whatnot in that club, and when they say eight o'clock they're right there at eight o'clock.") At the Alliance of Poles Hall—in a pale-green basement meeting room whose walls are decorated with a half-dozen flowery murals and with a small framed rectangle of rough material on which is written "Please Strike Matches Here"—the Mayor was cheered as he told the members of Polish America, "I said to you that if we had the financial capabilities, we'd have combined rubbish-and-garbage collection—*and we have it!*" Locher ordinarily came no closer to raising the race issue than to promise that hoodlums would not take over the town or to complain that Ford Foundation money had been used for a voting drive only in "certain wards," but when the county Democratic committee began to accuse Celeste of being a vote-splitter, nobody had any doubt about which vote he was being accused of splitting.

Stokes—an independent legislator who has sponsored not only a fair-housing law but also a law that permits the governor to dispatch the National Guard to potential riot areas whenever a show of force seems needed—attempted to become a biracial candidate. He talked to both black and white audiences about law and order, he spoke in the detached tone of a visiting urbanologist about how to solve the complex problems created by "a high incidence of low-income Appalachian whites and Southern Negroes," and he more or less ignored his color except for one attempt to neutralize the issue at the start with a full-page advertisement headlined, "DON'T VOTE FOR A NEGRO." ("Vote for a Man. Vote for Ability.") Publicly, Stokes campaigned on what he called Locher's "internationally documented record of failure," but he acknowledged that his real campaign was to demonstrate to whites that "Negroes don't have two heads and a tail" and that "this is not a Black Power takeover." Through constant exposure in the white community, he hoped to pick up fifteen or twenty per cent of the white vote and—perhaps more important—to "calm the fears" of those whites who might not bother to vote at all unless they became alarmed. In the 1965 mayoral election—when he ran as an independent against three white candidates and astonished the local political experts by coming within about two thousand votes of beating Locher—Stokes had campaigned almost exclusively in East Side Negro wards and had got only about three per cent of the white vote. It is taken for granted in Cleveland that campaigning by a Negro candidate in the tight East Side Polish and Italian neighborhoods adjoining the bulging Negro ghetto would be at least fruitless and probably dangerous. But the West Side, the neighborhoods west of where the bright-brown waters of the Cuyahoga River flow into Lake Erie, is virtually all white and somewhat less strictly cosmo than the East Side. Stokes's policy this year was to accept every invitation he received from the West Side, and he received more invitations than anyone had expected. Night after night, he sat in church basements or Y.M.C.A. meeting rooms, demonstrating his polish and his impressive knowledge of urban prob-

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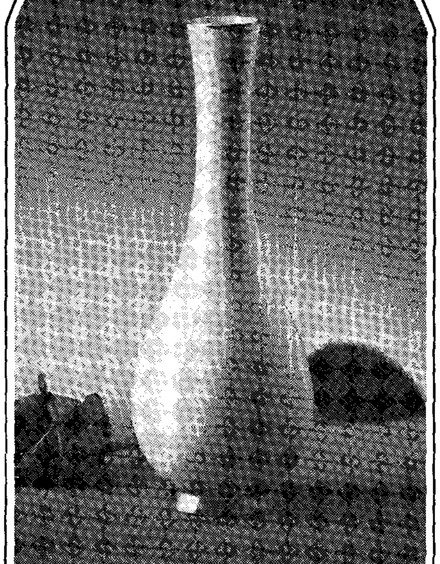

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lems and his lack of an extra head and a tail, as white West Siders asked questions about the problem of air pollution or the problem of industry's leaving the city—until it seemed impossible that someone in the audience, suddenly remembering all the hatred that everyone took for granted, would not stand up and ask, "What do you expect to do about the problem of being a Negro?"

The West Side strategy was based on the belief that the Negro wards, organized down to the block-leader level by Stokes volunteers, would maintain enough enthusiasm to turn out a huge vote even if Stokes spent most of his time courting whites—the question being not whom Negroes would vote for but how many of them would vote. Last summer, when Cleveland was regarded as the logical spot for a serious ghetto disturbance, even the Hough militants, who consider Stokes a "bourgie" and consider elections a form of white pacification, decided to "cool it for Carl"—while Martin Luther King ran a cooling, nondemonstrative employment campaign and helped register voters. Stokes, an attorney and a former Assistant City Prosecutor, has been too remote from the ghetto to draw folk-hero adulation, but early in the campaign it became clear that, anti-riot bill or no anti-riot bill, a great many Negroes, of varying outlooks, would work for his election. Many Negroes believed that there would simply have to be some change in their lives if the mayor was a black man who had grown up in the ghetto instead of a white man who refused to talk to them. Militant Negroes supported Stokes partly because of the impression that his election could make on Negroes—on black children, who would be able to see a black man in City Hall, or on the black masses, who would finally realize the hopelessness of the system when they saw that having a Negro mayor made no difference at all—and middle-class Negroes supported him partly because of the impression his election would make on everyone else. ("You have been a gentleman," one Negro woman said to Stokes in the final days of the campaign. "You haven't shown that low element that white people think the colored man carries. You have shown we have culture and intelligence.") A couple of days before the election, CORE placed an advertisement in the Negro paper headed, "If You Don't Vote This Tuesday, Forget It."

The Stokes campaign was run not from the ghetto but from an elaborate

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downtown office—where white housewives from Shaker Heights mailed out slick campaign brochures, and table-of-organization charts on the walls listed participants like "operations managers," and a visitor half expected to hear one of the earnest young white men in attendance say how nice it would be if a good-looking and well-spoken Negro happened to be elected president of the student-government association. In a sense, the Stokes campaign, like Locher's courting of the cosmos, was a throwback—a kind of electoral March on Washington, a relic of the days when it was thought that well-meaning black people and well-meaning white people could work things out, and that the enemy was Bull Connor. Like any local hero of Bull Connor days, Stokes took it for granted that New York was the logical place to raise money and that his Democratic Party ties were with Hubert Humphrey rather than with the county chairman. (The Cuyahoga County Democratic chairman, as befits a man whose rank-and-file voters are about as far from the national party's official racial attitudes as Bull Connor's supporters used to be, called Stokes a racist and complained that the National Administration wants a Negro mayor in order to influence the Negro urban swing vote—an Ohio echo of complaints about the pressure of "all them niggra votes up North.") Stokes's connection with the white liberals of New York sounded just as evil when Locher described it to the Ninth Ward Democratic Club as it would have sounded a few years ago in Alabama; as Locher recalled Stokes's presence in "that spacious, sunken apartment on Central West Park, with murals on the walls," the members of the Ninth Ward Democratic Club shuddered.

Early in the week before the primary, the Cleveland papers reported that Stokes was making some headway on the West Side, with what passes in Cleveland for the middle-class white vote. (Actually, Cleveland is noted for not having a middle class within the city limits. Of the twenty-one cities in the United States with populations over five hundred thousand, it ranks twenty-first in percentage of white-collar workers. One indication of the almost total middle-class exodus from the city is that the generally accepted figure for the Jewish population of Cleveland is five hundred—with eighty-five thousand in the suburbs.) By the weekend, both Cleveland papers had published polls predicting a narrow victory for Locher. Celeste, whose campaign had never de-

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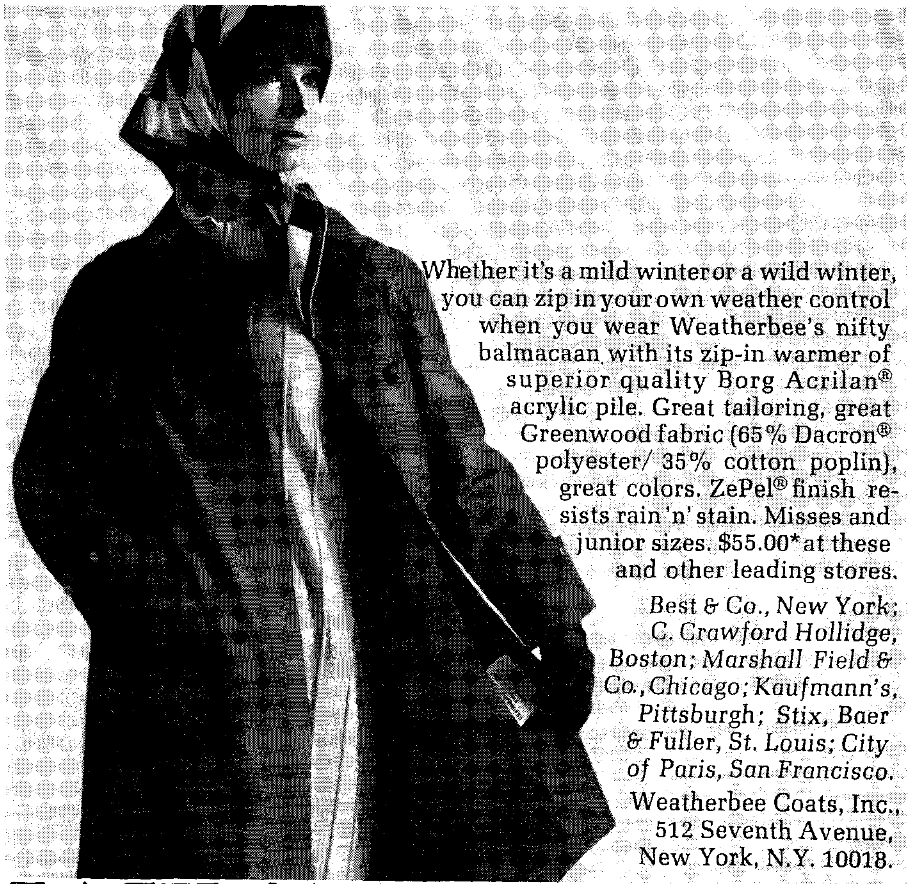
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veloped, was running a bad third in the polls—losing the support of people interested in voting for whichever white man had the better chance of stopping Stokes. Some whites told the poll-takers that they would vote against Stokes because of his lack of administrative experience, and some whites would obviously vote *for* Locher rather than against Stokes, being less interested in having a mayor who seemed to know the modern methods of getting federal money than in having a familiar regime that could be counted on to leave them alone unless they needed something from the city. But, as the mock discussions melted away in the week before the primary, it was clear that for most voters the campaign would end as it had begun, with a black man against a white man. The only street-corner campaigner among the candidates, Celeste continued to hand out his literature—walking in and out of stores with European names over their doors and black-bordered pictures of John F. Kennedy on their walls, and finding, as he had found throughout the campaign, that virtually everyone who engaged him in conversation said something like "You're just splitting the vote and letting the nigger in" or "Better you than that black boy." The county Democratic committee, completing its imitation of Bull Connor, put out an issue of its newsletter saying "Will Dr. Martin Luther King actually be the mayor of Cleveland if Carl B. Stokes is elected Tuesday? This would give the noted racist control of his first city in the United States." A Republican politician predicted to some visiting reporters that Stokes would win, basing the prediction partly on the argument that the Democratic Party "doesn't have the muscle to put on the kind of hate campaign it would take to beat him."

AT 9 P.M. on the day of the primary, a local television station said that Mayor Locher had won the nomination. At nine-fifteen, Stokes—displaying his customary self-assurance, despite the fact that the Board of Elections count showed him considerably behind—announced that he had won, and thanked the citizenry for its confidence in him. By ten-thirty, when the count from the East Side Negro wards had come in, the Stokes victory had been announced officially, and Mayor Locher came to offer his congratulations. It turned out that Stokes's strategy had worked well enough to give him a clear majority of the vote. A huge vote had come out in the Negro wards, and Stokes had got nearly fifteen per cent of the less im-

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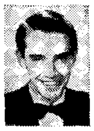

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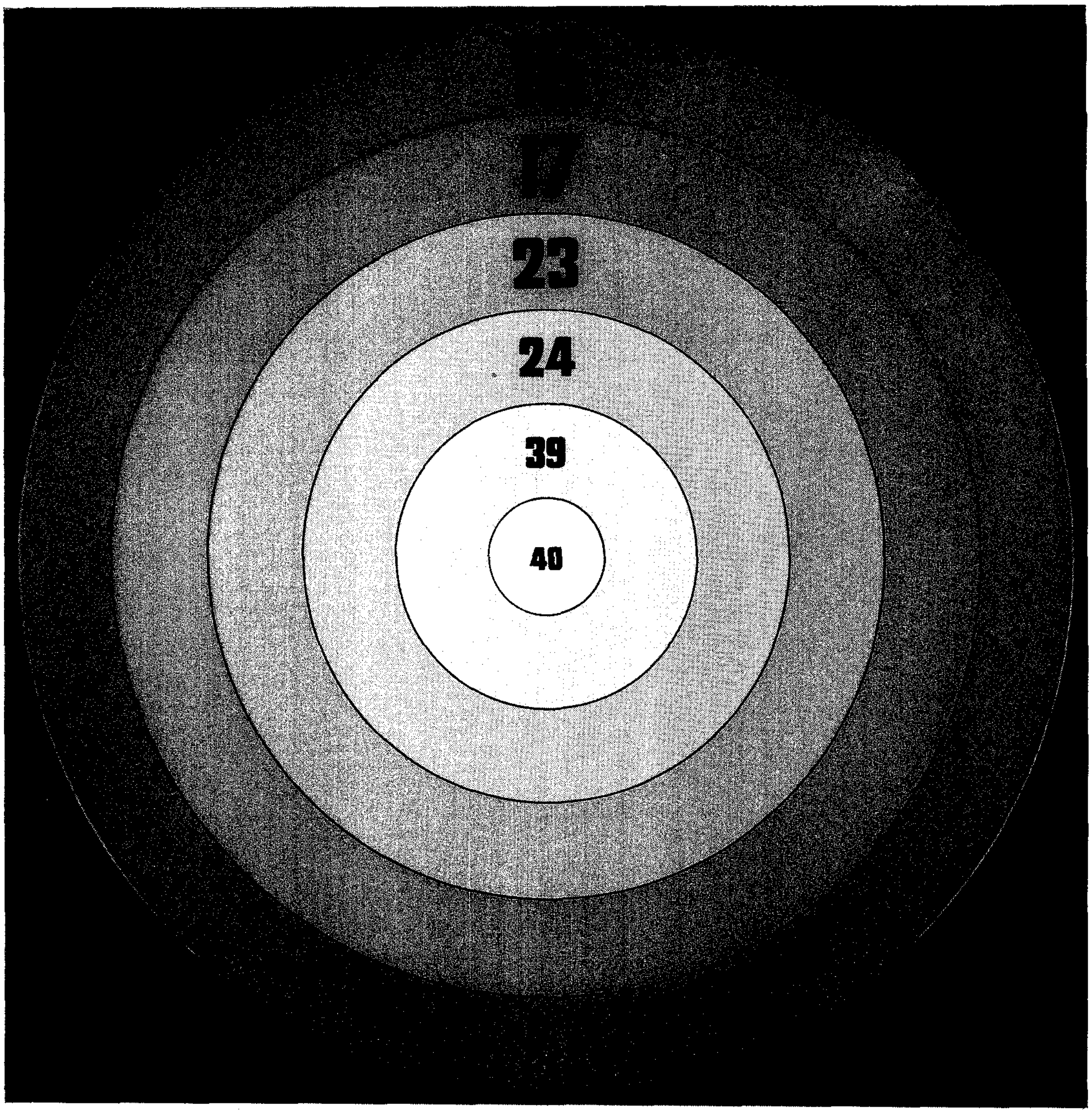

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posing white turnout—a reaffirmation of the faith he had often expressed to campaign workers that in America a Negro candidate "like a Carl Stokes or an Edward Brooke" can always count on the presence of a certain number of decent white people (although in Cleveland it might be unwise to count on the number's being as high as fifteen per cent). Hundreds of whites and Negroes celebrated in the street in front of Stokes's headquarters. Some of the white housewives who had been manning the telephones and electronic calculators in the Stokes communications center began to cry, and Hubert Humphrey phoned from Washington to offer his help in the forthcoming general election.

Although the Democratic nominee for mayor has ordinarily beaten the Republican by at least three to one, some Cleveland politicians believe that Stokes is not absolutely guaranteed to win the election against Seth B. Taft, an earnest and civic-minded lawyer whose views on the city's problems are quite close to Stokes's own. In the provincial, blue-collar politics of Cleveland, Taft has the disadvantage of being a Republican, a Taft, an Establishment lawyer, a transplanted suburbanite, and an Urban League liberal on racial matters; he has the advantage, somewhat to his embarrassment, of being as white as Ralph Locher.

Stokes is, as usual, completely confident. His white liberal supporters believe that they are about to "make history" by electing the first Negro mayor of a major American city, and that they will, at the same time, bring in an administration with the intelligence and imagination to make a start on solving Cleveland's problems. There are, of course, people in Cleveland who believe that Cleveland's problems—like the problems of Detroit or New Haven—have gone too far to be greatly affected by any mayor working with the tools now available, and that next summer white people in Cleveland will be demanding to know why the Negroes are burning everything down less than a year after Cleveland was liberal enough to elect a Negro mayor. "If the crisis is as serious as we think it is, how can it be affected by having a Negro mayor?" one of the few whites who are deeply involved in the ghetto here said a few days before the primary. "The cops might get a little better for a while, and there might be a few more jobs, but in the long term the election is irrelevant." Then he went to Stokes's headquarters to help with the campaign. —CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE RACE TRACK

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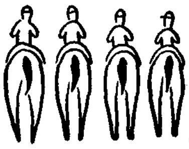
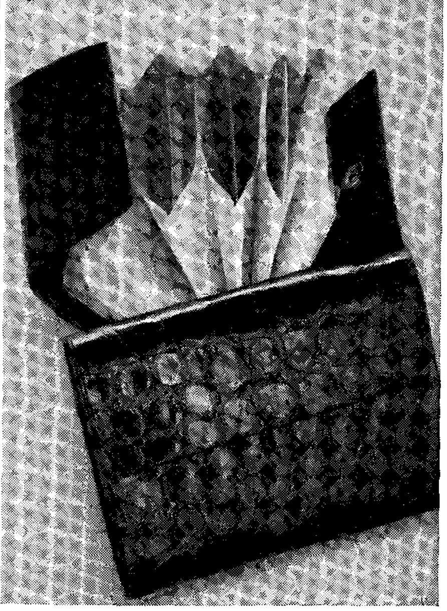


IF any uncertainty remained about whether Queen of the Stage was Queen of the Two-Year-Olds, she settled it in the one-mile Frizette Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, when she extended her unbeaten record to seven straight by a gallant victory over Gay Matelda, Obeah, and four other fillies. Ever since she galloped off with the Matron Stakes at six furlongs last month, there had been discussion among serious racegoers as to how well she'd like a mile. Now it is generally agreed that she will go any distance. A big filly of great quality, trained to the minute, she outlooked everything else in the paddock. From the start, Indian Love Call and Queen of the Stage ran head and head down the long backstretch and around the turn, with Gay Matelda and Obeah close behind. Then, as they all straightened out in the homestretch, Queen of the Stage took command, but in the last furlong Gay Matelda moved up so fast that it looked as though she might pay off a score for the four times she'd finished behind the Queen. As he had in the Spinaway, however, Baeza asked Queen of the Stage for a final effort, and she gave it, passing the winning post nearly a length to the good. It was a popular victory—take it from the cheers of the crowd and the $2.80 payoff in the tote. I daresay it was also an anodyne for Ogden Phipps, her owner, and Ed Neloy, her trainer; they retired Buckpasser from racing earlier in the week, and had seen Vitriolic, their hope for the Champagne Stakes, finish second to Iron Ruler in the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct on Thursday.

THOUGH Buckpasser's performance in the Woodward, which prompted the decision to retire him, was a disappointment, it could hardly have been a surprise to his stable. It seems that in addition to the recurrence last winter of the injury to his right front hoof that had kept him out of the classics the year before, something similar to arthritis in his right forefoot and ankle plagued him intermittently all summer. Because of it, he didn't run for the Whitney Stakes at Saratoga and was scratched from the Aqueduct Stakes on Labor Day. In fact, he was under medication while he was be-



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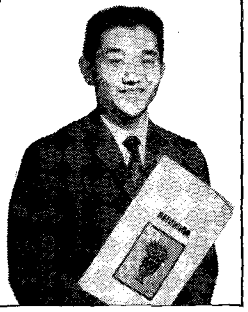

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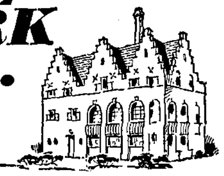

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ing trained for the Woodward. I suppose it was felt that with the help this gave him he'd prove able to rise to the occasion in the Woodward and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, both of which he won last year. In three seasons, he won twenty-five of his thirty-one starts, twenty-one of them stakes races, and $1,462,014 in prize money. The only time he failed to finish in the first three was in his initial appearance under colors; that day he was fourth. The race that I'm sure thrilled everybody most was his Suburban last Fourth of July. With two furlongs to go, he appeared hopelessly out of it, but then he turned on an incredible burst of speed and won going away. It should have been his valedictory.

VITRIOLIC was never in the picture till near the end of the Cowdin Stakes. Wearing blinkers, which are supposed to cure all sorts of ailments, including the slows, he was ast out of the gate, and the closest he got to Iron Ruler, to whom he gave seven pounds, and who made every post a winning one, was at the finish. Iron Ruler, who had been running in blinkers, didn't wear them in the Cowdin, and, just for that, did the seven furlongs n the jig time of 1:21⅗. So Peter Kissel, who owns him, is going to spend $10,000 of the $46,198 the colt won n the Cowdin for a supplementary entry fee to the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct this weekend. By the way, of he three hundred and twenty-three wo-year-olds nominated for the Cowdin, only four went to the post. I wonder what happened to the others.

I REGRET to report that Quick Pitch, the best jumper over hurdles he oldest aficionados can remember, is hrough for the year. He hurt a front eg during a workout the other morning, and Barry Ryan, who trains him, s sending him to his farm near Lexingon, Kentucky. That ends Quick Pitch's hances of racing in England this winter. Too bad. It would have been an interesting adventure.

THERE'S an exhibition of paintings, etchings, and drawings of orses, steeplechases, and polo by the late Paul Brown in the Aqueduct Galery, in the clubhouse. It's worth seeing.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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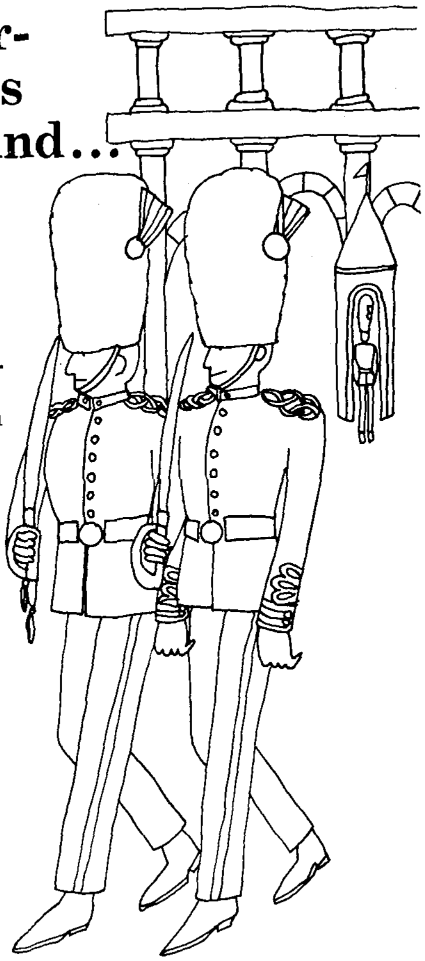

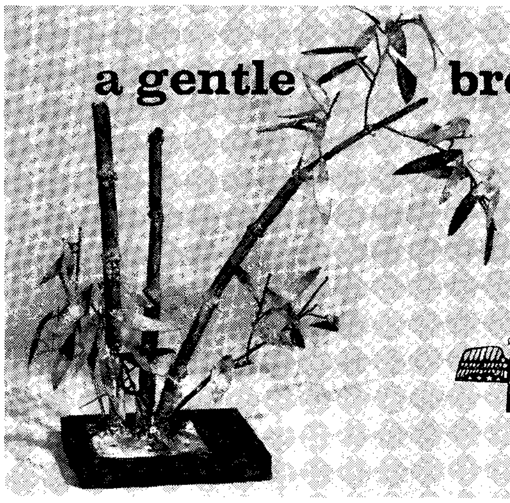

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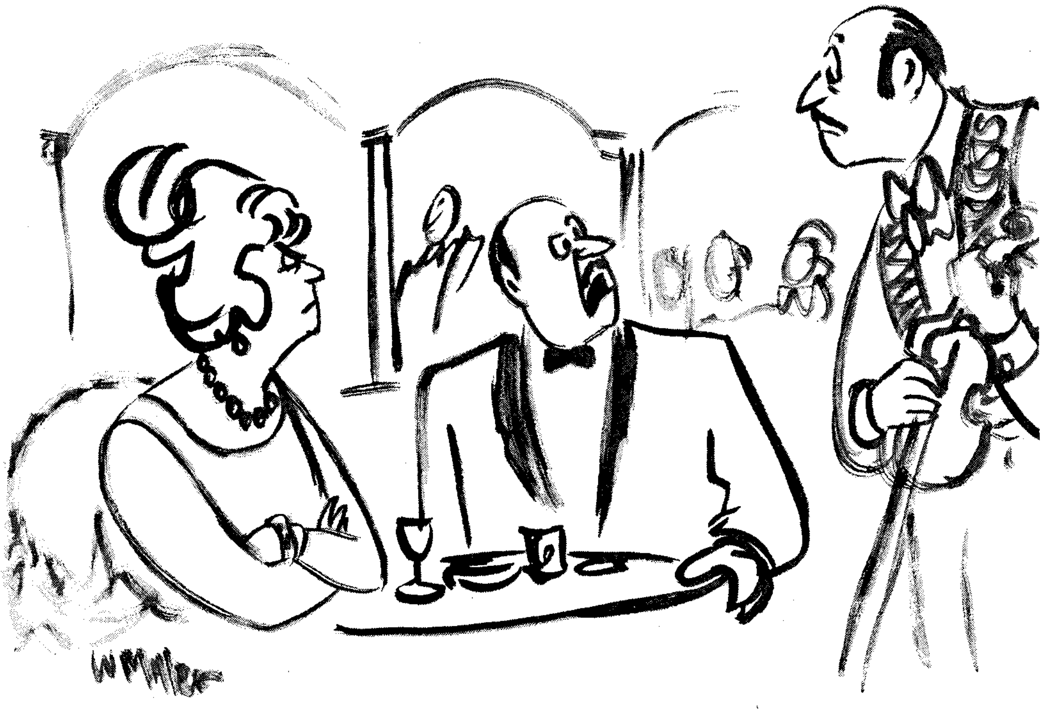
BOOKS

Once Upon a Time

JEAN DUTOURD'S lengthy new book, "The Horrors of Love" (Doubleday), is a brilliant and provocative excursion through the frontier country between the territories of criticism and fiction. As if to demonstrate his contempt for Alain Robbe-Grillet's announcement of some years back that it is, under present conditions, "strictly impossible" to "tell a story," M. Dutourd has done just that, and made it a love story into the bargain. M. Robbe-Grillet took special care to condemn the narrative method that Stendhal developed, on the bizarre ground that all its technical elements—"systematic use of the past tense and the third person, unconditional adoption of chronological development, linear plots, regular trajectory of the passions, impulse of each episode toward a conclusion, etc."—are in some way reflections of a belief in a "stable, coherent, continuous, entirely decipherable universe." In the face of all this, which has become the more or less official dogma of the theoreticians of the new novel in France and of their admirers abroad, M. Dutourd has decided to take us step by step, from beginning to end, through his love story, in the style of Diderot, a writer whose only certainty lay in his conviction that the more man learned about himself and about his sensory mechanisms, the more fully aware he would become of the equivocal nature of his experience of reality. "The Horrors of Love" is largely a dialogue, in which a "He," standing for common experience, and an "I," representing the literary imagination, spend an afternoon and the whole of the night following it strolling through Paris, with pauses for rest and refreshment, as they talk and argue about the series of events that brought a former Radical Deputy, Edouard Roberti, to his death in a prison hospital after he had committed the apparently inexplicable folly of murdering his mistress's brother, a man virtually unknown to him.

As Roberti's story unfolds, M. Dutourd keeps breaking in with vignettes of Paris street life, in the same way that Diderot anchored his masterpiece of naturalistic talk about ideas, "Rameau's Nephew," to the everyday reality of the Café de la Régence of 1761. The descriptive asides in the present work are so precise that anyone who has a mind to do so can follow M. Dutourd's peripatetics across a map of Paris. It soon becomes plain that a point is being made of the fact that the two speakers are always in some particular place at any given moment, and that the movement of the speakers through space and time is running parallel to a similar movement in the dialogue and in the history of Roberti's relationship with his mistress. At each new point of departure in Roberti's story, in the discussion that has that story as its subject, and in the casual progress of the speakers through the city, the logic of necessity demands that, of all possible routes, one, and one only, will be followed.

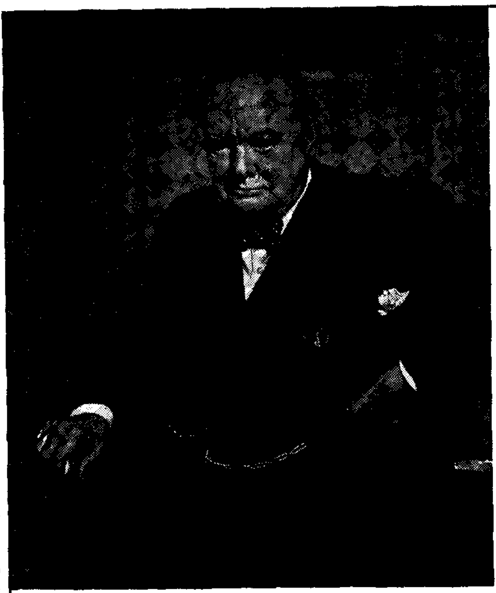
As the reader becomes conscious of M. Dutourd's insistence on this point, he also begins to notice that the speakers are repeatedly arriving at places that have already figured in Roberti's story, and that they are dating its episodes carefully by references to a time scheme that has an objective existence outside the book, and in which its author and his readers are involved. Roberti died on Monday, the tenth of November, 1958, which was a bad day for Radical politicians in general, since it was the first day of the first electoral campaign held under the Fifth Republic. Of course, such devices have always been used by authors seeking to give their fictions the quality of authenticity, but in this case M. Dutourd is up to something else. His argument, insinuated into the reader's mind rather than expressed, is that although the book contains several years of Roberti's experience and from sixteen to eighteen hours of the speakers' lives, and although it also contains, in a different sense, some two years of its author's writing time and anything up to forty hours of its reader's time, essentially only one time has passed for the politician, the speakers, the author and the reader, and it has passed for them—as it is passing "now" for the writer of this review, and "now" for its reader—in a single direction, and a a uniform speed. In other words, in spite of the tangled Bergsonian thicke in which Proust succeeded in losing himself and the modern novel, the linear, irreversible time that was kep by the clocks of Dublin throughou Bloomsday and that is still measured off by the clocks of common experi-



"Do you know 'Help!'?"

ence, whether in the Place Cambronne or on Fourteenth Street, is an absolute, and no meaningful statement can be made about human behavior in the absence of a developed grammar that allows for the construction of chronologies by making precise distinctions between then and now and keeping track of the temporal relationships among past events.

If making this case for the use of tenses and for linear sequences were the whole business of the book, writing it would have been a somewhat arid exercise, but M. Dutourd's mode of seriousness is comedy, and when the story of Edouard Roberti's entanglement with a woman named Solange Mignot has been completed and each event from their first meeting onward has been explained in terms of cause and effect, one discovers that the explanations explain nothing. The question of how Solange Mignot was capable of transcending the mediocrity of upbringing and background implied by the romantic-*pompier* overtones of her name to become a vehicle for the noblest and most intense of human emotions remains as wholly mysterious as that of why Edouard Roberti, a rational, intelligent, and good-natured man, could respond to her self-abnegating love for him only by becoming a monster of callous egotism. What M. Dutourd has done, while wittily and elegantly talking his way all around his touching and absorbing story, is to confront us with the paradox that the thing man knows least about is what goes on in his own mind, where passions may possess him against his will, taking precedence over reason and self-interest in determining his actions. M. Dutourd demonstrates that the laborious seeking after incomprehensibility that is characteristic of the new novel is fatuous, since a matter-of-fact account of human behavior can be the most eloquent illustration of the universal applicability of David Hume's remark that "the powers, by which bodies operate, are entirely unknown." This impressive and extremely enjoyable book is, in a sense, a manifesto declaring that since the writer's birthright, from the beginning of writing, has been a knowledge of his profound ignorance of essentials, there can be no reason at this late date to make that ignorance a ground for confining him to uncouth and formless modes of expression. None of this, it should be said, need trouble the reader who is not interested in the case for and against the austere doctrines of the new novel. The argument is carried on under the



"He marched in scowling"

". . . and regarded my camera as he might regard the German enemy. His expression suited me perfectly . . . but the cigar . . . seemed somehow incompatible with such a solemn and formal occasion. Instinctively, I removed it . . ." —*Yousuf Karsh from the* KARSH PORTFOLIO

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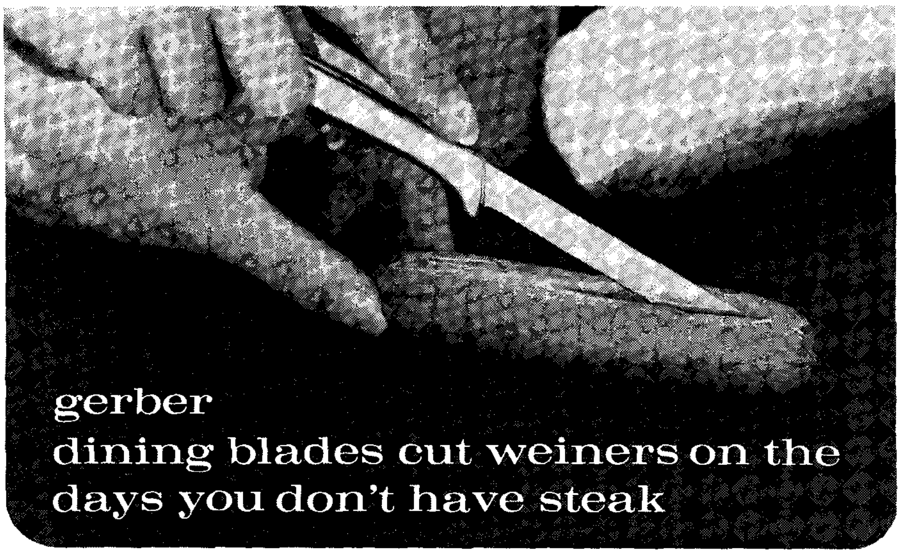

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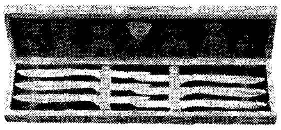

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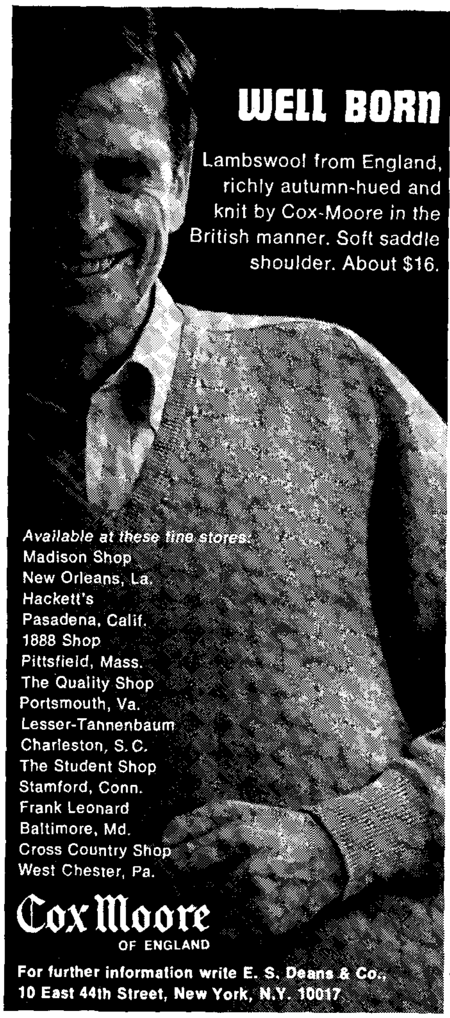
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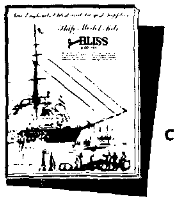

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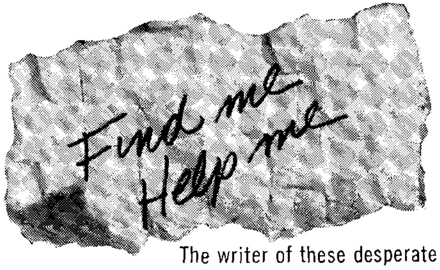

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surface of a sparkling entertainment that runs along as if its author had never given a moment's thought to anything but amusing and pleasing a friend while he was writing it.

"THE VENDOR OF SWEETS" (Viking) is a beautifully written and entirely successful short novel by R. K. Narayan, who, as usual, makes a flank attack on the major emotions by writing light comedy. The scene is Malgudi, the South Indian town of Mr. Narayan's invention through which one is always catching sight of the reality of Mysore, dreaming, like Barchester, in the shadow of its cathedral spire, and the time is now. Jagan, the sweets vender of the title, is not, however, at home in the contemporary Malgudi. One half of him belongs in the old India of Hindu tradition and custom, and the other in the ascetic dream world of Mahatma Gandhi's creation. His son, who belongs in the new India of gadgets and of easy money for those who are smart enough to latch onto it, steals from him to finance a trip to complete his education in the United States. The son returns with a Korean-American mistress and with the Indian rights to a confidence trick—a matter of getting gullible people to put money into a plant for manufacturing a plot-producing machine for writers. The glib patter in which the machine is described is funny, and Jagan's desperate efforts to avoid putting up any hard cash without bringing on a showdown with his son are in Narayan's best vein of comic invention. It would all be rather run-of-the-mill stuff about the gulf dividing the generations, however, were it not that Narayan is a considerable artist. This allows him to make the father's love for his son as much of a reality as the son's utter worthlessness and lack of feeling. An extraordinarily effective piece of writing describes Jagan's discovery that although the Korean-American girl, whose un-Indian traits at once fascinate and repel him, loves his son, and is a good person, the boy is going to get rid of her, for the simple reason that he has run through her money and has no further use for her. Because Jagan's love has been made entirely credible, and because one has already shared the pain of his earlier discoveries that he was robbed by his son and that the boy's only motive for coming home was the desire to rob him again by defrauding him, this passage is on the edge of being physically disturbing. The novel as a whole is as fine as anything that Narayan

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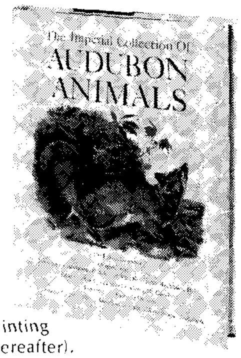
BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant (Simon & Schuster). The tenth and last volume of the "Story of Civilization," on which the Durants have worked for almost forty years. Like the others, this volume is a triumph of popularization and compression, covering all of Europe for much of the eighteenth century, with full treatment of the arts and anything else that one might conceivably want to know (the first steam automobile appeared in France in 1769; it carried heavy loads at four miles an hour). The style is sometimes eloquent, sometimes ponderous, and there are occasional bland jokes. ("The story of the Enlightenment in Spain is a case of a resistible force encountering an immovable body.") An envoi explains that the Durants ended their history with the French Revolution for no better reason than that they are too old to continue it. Extensively illustrated. Fifteen dollars.

TO LEAVE BEFORE DAWN, by Julian Green, translated from the French by Anne Green (Harcourt, Brace & World). The French novelist's account of his adolescence, which was not only tormented and mother-fixated but bore the additional burdens of a religious conversion and a tattered Confederate flag. (Green's parents were unreconstructed Southern émigrés in Paris.) The book is rather Gidean, vague out of portentousness rather than any lack of candor ("What does it all mean?"), and it is of the greatest interest in a gritty, clinical fashion.

THOMAS BECKET, by Richard Winston (Knopf). In this biography the author uses abundant contemporary sources and his own extensive knowledge of the Middle Ages to produce the most plausible account yet published of Becket, the martyr, and his friend and adversary, Henry II. Mr. Winston places their quarrel in its context; it was one episode in the long struggle for an adjustment between the powers of Church and State. He also pays attention to English politics, and to those interests that feared Thomas. Yet along with this practical, critical approach, the author sympathetically portrays the



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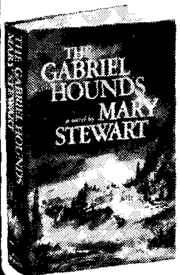

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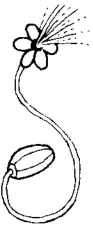

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Romantics at School, by Morris Marples (Barnes & Noble). An enchanting, informative, and enlightening study of the school days of six English Romantic poets: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Mr. Marples describes each boy's career at school—from his conquest of homesickness and finding friends to his earliest literary productions—with a knowingness that probably comes as much from being himself a teacher as from all the research he has done. In view of the Romantic legend of the artist as misfit—a youth ever falling upon the thorns of life—it is surprising to learn that each and every poet-to-be did very well in the rough-and-tumble of his boys' boarding school. Masters and students alike praised the brilliance and forgave the eccentricities of what were recognized (in different schools at different times by different people) as unusual children.

Danton, by Robert Christophe, translated from the French by Peter Green (Doubleday). A popular biography of one of the leaders of the French Revolution, who was himself guillotined. Many of the author's best efforts—his descriptions of Paris and its buildings, of the physical appearance and manners of Revolutionary figures and their hangers-on—seem specifically directed to the book's original French readers, who must have opened it with at least a skeletal knowledge of the period. American readers may feel a bit adrift in a sea of detail, particularly since M. Christophe pays more attention to backstairs intrigues than to conflicting ideologies.

Note: Viking has published "The Shorebirds of North America," edited by Gardner D. Stout. The text of the book, nearly all of which originally appeared in this magazine, is by Peter Matthiessen. There are also thirty-two paintings by Robert Verity Clem and a technical appendix by Ralph S. Palmer. . . . "Lady in the Shower," a collection of cartoons by Peter Arno, has been published by Simon & Schuster. All but one of them were first printed in *The New Yorker.*

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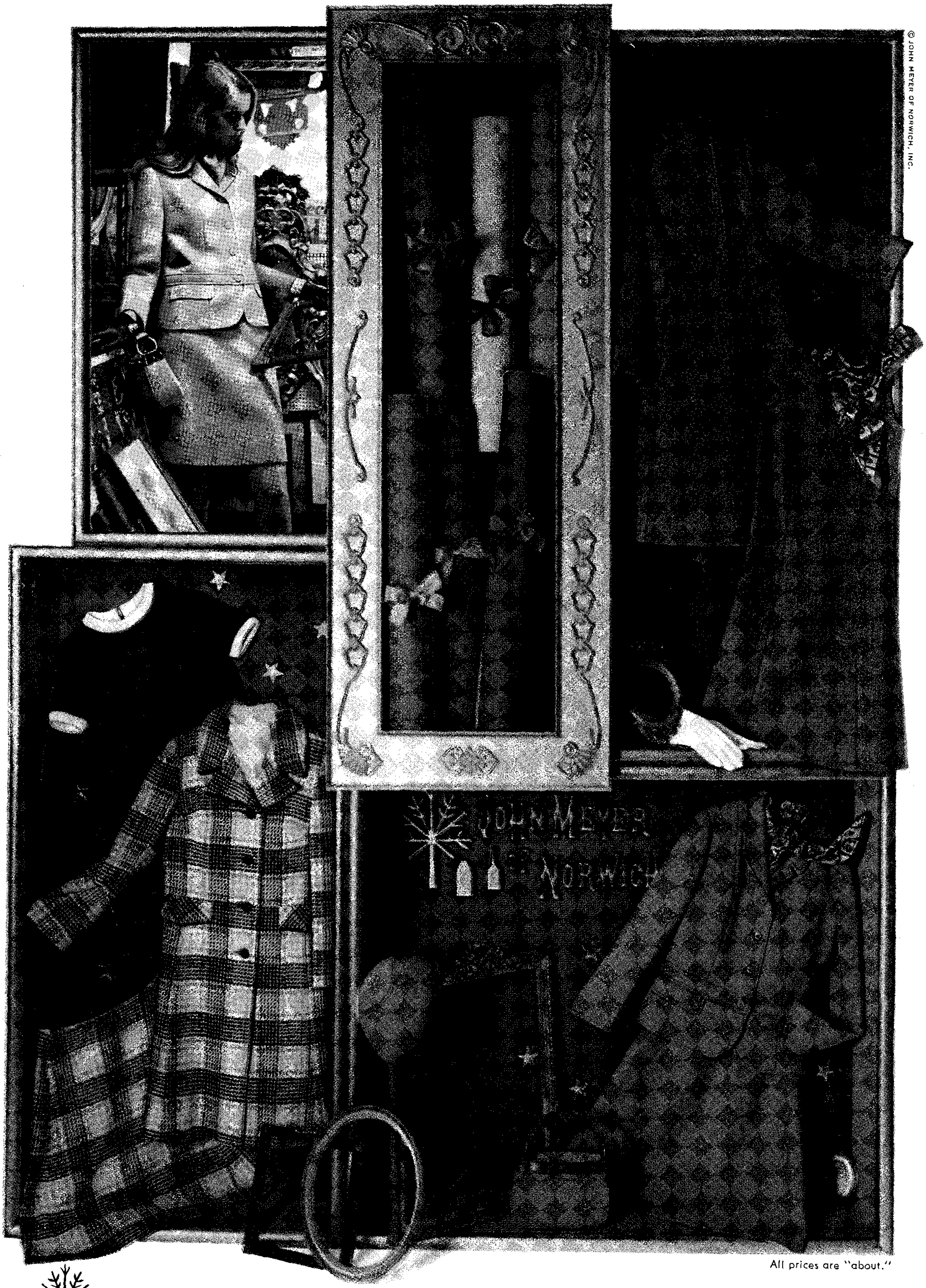

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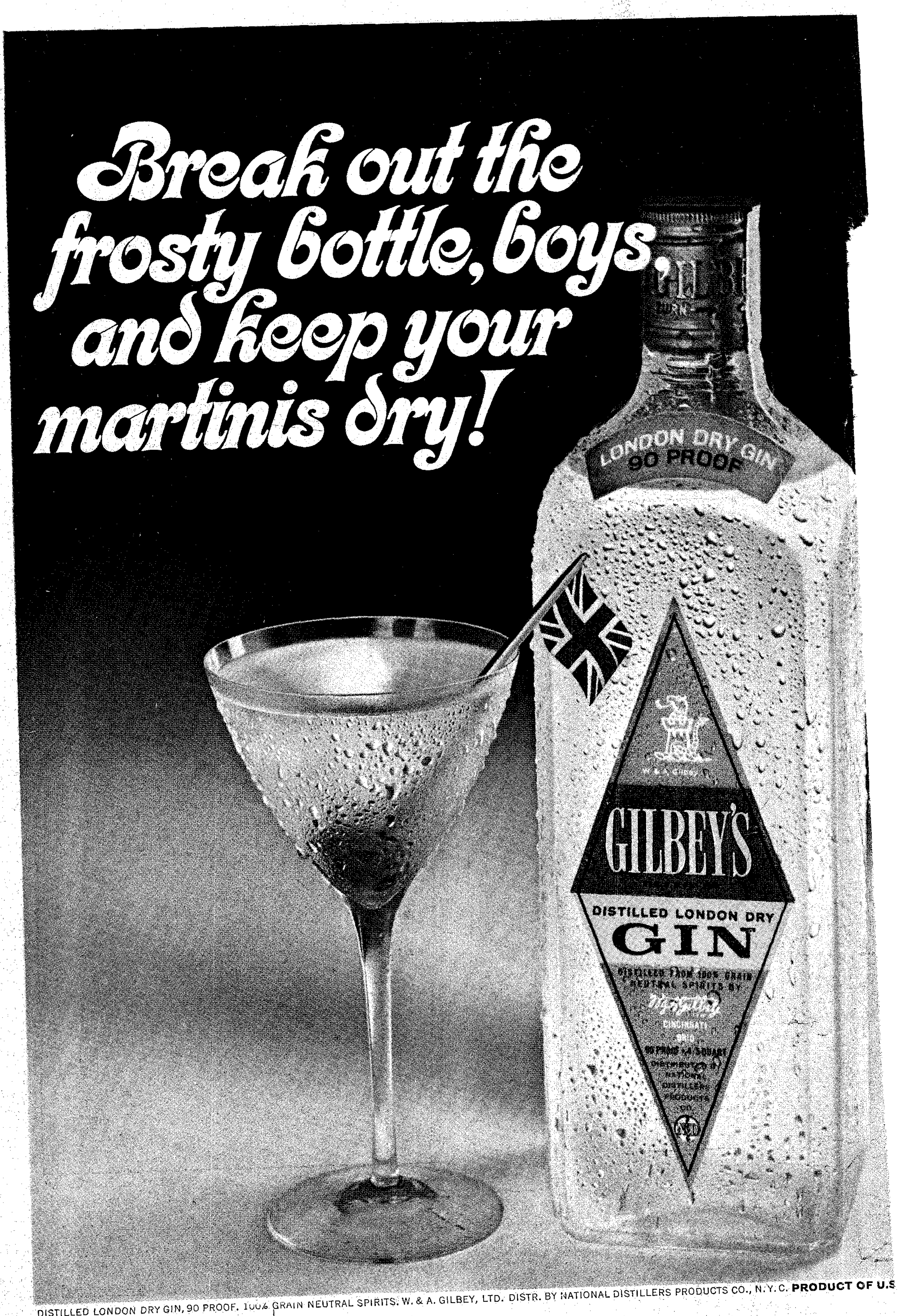
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